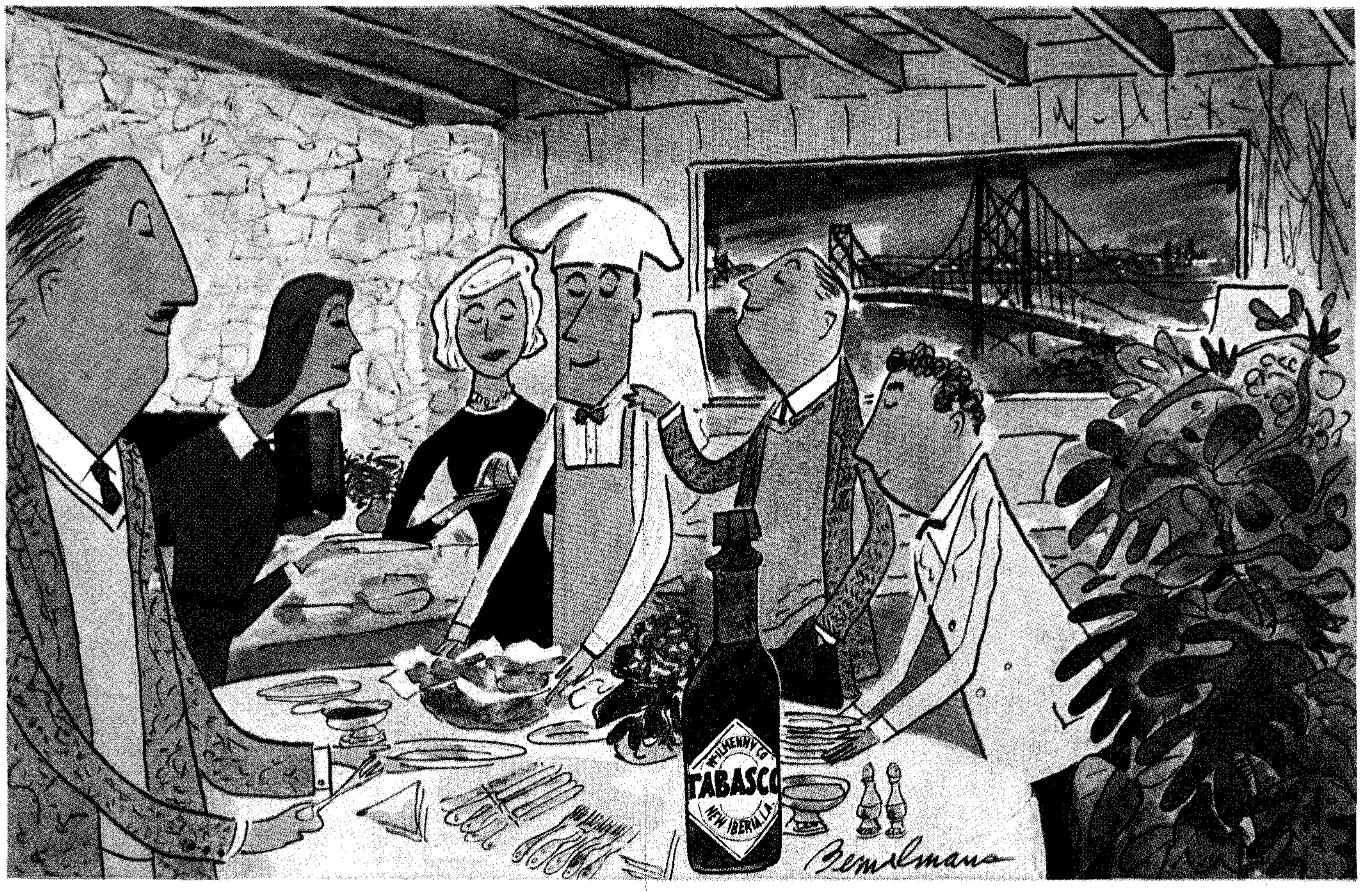
★ June 29, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents

A well-seasoned traveler's guide to Tabasco



San Francisco

WHERE CHICKEN ATTAINS NEW GLORY IN A CHICK-N-QUE

When a friend invited me to his estate in Marin County, I discovered the city's good eating is not confined to its world-famous restaurants.

The occasion was a Chick-N-Que. Unlike ordinary barbecued chicken, the *piece de resistance* had a sauce of such unusual and palatable flavor that I asked my host about it.

"You should be ashamed," he said jokingly. "A man who has dined on exotic dishes all over the world should surely recognize the piquant taste of Tabasco*."

I had to admit he was right. From France to Tahiti, I've tasted dishes made delicious by Tabasco pepper sauce. And, in Avery Island, Louisiana, I've seen the bright red peppers aged to the liquid perfection of Tabasco.

To thank my host, I photographed the Chick-N-Que and later sent him a painting of the occasion. In turn, he mailed me this prized recipe:

**TABASCO is the registered trademark for the pepper sauce made by the McIlhenny Company, Avery Island, Louisiana.*

Mazola
Coke
REYNOLDS WRAP
REYNOLDS WRAP

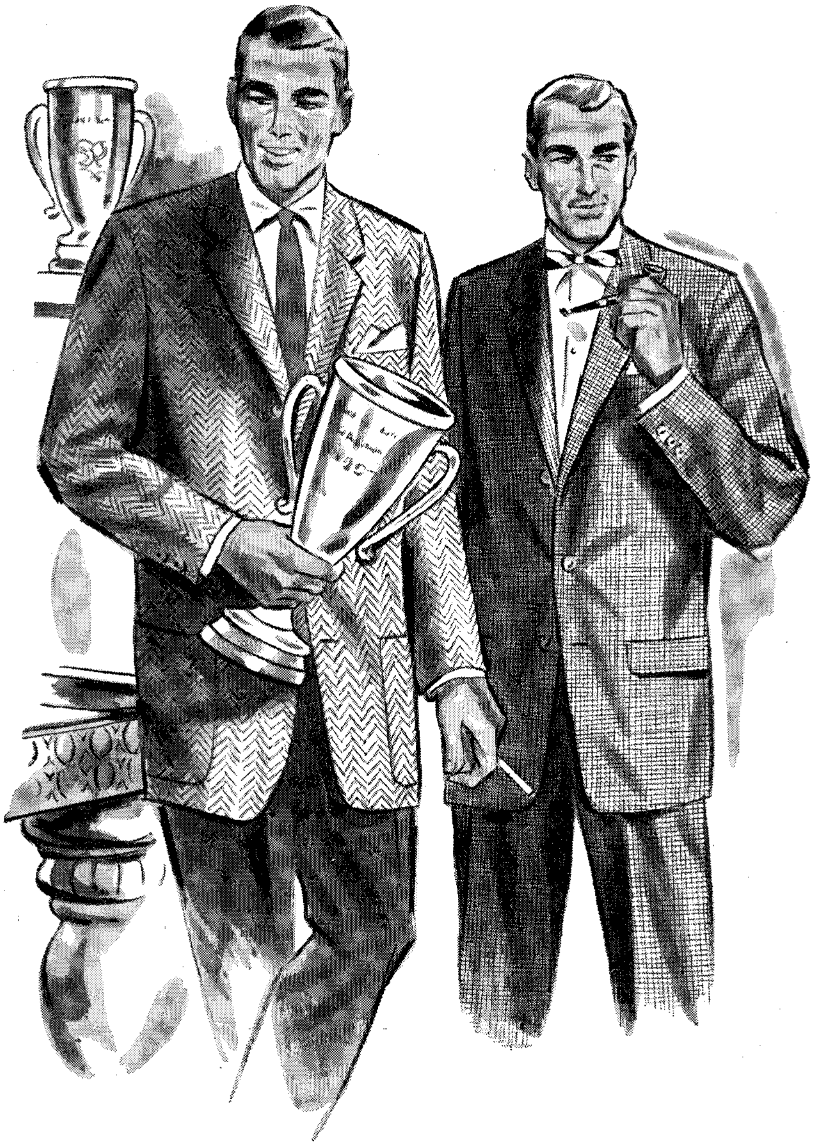
• CHICK-N-QUE

- ½ cup Mazola Oil
- ¾ cup lemon juice or cider vinegar
- ¼ cup water
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 1½ teaspoons Tabasco
- 2 to 3 broiler-fryer chickens, quartered

Heat to boil Mazola Oil, lemon juice, water, salt, sugar and Tabasco; keep hot. Brush chicken with sauce. Place on grate 12 in. from heat, skin side up. Cook slowly about 1 hour, until tender. Turn and baste often with well mixed barbecue sauce. Serve extra sauce with chicken.

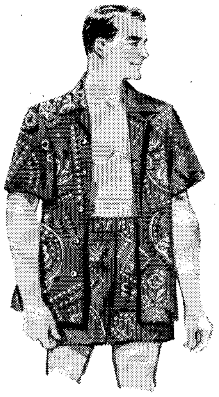
If you prefer a highly seasoned sauce increase Tabasco and add mustard and Worcestershire sauce.

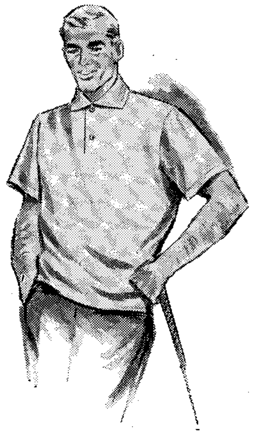
"THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD"



Sportsman's Choice for Midsummer

With the celebration of the Fourth, the full tide of vacation days break upon us. For the games you play, the leisure you enjoy, come to A&F for the casual, comfortable clothes to enhance your Play Hours.





Silk Tweed Sport Jacket Classic herringbone patterns in a beautiful, lightweight Milano silk woven in Italy. The perfect companion to your slacks. Tan, gray or natural **$68.00**

Gabardine Slacks Lightweight worsted gabardine with a silky sheen. Natural, blue gray, navy, brown, medium oxford . **$39.50**

Our Pin-Check Bantamweight Suit Keeps you cool and comfortable on the hottest days. This handsome fabric, that looks like a fine tropical worsted, is 65% Dacron and 35% cotton. After washing, needs only a light touch-up pressing for best appearance. Blue, brown or gray pin-check **$47.50**

Bandanna Beach Ensemble The new, all-over look in men's beachwear. This well-cut shirt has one pocket...the boxer trunks are lined, with built-in support, button-flap pocket. Red or blue cotton print. Shirt **$9.95**
Trunks . . . **$9.95**

Nylon Polo Shirt Made from a new American fabric, Ban-Lon, that is an exceptionally absorbent and washable nylon. Perfect for golf and all outdoor sports wear. White, tan, navy. **$13.50**

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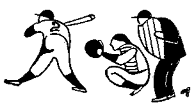
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Rosalind Russell is entrancing as the unorthodox heroine of this comedy, but it is just possible that the piece itself is a bit too arch to satisfy everybody. Adapted by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee from a novel by Patrick Dennis, the play also has Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass in its cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 29, for five weeks.)

The Happiest Millionaire—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of a book about the Biddles of Philadelphia, which he wrote with one of them, is occasionally funny but generally pretty laborious. Walter Pidgeon plays the freewheeling hero, and among his assistants are Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, July 4.)

A Hole in the Head—Paul Douglas is fine as a good-natured slob in Arnold Schulman's rather dull and inconclusive play about a fellow whose family considers him unfit to bring up his son, and there are other worth-while performances by David Burns, Kay Medford, Joyce Van Patten, Lee Grant, and Tommy White. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, July 4.)

Hotel Paradiso—A wild French farce, adapted by Peter Glenville from an 1886 original, that hasn't quite the style of "The Matchmaker" but is still very funny. Bert Lahr, at the top of his form, heads a cast that includes Angela Lansbury, John Emery, Paula Laurence, and Douglas Byng. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Eugene O'Neill's monumental attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth makes an impressive and disturbing play. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., are all superb as members of the haunted family, and José Quintero's direction is brilliant. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly at 7:30. Closes Saturday, June 29, for seven weeks.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—O'Neill is writing this time about his alcoholic elder brother and the farm girl who tries to save him, but the play is by far the least effective of his autobiographical works. Franchot Tone and Wendy Hiller, with an assist from Cyril Cusack, struggle heroically with the almost interminable leading roles. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15.)

Separate Tables—The first play in this double bill by Terence Rattigan is a more or less routine effort, but the other, a study of two beaten people saved by their neighbors' compassion, is mature and sensitive. Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are magnificent as the principals in both offerings. Geraldine Page will succeed Miss Leighton starting Monday, July 1. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4.)

The Tunnel of Love—Joseph Fields' and Peter De Vries' adaptation of Mr. De Vries' novel about adultery and kindred amusements in Westport. It hasn't a great deal of taste, but it is often quite funny on its low-comedy level. Tom Ewell is excellent as a badgered cartoonist, and Nancy Olson, Darren McGavin, Elisabeth Fraser, and Elizabeth Wilson assist him very nicely. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—Gore Vidal's fantastic comedy about a Spaceman who drops in on a Virginia household is wonderfully comic and ingenious, and Cyril Ritchard and Eddie Mayehoff (who will be replaced, starting Monday, July 1, by Edward Andrews) are superlative in the leading roles. Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan also appear in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**no time for sergeants:** All about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force. At present with Charles Hohman, Rex Everhart, Royal Beal, and Howard Freeman. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, July 4.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday is an inspiration to us all in this comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the rather thickly plotted book and the generally commendable lyrics, and Jule Styne did the score. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happy Hunting—The return of Ethel Merman is just about all the good news there is concerning this big and rather foolish show, which has something to do with Philadelphia and Monaco. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse ground out the book, and Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs. The supporting cast includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—Some lively songs and some fine dances do a lot to make this adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip at least intermittently good fun. The book is the work of Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, and Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul wrote the lyrics and the music, respectively. With Edith Adams, Peter Palmer, Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Charlotte Rae. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

New Girl in Town—George Abbott's rearrangement of "Anna Christie" has its entertaining moments, though they have little connection with anything O'Neill ever wrote. Bob Merrill turned out the generally excellent songs, and Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter are enormously winning at the head of a cast that features George Wallace and Cameron Prud'homme. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**damn yankees:** George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Devra Korwin is now the lady from Hell, Howard Caine her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass her reluctant mortal admirer. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4.) . . . **the most happy fella:** Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Carolyn Maye, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4.) . . . **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Rex Harrison (Edward Mulhare fills in for him on Saturdays) and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway and Viola Roache. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Actors Playhouse—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, June 28-30: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, July 5: "La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis and Roger Boxill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Eighty-fifth Street Playhouse—"Simply Heavenly," a Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife" and with music by David Martin. Melvin Stewart and Ethel Ayler head the cast. (Eighty-fifth Street Playhouse, 150 W. 85th St. SU 7-9532. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3:45 and 8.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny

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thank you, Juliette Marglen
for your gift of lovelier
lips and fingertips —

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Gerald Price, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Theatre Under the Stars—Through Sunday, July 7: "Rosalie," with Mimi Benzell, Henny Youngman, and David Brooks. (Wollman Memorial Theatre, Central Park. LE 5-7373. Nightly at 8:45.)

José Greco and His Company of Spanish Dancers—A group of dancers, singers, and guitarists, including Lola de Ronda and José Molina. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 30.)

"Romeo and Juliet"—Free performances of Shakespeare's tragedy, presented on a trailer truck converted into an Elizabethan stage. Bryarly Lee, Stephen Joyce, and Jack Cannon are in the cast. (Belvedere Tower, Central Park at about 81st St. Thursday through Sunday, June 27-30, at 8:30.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—Guy Lombardo's water-borne revival of "Show Boat," with Andy Devine, Helena Bliss, David Atkinson, and the Lombardo orchestra. Opens Thursday, June 27. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-7992.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Saturday, June 29, at 8:40, and Wednesday, July 3, at 7 and 9:30: George Jessel in "Showtime," a new revue. Monday through Saturday, July 1-6 (only a matinée performance on Wednesday, July 3): Faye Emerson in "Witness for the Prosecution." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Mondays through Fridays, except Wednesday, July 3, at 8:40, and Saturday, July 6, at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesday and Thursday, July 3-4, at 2:30.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, June 29: "The Boy Friend." Starting Monday, July 1: "The Teahouse of the August Moon." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

Clinton—Saturday, June 29, through Sunday, July 7: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, June 29: "Can-Can." Starting Monday, July 1: "South Pacific." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Monday, July 1: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" Wednesday through Monday, July 3-8: "Witness for the Prosecution." (Cragsmoor Playhouse, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:15. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dennis—Monday through Saturday, July 1-6: Joan Bennett and Donald Cook in "Janus." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Saturday, June 29, through Saturday, July 6: "The Boy Friend." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CI 7-1381.)

Falmouth—Through Saturday, June 29: Nancy Walker in "The Desk Set." Monday through Saturday, July 1-6: Victor Jory in "Holiday for Lovers." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

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Fishkill—Tuesday through Sunday, July 2-7: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Sunday, June 30: "Dear Barbarians." Tuesday through Sunday, July 2-7: "Lo and Behold!" (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Starting Monday, July 1: "The Pajama Game." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Hyde Park—Monday through Sunday, July 1-7: "The Pajama Game." (Hyde Park Playhouse, Hyde Park, N.Y. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6 and 9. For tickets, call JU 6-4292.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, June 29: "The Secret of Susanne" and "Il Tabarro." Wednesday through Saturday, July 3-6: "The Mikado." (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, June 30: "The Pajama Game." Starting Tuesday, July 2: "Oklahoma!" (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Mahopac—Saturday, June 29, through Sunday, July 7: "Can-Can." (Putnam Musical Theatre, Mahopac, N.Y. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Saturday, June 29, at 8:40; Saturday, July 6, at 6:15 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Matunuck—Saturday, June 29, through Saturday, July 6: Diana Barrymore in "Glad Tidings." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Millburn—"The Pajama Game." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Monmouth—The American Savoyards in a ten-week repertory. Monday through Saturday, July 1-6: "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, June 29: Basil Rathbone in "Witness for the Prosecution." Monday through Saturday, July 1-6: Dennis King in "The Reluctant Debutante." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Tuesday through Sunday, July 2-7: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, June 29: Anna Russell and Jack Cassidy in "Half in Earnest," a new musical based on Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest." Monday through Saturday, July 1-6: Philip Bourneuf and Frances Reid in "Lease on Love," a new comedy. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, June 29: Joan Bennett and Donald Cook in "Janus." Monday through Saturday, July 1-6: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "The Man in the Dog Suit," a new play. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

Pawling—Tuesday through Sunday, July 2-7: "The Great Sebastians." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Starting Wednesday, July 3: "A Roomful of Roses." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Rye—Through Sunday, June 30: "Plain and Fancy." Tuesday through Sunday, July 2-7: "Can-Can." (Music Theatre, Rye, N.Y. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5:30 and 9:15.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, June 29: Imogene Coca and Jules Munshin in "Janus." Monday through Saturday, July 1-6: Edward Everett Horton in "The Reluctant Debutante." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, June 29: "Accent on Youth." Monday through Saturday, July 1-6: "Holiday for Lovers." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, June 29: Carol Stone in "Janus." Monday through Saturday, July 1-6: "Bus Stop." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stratford—"Othello," with Alfred Drake, Earle Hyman, and Jacqueline Brookes: Thursday and Friday evenings, June 27-28; Saturday matinée and evening, June 29; Sunday matinée, June 30; Tuesday evening, July 2; Wednesday matinée, July 3; Thursday evening, July 4; and Saturday evening, July 6. . . . ¶ "The Merchant of Venice," with Katharine Hepburn and Morris Carnovsky: Previews Wednesday evening, July 3; Friday evening, July 5; and Saturday and Sunday matinées, July 6-7. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 3. For tickets, call CI 7-3975.)

Wallingford—Through Saturday, July 6: "Oklahoma!" (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9:30.)

Westbury—Through Sunday, June 30: "The Pajama Game." Starting Tuesday, July 2: "Silk Stockings." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Westport—Through Saturday, June 29: Faye Emerson in "Witness for the Prosecution." Monday through Saturday, July 1-6: Nancy Walker in "The Desk Set." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday, June 27, at 2:40. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

Woodstock—Tuesday through Sunday, July 2-7: "A Hatful of Rain." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's twenty-fifth season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a program by Maria Tallchief and André Eglevsky, the Mary Anthony Dance Theatre, Tom Two Arrows, and Bruce McClure. (Lee, Mass. Tuesday and Wednesday, July 2-3, at 9; Thursday, July 4, at 4; and Friday and Saturday, July 5-6, at 4 and 9. For tickets, call PE 6-6400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Park Avenue before Park Avenue became an office building, gets along with placid dinner music until ten, after which Chauncey Gray's dance orchestra and a rumba brigade cut loose. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—They haven't quite finished paving the floor with gold, but the end is in sight. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra never pause for breath.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, the dance tunes are the work of an excellent band headed by Joseph Sudy and a rumba group headed by Alan Logan. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation. Except Sundays, Renato Rossini plucks a guitar that speaks of love more eloquently than words.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's orchestra plays summer-replacement dance music in the Grill every night but Sunday. The room will, by the way, be shut Thursday, July 4.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Under this section of the vault of heaven, the only clouds are pink ones, and a nice match for the pretty girls in their summer dresses. Dancing to the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari is, of course, a permanent fixture. Closed Sundays and Thursday, July 4.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—On rainless nights, from *dinnertime through supper, a couple of small* bands, one Latin and one Manhattan, make dance music for nature lovers, moth collectors, and anteaters in the for-real garden.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof is offering a course in the appreciation of modern music that is apt to prick up anyone's ears, or maybe even pierce them; i.e., Sarah Vaughan and Joe Williams, singing for dear life, and Count Basie's band, playing for keeps and, now and then, for dancing. A gypsy orchestra makes dance music, too. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dance music by Jozsi Ribari's trio from eight until one. They're away Sundays, when the Roof's gypsies do the job from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a chalet that stands well above the smog line, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, along with a handful of canapés. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Under a meticulously manicured greenwood tree, Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The only racetrack clubhouse that's open all year. At one end of it, Kurt Maier plays piano the evening long. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The alumni and alumnae of Goldie Hawkins' earlier pubs forgather here of an evening to pick up the latest campus gossip. This, along with hustle-and-bustle piano, is supplied by Mr. H.; more sentimental études are supplied by his alter ego, Wayne Sanders, whose work week ends every Thursday. Friday and Saturday, Bill Taylor is his fill-in. The music often begins at six, and where it stops, nobody knows. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A my-compliments-to-the-chef affair, combined with a gala holiday for strings (the violin choir of Teo Fanidi), which is in full force from dinnertime until one or two in the morning. Closed Sundays

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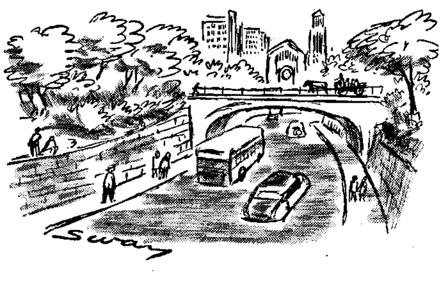
and Thursday, July 4. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, the father superior of the entire congeries of drawing-room pianists, puts on a brilliant exhibition of his ten-finger specialties in this fashionable watering place from five-thirty to eight and again from ten to one or so. Closed Sundays and Thursday, July 4. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): A brace of first-rate mood musicians, Don Evans and Sam Hamilton, take turns on the piano in a cubbyhole built for two. Mr. H. starts at the cocktail hour, Mr. E. later on. Closed Sundays and Thursday, July 4. . . . **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Fancy-free architects have had their way with this small but elaborate inn, where Fred Witmer plays piano at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): King Arthur's knights slept here. Now it's a refectory in which Norbert Faconi and his come-fly-with-me violin make sweet music together, from dinner through supper, every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): The Modern Museum never offered quite as tongue-in-cheek a display as do the walls of this gallery. The tone poems (vocal and pianistic) of Hubbell Pierce, world traveller, and the music of Lee Evans' trio are audible during the late-dinner and supper shift. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards going exuberantly native, which makes for some pretty fair song and dance. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Boudoir décor, French cuisine, and an air of ease, to say nothing of wandering minstrels whose music is all valentines, and the after-dinner songs of Hélène Darcel. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Middle Europe in a quiet but gala mood compounded of zimbalons, gypsy violins, schnitzel, light wines, and dancing. Closes Sunday, June 30, for a summer vacation. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old show tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, where there's always a spate of casual piano.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Spivy, a decisive girl with the voice of a drill sergeant; Will Holt, perhaps the funniest backwoodsman and guitarist of our time; and Carol Burnett, whose parodies of life on the television screen were written with a poison pen, all take their leave on Saturday, June 29, when the room shuts down for a short holiday. Jimmy Lyons' *progressive trio and* the piano of Bart Howard cease fire the same night. . . . ¶ Alex Fogarty ends his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge that evening, too. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The Garden of Eden in an impish new version that requires the services of two serpents—Stella Brooks, singing songs of sixpence in which nothing is sacred, and Blossom Dearie, singing songs of dalliance in the sweetest possible childish treble. Nancy Noland, a recently added starter, has come out of retirement to reprise the foolish ditties of her childhood. The *régisseur* is Julius Monk, who knows how to match wits of this sort. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Sylvia Syms, the most resonant of our double bassoons, is once more being true, blue, and funny, and Jimmie Komack is again talking to himself in his bemused way. Also worthy of note are the dizzy music of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels' boulevardier chanteys. Closed Mondays. . . . **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): Though some of her ballads are little gems of emotional crisis, Felicia Sanders is always the voice of experience, flexibility, and taste. The room is an *omnium gatherum*. Dancing on a two-by-four floor. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years, there are also Joey Carter, with a long string of oft-told tales, and Rosemary O'Reilly, with a string of good songs. He is off Sundays, when old movies are added; she is off Mondays.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon comprise the local varsity, which has now had an eleven-year winning streak without even a tie. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. Jam sessions Tuesdays. The prevailing winds, as customary, are from the South. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Practically impenetrable lectures by Irwin Corey, a thoroughly bewitched, bothered, and bewildered wit, plus the contemporary and extemporaneous jazz of the Stan Getz quartet, another rarity in this town. On Sundays, at 4:30 P.M., a jazz concert with commentary by Jean Shepherd, bellwether of the disc-jockey hypnotics, and music by the incumbent musicians. The room is closed Mondays. On Tuesday, July 2, Jimmy Giuffre's trio, which is tomorrow and tomorrow, will replace the Getz group. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): At times, you'd think the entire student body of Winsocki was buckling down at once, and even the music of Jonah Jones' quartet and Eugene Smith's trio can then pale into insignificance. Sundays, when these hired hands are off, the floor is held by other practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur and Sidney de Paris (the brothers whose music fascinated Helen of Troy) are still being their stalwart American primitive selves, along with Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, Sonny White, and Wilbur Kirk. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The Marian McPartland and George Wallington trios, who live in the room behind the pulsating bar, play real pretty tag with their tunes of choice. The Wallingtons are off duty on Sunday, the *McPartlands on Monday.* The Bernard Peiffer trio will replace the Wallington group on Thursday, July 4. Johnny Mehegan, the Juilliard stalwart, is the piano modernist from six to nine in the evening, except Sundays and Mondays, when he is there all night, and Saturdays, when he is off. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The tensest of all listeners are here, drinking in the cannonading of Woody Herman and his Fourth Herd and the withdrawn pastorals of the Mitchell-Ruff duo. On Thursday, July 4, Oscar Pettiford's latest orchestra *and the Kai Winding septet will* replace both groups. The newcomers should be good providers of advanced food for thought. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, the very model of a modern major progressive, plays piano at the head of his trio, which sets to inside the oval bar at around ten. Absolute silence on Mondays. . . . **LOWER BASIN STREET,** 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. (WA 4-6000): The management of the lamented Basin Street in a new locale but with old *favorites, such as* Dave Brubeck, whose Bach is as terse as his Bartók, and his loyal San

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Franciscans, among them Paul Desmond. On Friday, July 5, the trio of Phineas Newborn, Jr., one of the most promising of the younger set, will replace the Brubeck foursome. Guests on Mondays, which are off nights for the aforesaid.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by the Billy Maxted band, the Voice of the South. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. On Tuesday, July 2, the Empire City Six, whatever that is, will take over. Closed Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): This week (and every week thereafter), "East Lynne," or a rabid Dixieland parody of it that could easily bring the house down. Among the players in a practically continuous performance are Ken Kersey, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3:30 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon play host to Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Pee Wee Erwin, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore. ... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Jazz music that's a form of ancestor worship, or how to amuse the children over the weekend. On Friday and Saturday, June 28-29, the noise will probably be made by George Lewis and his Ragtime Band, Conrad Janis, Charlie Shavers, Willie the Lion Smith, Gene Sedric, Panama Francis, and Dick Wellstood.... **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): Bobby Hackett and his fine little band strike their last blow for Dixie on Thursday, June 27, when the shop locks up for the summer.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): An airport for the exclusive use of progressive but non-scheduled airlines. It's rumored that a quintet operated by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn is there now, plus the Miles Davis sextet (which will give way to Cannonball Adderley's happy-go-lucky quintet on Friday, June 28), but who knows? It's absolutely definite, though, that the place is closed Tuesdays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays.... **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (WElls 1-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays.... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125). ... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays.... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays.... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays.... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** André (HUnter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday evenings, as well as on Thursday, July 4; closed Mondays.... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558).... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-7644); dancing; closed Mondays.... ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); starting Friday, June 28, dancing every evening except Monday.... **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); piano; closed Mondays.... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays.... ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Hamilton 3-9859); closed Mondays.... **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (WAlnut 1-4000); closed Mondays.... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (MEdford 1-3030); organ (unfortunately) every evening except Monday; dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (EDgewood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. ... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to

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between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thursday and Friday, July 4-5.)

GALLERIES

ANTOINE BOURDELLE—Bronze sculptures, water colors, and ink drawings; through Saturday, June 29. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JIMMY ERNST—New abstractions, more philosophic in manner than heretofore; through Saturday, June 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Doris Lee, Ruth Vodicka, Sigmund Menkes, and others; through Friday, June 28.... **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Such nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists as Albert P. Ryder, George Luks, Gladys Rockmore Davis, and Sol Wilson; through Aug. 30.... **BARONE,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An outdoor show of sculptures by American moderns, including Martin Craig and Herbert Kallem; through Friday, June 28. (Thursday and Friday, 11 to 6.) ... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings and sculptures by Stephen Csoka, Martha Visser't Hooft, Joseph Konzal, and others; through Friday, July 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10.)... **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: The regular artists here—Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and John Marin, among others; through Friday, June 28.... **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Arbit Blatas, Walter Barker, Henry Botkin, Hans Moller, and Manfred Schwartz; through Friday, June 28.... **GREENWICH,** 71 Washington Pl.: The gallery's opening exhibition, consisting of fifty paintings and sculptures by as many living artists, ranging from Milton Avery to William Zorach; through Saturday, June 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.).... **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings by contemporary Americans, including William Kienbusch, Karl Schrag, and Joe Lasker; through July 31.... **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Arline Wingate are three of the artists who have paintings and sculptures in a season's retrospective show; through Saturday, June 29.... **MILCH,** 55 E. 57th St.: Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, Ogden Pleissner, and other painters; through July 26.... **POINDEXTER,** 21 W. 56th St.: Work done in New York during the thirties, including items by Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, and Arshile Gorky; through Saturday, June 29.... **REHN,** 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Paintings and drawings by Reginald Marsh, Edward Hopper, Charles Burchfield, and others; through July 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.)... **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Cameron Booth, Balcomb Greene, and Manolo Pascual are among the painters and sculptors represented in this year's "Fact and Fantasy" presentation; through Aug. 23.... **ZABRISKIE,** 32 E. 65th St.: An exhibition entitled "The City, 1900-30," comprising works by George Bellows, John Sloan, and others; through July 31. (Open Saturday, June 29, and Friday, July 5.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **THE CONTEMPORARIES,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Graphics by Gabor Peterdi, William Scott, Marino Marini, and others; through July 31. (Open Saturday, June 29, and Friday, July 5.)... **FEIGL,** 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Albert Gleizes, Oskar Kokoschka, Vaclav Vytlacil, and other painters; through July 20. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)... **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by American and French artists, including Karl Knaths, Fernand Léger, and Oronzio Maldarelli; through Aug. 30.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HERVÉ,** 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Canvases by Vlaminck, Utrillo, Lorjou, and others; through Aug. 30. (Open Saturday, June 29.) ... **SAIDENBERG,** 10 E. 77th St.: An exhibit arranged as a tribute to the art historian and dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, with paintings by Picasso, Braque, Gris, and others; through Saturday, June 29.

PRE-COLUMBIAN ART—At the **EMMERICH,** 18 E. 77th St.: Pre-Columbian sculptures, along with modern paintings, by, among others, Picasso and Jawlensky; through Friday, June 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6.)... **WIDDIFIELD,** 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: A show entitled "Pre-Columbian Abstractionists;" through Aug. 30. (Thursday through Saturday, June 27-29, from 10 to 6, and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 2-3, from 2 to 6.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sunday, June 30.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Auguste Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others.... ¶ "Faces in American Art," an exhibit made up of more than a hundred photographs of artists, art critics, and collectors, including pictures by Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Berenice Abbott; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition in honor of Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday, containing more than three hundred of his oils, sculptures, collages, water colors, pastels, and drawings; through Sept. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Saturdays, 11 to 7; and Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Modern European drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—Recent acquisitions and works on loan, including paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Tadashi Sato, Adja Yunkers, Etienne Hajdu, and others; through Aug. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

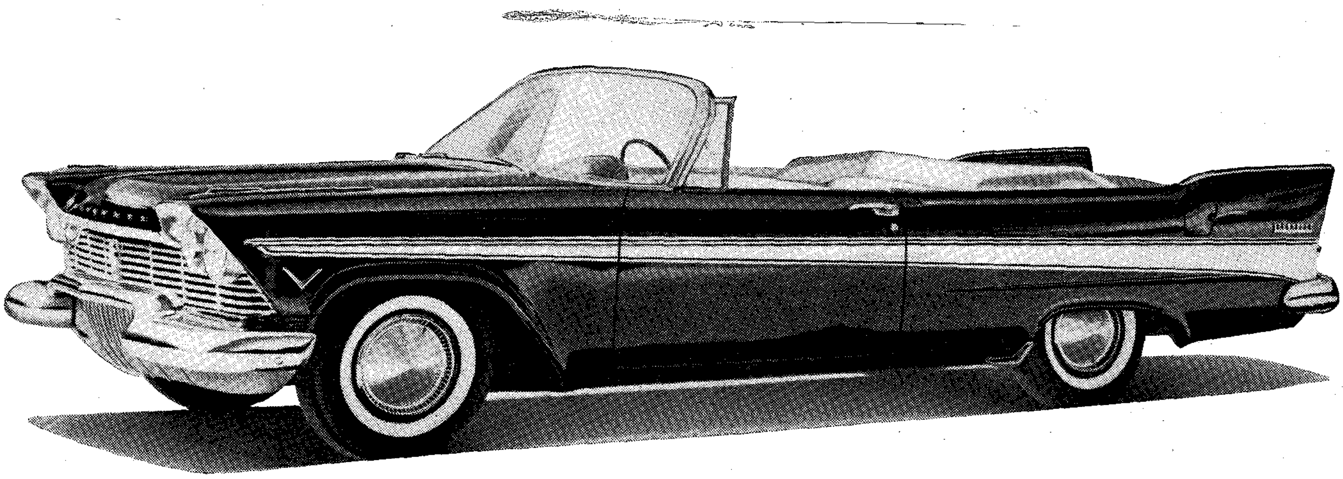
JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A two-part exhibition celebrating the Museum's tenth anniversary at its present address. One part consists of paintings and sculptures from a number of private collections, ranging from a Rembrandt self-portrait to modern works by Chagall, Gauguin, Weber, and Lehmbruck (to name a few); through Sunday, June 30. The other part is the Strauss-Rothschild collection of Jewish ceremonial objects from the Cluny Museum, in Paris; through Oct. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, except July 4, from 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A second selection of more than sixty pieces from the Museum's collection, including sculptured figures and objects from various places, in wood, clay, ivory, gold, and turtle shell; through Sept. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Sept. 22. (Daily, except Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BLUE HILL, MAINE. Blue Hill Pavilion: Theodoros Stamos, Hedda Sterne, Saul Steinberg, and other painters; through July 7. (Daily, 10 to 6.)... **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: Water colors, drawings, and small sculptures by John Marin, Edward Hopper, William King, and others; through July 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)... **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: Robert Brackman and Garrett Price are among those represented in the annual



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

members' show; through July 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 2 to 5:30.) . . . NEW CANAAN, CONN. Silvermine Guild of Artists: The eighth annual New England exhibition of paintings and sculptures. This year, for the first time, work by artists from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania is included. Through July 10. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by Morris Graves and Mark Tobey and sculptures by Tom Hardy and Philip McCracken comprise a show devoted to artists of the Pacific Northwest, which runs concurrently with an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures entitled "Americans of Our Times;" starting Saturday, June 29. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Association: Edward Betts, Robert Laurent, and Marguerite and William Zorach are among the members whose paintings and sculptures will be on view; starting Monday, July 1. (Daily, 10 to noon and 1 to 5:30.) . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Provincetown Art Association: Paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures by (for instance) Philip Malicoat, Will Barnet, and Robert Motherwell; starting Sunday, June 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 6 and 7 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . ROCKPORT, MASS. Rockport Art Association: The summer's second show (mixed mediums), with such participants as Ken Gore and Joseph Margulies; starting Saturday, June 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.) . . . WOODSTOCK, N.Y. Woodstock Artists Association: Paintings and sculptures; starting Saturday, June 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30 and 7 to 9; Sundays, noon to 3.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, June 27: Julius Rudel conducting, with Renata Tebaldi, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 29: Julius Rudel conducting a program of Viennese music, with Jan Kiepura, tenor, and Marta Eggerth, soprano. . . . ¶ Monday, July 1: Albert Fracht conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program, with Ruth Slenczynska, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 2: Albert Fracht conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 3: Albert Fracht conducting an all-Brahms program, with Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 4: Alexander Smallens conducting an all-Gershwin program, including a concert version of "Porgy and Bess," with Eugene List, piano; Camilla Williams, soprano; and Lawrence Winters, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6: The Stadium will be given over to a jazz program by Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars, the Erroll Garner trio, and George Shearing's quintet. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Hall box office, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 3. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 16.) . . . ¶ The third annual World Jazz Festival will be celebrated by musicians from, among other countries, India, the Netherlands, France, and the United States, including Don Stratton, Mat Mathews, André Persiany, Jim Rathnan, and Owen Engel. (Sunday, June 30, at 2.) . . . ¶ The Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Henry Denecke, with George Ricci, cello. (Thursday, July 4, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 11—Wednesday, July 3, at 8:30: A program of chamber music by the Paganini String Quartet. . . . ¶ Charles Munch conducting a Boston Symphony chamber orchestra in three all-Bach programs. Friday, July 5, at 8:30: With Lukas Foss and Seymour Lipkin, piano. Saturday, July 6, at 8:30: No soloists. Sunday, July 7, at 2:30: Part II of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Adele Addison, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Donald Gramm and James Joyce, basses; the Harvard Glee Club; and the Radcliffe Choral Society. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Jazz and folk concerts—Sunday, June 30, at 8:40: Ella Fitzgerald and a trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 4: Ethel Waters and Reginald Bean. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 7, at 8:40: Dave Brubeck's quartet. (Lenox, Mass.)

CASTLE HILL—Friday and Saturday, June 28-29: A jazz program by Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson's trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 5-6: A recital by Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

CHAUTAUQUA—Monday, July 1: A recital by Marian Anderson, contralto. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5: Walter Hendl conducting the opening performance of the season by the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra. (Amphitheatre, Chautauqua, N.Y. Evenings at 8:30.)

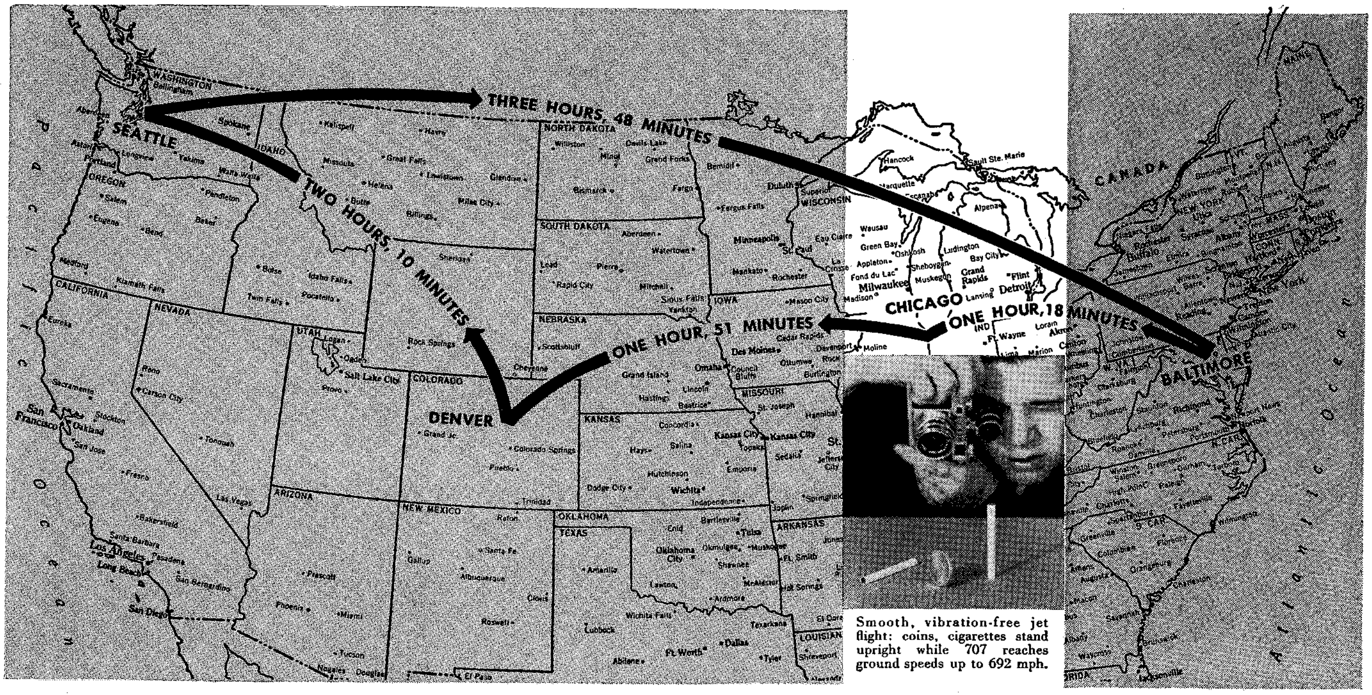
EMPIRE STATE MUSIC FESTIVAL—The Symphony of the Air in the opening performances of a season that will run through Sunday, July 28—Thursday, July 4, at 8:30: Igor Markevitch conducting Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Brahms' "Alto Rhapsody," with Uta Graf, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Rudolf Petrak, tenor; Norman Scott, bass-baritone; and the American Concert Choir. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 5-6, at 8:30: Two programs conducted by Robert Zeller, with eight soloists from the Royal Danish Ballet. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 7, at 3:30: Igor Markevitch conducting another performance of the Thursday concert. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 7, at 8:30: Robert Zeller conducting another program with the dancers from the Royal Danish Ballet. (Ellenville, N.Y. For tickets, call OX 7-0490.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire String Quartet, with Bruce Simonds, piano. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, June 30, at 4.)

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 4, at 8:30: Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars, Sidney Bechet, Ella Fitzgerald, Jack Teagarden, Cozy Cole, J. C. Higginbotham, Red Allen, Kid Ory, Arvell Shaw, Claude Hopkins, Buster Bailey, and the George Lewis band. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5, at 11: A free panel discussion, "Working Conditions of Jazz Musicians, Present and Possible," with Gerry Mulligan, John Levy, Bert Block, and George Avakian. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5, at 2:30: Cannonball Adderley's quintet, Gigi Gryce and Donald Byrd, Bernard Peiffer's trio, Ruby Braff's octet, Pee Wee Russell, Toshiko Akiyoshi's trio, Mat Mathews, and the Leon Sash quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5, at 8:30: The Erroll Garner trio, George Shearing's quintet, Bobby Hackett's sextet, Roy Eldridge, Stan Kenton's orchestra, Coleman Hawkins, Stan Getz, Jo Jones, Tony Scott, Oscar Pettiford, Pete Brown, and Carmen McRae. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 11: A free panel discussion, "Music and the Use of Habituating and Addicting Drugs," with Dr. Paul Diamond, John Hammond, Maxwell T. Cohen, Billy Taylor, and Father Norman O'Connor. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 2:30: Don Elliott's quartet, the Horace Silver quintet, Kai Winding's septet, Jackie Paris, Eddie Costa, Rolf Kuhn, and Oscar Pettiford. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 8:30: Dizzy Gillespie and his orchestra, Dave Brubeck's quartet, Billie Holiday, Eartha Kitt (dancing, not singing), Chris Connor, Gerry Mulligan's quartet, Turk Murphy, Sonny Stitt, Mary Lou Williams, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 7, at 2:30: Gospel music by Mahalia Jackson and the Clara Ward Singers. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 7, at 8:30: Count Basie's orchestra, Sarah Vaughan, Oscar Peterson's trio, Wilbur de Paris, Jimmy Giuffre's trio, the Teddy Wilson trio, and Jimmy Rushing. (Freebody Park, Newport, R.I. For tickets, call TR 9-8970.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, June 27, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, June 28, at 8:15; Saturday, June 29, at 2; and Sunday, June 30, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Wednesday, July 3, at 2, and Thursday, July 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Dodgers, Monday and Tuesday, July 1-2, at 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, July 5, at 8, and Saturday, July 6, at 2. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, July 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadel-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TWO HOURS, 10 MINUTES
DENVER
ONE HOUR, 51 MINUTES
CHICAGO
ONE HOUR, 18 MINUTES
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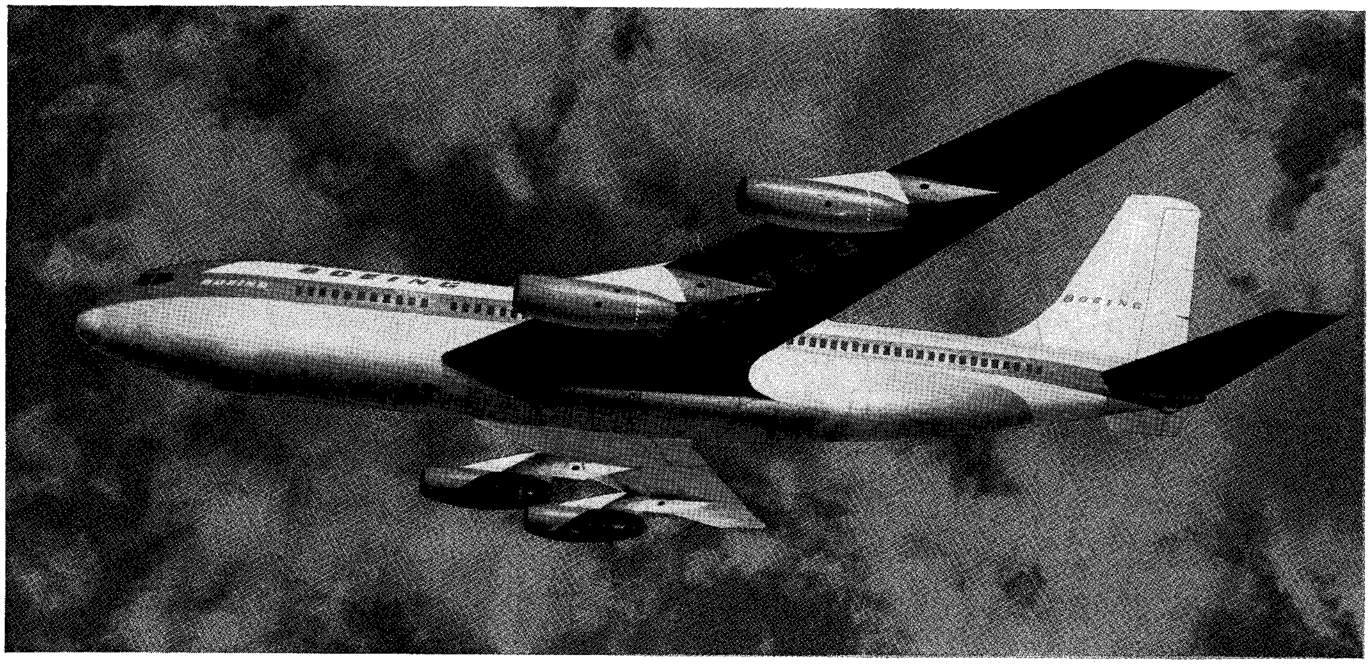

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

phia, Friday, July 5, at 8, and Saturday, July 6, at 2.

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Saturday, June 27-29.) . . . ¶ Sectional qualifying round for the U.S.G.A. Junior Championship. (White Beeches Golf and Country Club, Haworth, N.J. Tuesday, July 2.)

Horse Shows—Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, L.I. Saturday, June 29.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday and Sunday, July 6-7.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **meadow brook club**, Jericho. . . . **blind brook polo club**, Purchase.

Racing—At **belmont park:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Aug 3. The Roseben Handicap, Saturday, June 29; the Suburban Handicap, Thursday, July 4; and the Saranac Handicap, Saturday, July 6. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 7. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 6. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays and Thursday, July 4, at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Saturday, June 29, at 1, and Sunday, June 30, at 2.

Tennis—New York State Women's Championships. (Beach Point Club, Mamaroneck. Through Saturday, June 29.) . . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside, L.I. Through Sunday, June 30.) . . . ¶ Eastern Father and Son Clay Court Championships. (Elizabeth Town and Country Club, Elizabeth, N.J. Friday through Sunday, June 28-30.)

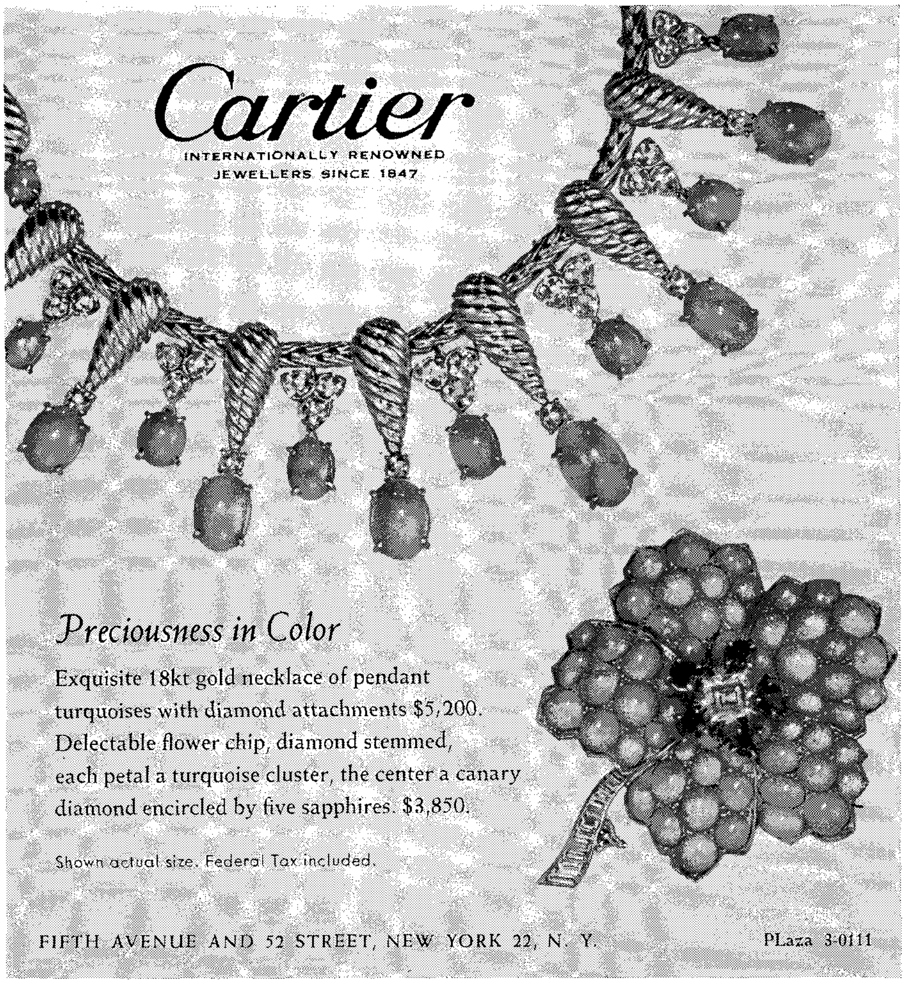
Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station; special train from Grand Central at 7:15.) . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 24. . . . **historic track**, Goshen: Monday through Friday, July 1-5, at 2.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings Thursday, July 4. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

Nineteenth-Century Toy Theatres—Six miniature stage models, collected by Alfred Lunt, containing scenes from "Oliver Twist," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Corsican Brothers," "Richelieu," "Timour the Tartar," and "Jack and the Beanstalk." Also on display is a toy theatre with two settings that were designed and painted by Mr. Lunt when he was a child. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current presentation, "The Sun in Action," deals with the power and influence of our nearest star. Starting Tuesday, July 2, there will be a new show, "Earth, Air, and Space." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, July 4, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.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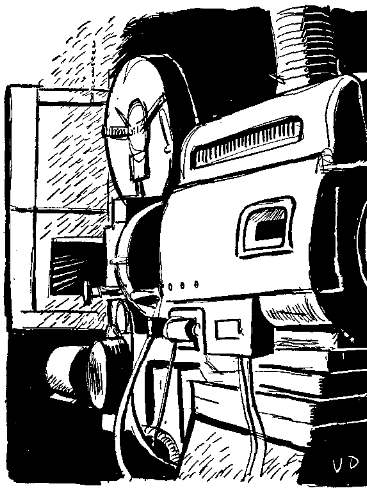
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Around the World in 80 Days—Michael Todd's variation on a long Cook's tour. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, it is both funny and colorful, if perhaps a bit protracted. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Face in the Crowd—Andy Griffith is the diverting protagonist of this account of a hillbilly guitarist's rise and fall in television. Written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, the picture is pretty superficial, but moves briskly enough until it starts skidding into Grade B nonsense at its climax. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Funny Face—Fred Astaire, as a fashion-magazine photographer, and Audrey Hepburn, as his reluctant model who aspires to be a heavy intellectual, make a genial team in this Gershwin musical, and Kay Thompson, as Mr. Astaire's editor, adds some comic touches. Best of all are the fine views of Paris, where most of the action takes place. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 29.)

The Green Man—Alastair Sim in a droll English romp having to do with a gentleman who makes a practice of blowing up the people who bore him. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Rack—The trial of an American Army captain, who, after being captured in the course of the Korean War, sells out to the enemy. An effective courtroom film that deals honestly with a very thorny subject. Paul Newman is completely convincing as the pitiable captain. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 29.)

***The Red Balloon**—In this charming fantasy,* written, produced, and directed by Albert Lamorisse, we follow an adventurous small boy as he wanders about Paris, pursued by a balloon that has adopted him as its master. The young one is portrayed by Pascal Lamorisse, the director's son, and he makes you wish the picture would go on for longer than the half hour it takes to unravel. It's rather too bad that the film has as its companion piece a routine travelogue called "The Lost Continent." (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 3, tentative.)

La Strada—This strange Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, deals with the fortunes of a subhuman professional strong man, a half-witted girl who serves as his slave (he buys her from her mother for ten thousand lire), and a carnival clown more prescient than most. The picture is full of sharp episodes, even if it is too long. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Tempest in the Flesh—A beautifully acted French film that doesn't delve very deeply into nymphomania, its alleged subject, but that does extract a good deal of melodrama from an investigation of the career of a young woman who has irregular ideas about monogamy. Françoise Arnoul and Raymond Pellegrin lead a fine cast. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting July 3.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious interpretations, cutting a vivid swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne De Carlo are also prominent in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays *through* Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Third Key—An inspector from Scotland Yard pursues a murderous safe-cracker in this English film, which never gets as clamorous as the usual movie descriptions of cops and robbers at their work but is still very interesting in its description of police methods. Jack Hawkins is stalwart as the inspector, and John Stratton, Richard Leech, and Dorothy Alison are commendable in supporting roles. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Torero!—Luis Procuna, the eminent bullfighter, in the story of his own life, the details of which make fascinating stuff. A Mexican film (with a commentary in English), in which Señor Procuna proves himself as formidable an actor as he is a toreador. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

12 Angry Men—In this more than usually successful adaptation of the movies of a television show, an oddly assorted group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Written by Reginald Rose and directed by Sidney Lumet, the picture has a fine cast headed by Henry Fonda. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through July 3. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through July 3, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Carmen Jones (1954)—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte play the lovers. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; June 30, tentative.)

Chaplin Comedies—"Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," "Caught in a Cabaret," and "His Prehistoric Past," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

Fanfan the Tulip (1953)—A French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 28.)

Last Holiday (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his final fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; July 1-2, tentative.)

The Moon Is Blue (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 30-July 2.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 27.)

The Proud and the Beautiful (1956)—Jean-Paul Sartre's story about romance in a flea-bitten Mexican town. With Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan. In French and Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 29.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 28.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 27.)

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 30-July 2.)

The Walls of Malapaga (1950)—An aging fugitive, Jean Gabin, having a final romantic passage at arms in Genoa. A French-Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 27.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series entitled "Sixty Years of French Films." Through June 29, at 3 and 5:30 (extra performance Thursday evening at 8): "Autumn Mists" (1928), directed by Dimitri Kirsanoff; "Arabesques" (1928), directed by Germaine Dulac; and "The Fall of the House of Usher" (1928), directed by Jean Epstein. . . . ¶ June 30-July 3, at 3: "Les Nouveaux Messieurs" (1928), with Gaby Morlay and Albert Préjean. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Beau James," Bob Hope, Vera Miles.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
June 27: Theatre closed.
From June 28: "The Pride and the Passion," Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Sophia Loren.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
A FACE IN THE CROWD.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through July 2: "Scandal in Sorrento," Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica.
From July 3: "The Delicate Delinquent," Jerry Lewis, Martha Hyer.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Prince and the Showgirl," Marilyn Monroe, Laurence Olivier.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through July 2: "The D.I.," Jack Webb.
From July 3: "The Beginning of the End," Peter Graves, Peggie Castle.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Island in the Sun," James Mason, Joan Fontaine.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Sweet Smell of Success," Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Saint Joan," Jean Seberg, Richard Widmark.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays at 8:40; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Stella" (in Greek), Melina Mercouri.

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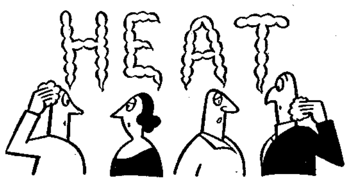
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE way or another, that was quite a heat wave we had last week. The key word in the daily accounts of it was "up"—the temperature up over ninety, the death rate up twenty-five per cent, Con Ed's cupboardful of kilowatts nearly used up, the Weather Bureau uncertain of what the weather would be up to next. Ordinarily, we agree with a statement in Zelda Fitzgerald's novel "Save Me the Waltz" to the effect that weather is for children, but those few days of wilting humiture reduced us to a worse than childlike state; communication with our fellow-victims dwindled to babble. It was as if there were only one subject left on earth and only one approach to it. Somebody would ask the inevitable question and we would force out the inevitable reply. An hour later, to our dismay, we would hear our voice putting the same question and would find ourself doggedly awaiting the same reply. Hot enough for you? Sure is. Hot enough for you? Sure is.



Mercifully, our office is air-conditioned, and if kilowatts were in short supply, the fault was partly ours. We spent a lot of time fiddling with our machine, coaxing it into prodigies of coolness. The machine is a new one, slender and soft-spoken, with a slight Scots burr; like all self-respecting machines nowadays, it has an instrument panel, which we have to remember not to call a dashboard. The panel is concealed—modern machines are as prudish as they are complex—but when a section of grille is pushed at a certain point, it flies open, revealing an assortment of levers and dials. One lever regulates degrees of coolness, on a scale of from one to ten (we like to be around six on a normal summer's day), and a second lever lets us choose whether we will be cooled, cooled and ventilated, or merely exhausted. If we press a third lever, a gust of Air Wick shoots out into the room. All through the hot spell, we kept the machine at full throttle and it never faltered; simultaneously, we searched its vitals for the hidden gland that secretes Air Wick. Our intention was to supplant the Air Wick with a shot of Old Spice after-shave lotion, which a devil-may-care friend has assured us is irresistible to women. We figured that a combination of intolerable heat outside and cunningly timed gusts of well-chilled Old Spice inside might make us the most dangerous man of our age in town. But, alas, on Thursday the heat broke, and when we press the third lever, what comes out is still Air Wick.

EVERYBODY talks about the weather and practically everybody does something about it. What with air-conditioners, fans, radiant heat, electric dehumidifiers, electronic precipitrons, chemical rain-makers, and a score of other devices, the American climate is constantly being pulled askew and made over. Now an insurance concern called Good Weather, Inc., is getting into the act. Its purpose is not to bully foul weather into turning fair but to make the victims of its foulness feel better. Particular events—outdoor concerts, prizefights, even weddings—have long been insured against bad weather; the novelty of Good Weather, Inc., is that it applies the same principle to extended periods of time. This summer, for example, it's busy insuring patrons of over a hundred hotels in the Catskills and Asbury Park against the misfortune of rainy weather on their vacations; next winter it will insure vacationers in Florida against both rain and cold. (So far, there's been no demand for heat-wave insurance, but if a vacationer headed for Maine wants authentic Down East cooling and ventilating or his money back, Good Weather, Inc., will be glad to make him a proposition.)

How does the insurance work? Well, suppose you're going on a week's vacation to Asbury Park. Good Weather, Inc., will insure you against having to pay for more than one day of rain in seven. For every additional rainy day, it refunds you the cost of your room and board. What does Good Weather, Inc., call a day? 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. What does it call a rainy day? A minimum of three hours of rain between nine and six. How much rain has to fall in an hour for it to qualify as an hour of rain? One one-hundredth of an inch, which is the smallest amount the Weather Bureau bothers to measure. All insurance claims are settled on the basis of information furnished by the nearest weather station. Hotels welcome insured guests, because they're less likely to check out during a wet spell; the alternatives of sunshine and free room and board keep them from becoming restless. We like the idea of holidaymakers' not having to get angry at the weather, or, if they get angry, of their having the wholesome consolation of money; and we mean to purchase a policy ourself as soon as Good Weather, Inc., works out the percentages for those corners of the world that rain has been known to travel a thousand miles to find us in.

But we do wrong to assume that good weather is identical with fair. Vacationers peering out of hotel windows may think it is, but Henry L. Fox, who devised Good Weather, Inc., and is its president, has discovered that there's an almost unlimited number of mutually contradictory notions of what is meteorologically good, and that all are about equally insurable. To us here in New York good weather happens to mean sunny days and cool nights; to a farmer in Kansas it may mean a week of rain or, depending on the season, of relentless hundred-degree heat. Mr. Fox has it in mind to be universally accommodating. He is as eager to insure a trucking company, say, against the hazard of too much snow as he is to insure the owners of ski resorts against the hazard of too little; to insure manufacturers of bathing suits against excessively wet years and manufacturers of umbrellas against excessively dry ones. And since the American climate, in its untampered-with state, is not one but many, and since the desires and requirements of the American people at work or play are as varied as their faces, it's obvious that neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night can stay Good Weather, Inc., from the swift turning of a profitable penny. (Sooner or later, a lover of gloom will pop up and beg to be insured against its absence.) We salute Mr. Fox at the beginning of his new career and wish him a stormy tranquil *mauvais bon voyage.*

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OVERHEARD on Madison Avenue, one young man to another: "If you go to work for C.B.S., boy, your whole mode of dress will change."

Pomerantzi

OVER the years, we have had many pleasant talks with Mr. Charles Pomerantz, the pink-cheeked, poetic, entomologically expert president of the Bell Exterminating Company, who played a major role in tracking down a hitherto unknown disease, rickettsialpox (from mite bite), and who has had a species of flea, *Stivalius pomerantzi*, named after him, as well as an entire family of mites, *Pomerantzia charlesi.* Last week, we had the pleasure of another chat with Mr. Pomerantz, occasioned by our having heard that further honors in the insect field had come his way. "Since I have seen you, it is now a chigger and a tick that have been given my name," Mr. Pomerantz told us triumphantly. "In my pest-control work, I don't handle chiggers; they live in fields, and I knew nothing of the honor until I read about it in the *Wasmann Journal of Biology*, a summer or so ago, in an article by James M. Brennan and Eleanor K. Jones, of the Rocky Mountain Laboratory. My chigger is *Euschöngastia pomerantzi*—a fairly large species, as chiggers go. I was overwhelmed. I had a glow of inner joy. This is more important than the amassing of great wealth. I told my wife about it, and she said, 'All those honors, but where's the mink?' Well, then along comes the tick award. Ticks! I owe a great debt of gratitude to ticks. I have had such wonderful experiences with ticks it is fantastic! A tick *is* a mite, but after it has eaten it is ten times the size of a mite. A tick is to a mite as a human being is to a pygmy. My first love was termites, but they are an economic problem, involving the physical destruction of the house, and they can be remedied. Cockroaches and ants are nothing. But ticks! With ticks humanity is involved. They can bring diseases to man and animals, and they are brought in by man's best friend. When you deal with ticks, you deal with the whole wide world. They are now attaching themselves to man as an accidental host. I do a lot of tick work in apartments on Park and Fifth Avenues. I am speaking now, of course, of the brown dog tick, the indoor type, as distinguished from the American dog tick, the outdoor type. Brown dog ticks infest homes and live there, snugly, all year round. They are a menace and they feed on dogs. All kinds of dogs—poodles, bulldogs, cocker spaniels. Since I am a pest-control man, I always say to my clients, 'When a dog has ticks, immediately take the animal to your veterinarian; he is the best equipped to detick the dog.' " Mr. Pomerantz's eyes shone, and he paused for breath.

"I have lectured on ticks at the University of Massachusetts, and I have talked on ticks at Harvard, and I have talked on ticks at Falmouth, and I have talked on ticks in Montreal, Canada," Mr. Pomerantz said. "On the way to my tick talk at Montreal, some years ago, I watched a sunset from the train window, and I was moved by its sheer beauty to compose a poem to ticks. I called it 'Ticks and Man,' and it began:

"On yonder hills 'midst winter's chilled earth,
The deadly arthropod in slumber, unseen, anew
Awaits to tread its fatal steps, and to its host give birth
To some unknown malady—while in situ.

"The tick award came as a complete and humbling surprise, in a letter last fall from Glen M. Kohls, sanitarian director at the Rocky Mountain Laboratory. Glen wrote he had brought back from Central and South America several new species of *Ixodes*, and that one of them was to be named *Ixodes pomerantzi.* He added that he hoped I wouldn't object. Object! Having a tick named after *me!* I suddenly realized that, with all the honors—the species of flea, the family of mites, the chigger—I had kept telling myself, 'This is fine, but where's the tick?' Deep in my subconscious, I had secretly been wanting a tick named after me. The honor will last forever, unless man, in his greed, destroys himself atomically."

Mr. Pomerantz told us that he loves insects (for one thing, he eats a great deal of honey), and we were bold enough to ask him how, if he holds such affection for the little fellows, he can go around exterminating them. He paused, but not for long. "It is man's duty to control injurious things in nature," he said. "I am deep in insect phobias, mostly ladies who think the bugs are after them (rarely any bugs in *those* houses), and I am in daily pursuit, in my business, of carpet beetles, termites, and ticks—the greatest insect menaces in New York today. Carpet beetles are found in fine houses. All that wall-to-wall carpeting! I love my work. I am sixty, and every day is a challenge. The tick problem to those who have dogs is getting progressively worse. Ticks!"

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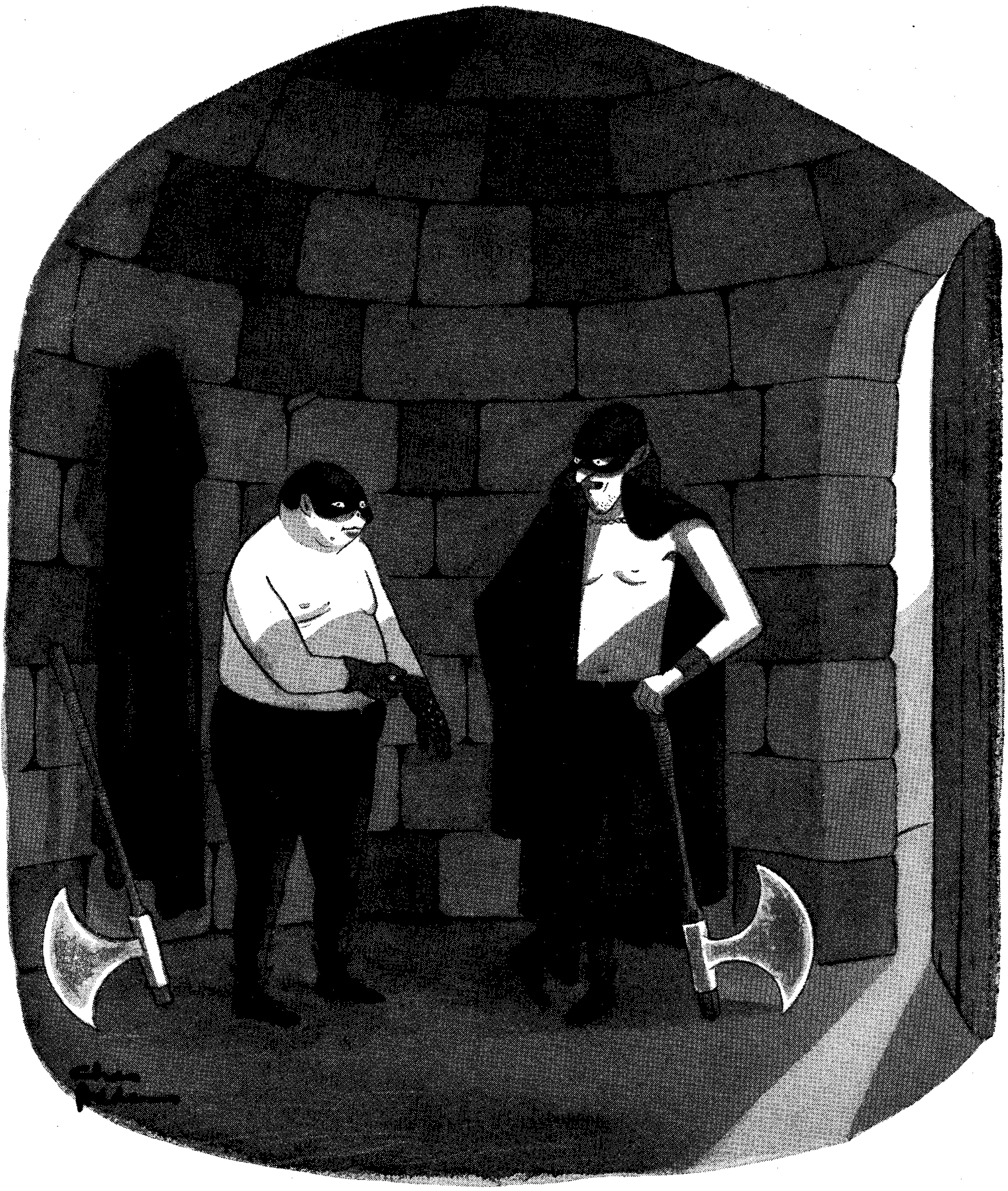
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a tiny lad in Westchester who waters his tiny carrot garden with a squirt gun.

Town House

IT has been heaven knows how long since an honest-to-goodness, traditional town house was put up in Manhattan, and it is with considerable satisfaction, therefore, that we report we've had a peek at one that Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney have a-building. It's on East Sixty-third Street, between Lexington and Third, on the site of a house that was put up by Charles Dillingham and was most recently inhabited by Edward L. Bernays. The Whitneys, who are, of course, in London at the moment, at the Embassy, didn't really mean to build a new town house. Three or four years ago, they began to look for one they could buy. There were certain features they insisted on—a decent-sized garden, for instance, and a location not too far from Mr. Whitney's office, which is at 630 Fifth Avenue. The Bernays house seemed to fill the bill; Mr. Whitney, a methodical man, made a trial taxi run and found it to be just eight minutes from his office, and, moreover, it had a garden forty feet wide, since Dillingham had built his house on a double lot. The Whitneys bought the property two years ago, expecting that their architect—Ellery Husted, of Gugler, Kimball & Husted—would make some minor structural changes and have the place ready for occupancy in a few months. Well, one thing led to another, as so often happens with houses, and the new owners ended by tearing down every speck of the original structure save a handful of steel beams.



"The way I look at it, if we don't do it, someone else will."

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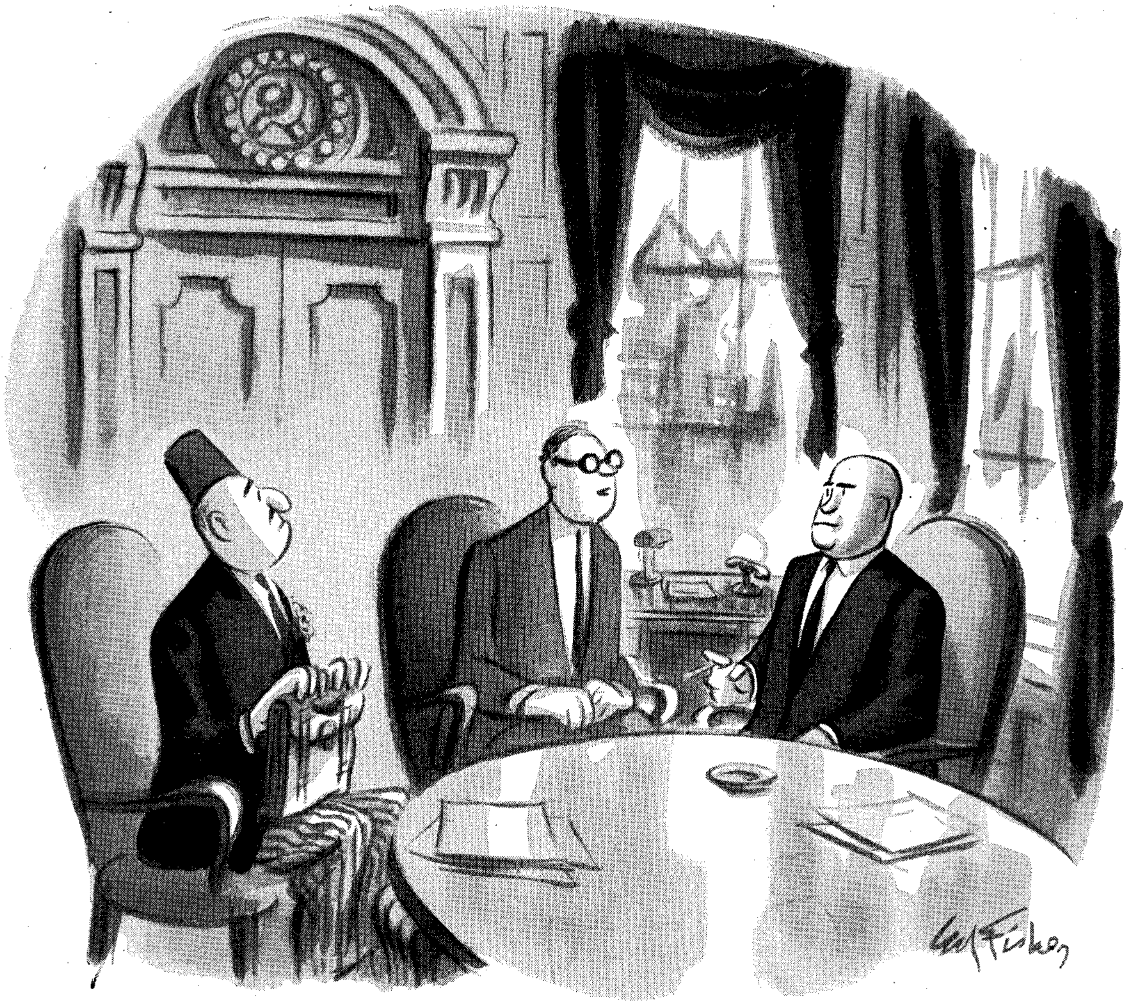
We were ushered through the establishment last week by Mrs. Charles P. Lineaweaver II, a decorator known professionally as Mimi Rand. Mrs. Rand is the greatest living expert on Whitney décor. In 1935, she fixed up a floor for Mr. Whitney at his parents' town house, a majestic edifice at 972 Fifth Avenue; she has done two offices for him; she did an apartment he used to have on Gracie Square; and, over a twenty-year span, she has worked on his houses at Manhasset, Fishers Island, Saratoga, and Thomasville, Georgia. The Sixty-third Street addition to this collection is still in the plastering stage, but the basic structural job is done, and Mrs. Rand asked us to imagine the embellishments that she hopes to have in place before the summer's end. "There'll be a storage bench right here in the outer foyer," she told us after we'd entered the front door—or, rather, an aperture awaiting the door. "As a boy, Jock used to be terribly distressed because there was no cupboard near the front door of his parents' town house where he could keep skates and galoshes and things. He had to take them to his room, half a mile or so away. The bench will abolish that sort of frustration."

The new house, which has a restrained red brick exterior, with white shutters, isn't awfully big in terms of sleeping capacity—only four master bedrooms—but we found it impressively roomy, and it ought to prove quite comfortable. It is air-conditioned throughout, has eight fireplaces, and is equipped with an elevator. "The elevator comes in handy for luggage and Christmas presents," Mrs. Rand said. The basement contains, in addition to such cubicles as a laundry, a wood cellar, and a wine cellar, enough machinery to keep a battleship going. The first floor has a butler's room and bath right off the entrance hall ("The Whitneys like to have someone close at hand when the doorbell



"He wants to know if we're going to send his country a warning against becoming a base for Western imperialism, and if not, why not!"

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rings," Mrs. Rand said), as well as a kitchen, a pantry, a dining room, and a library. In one wall of the library, there is a big picture window that, at the touch of a button, sinks into the basement, enabling the Whitneys to step right out into the garden. A magnolia and a maple have already been planted there.

On the second floor, there are two bedrooms for the Whitneys, and, overlooking the garden, a living room forty feet wide, with an eighteen-foot ceiling. A dozen electric plugs have been set halfway up the walls, so that whichever of the Whitneys' celebrated paintings they may choose to hang can be illuminated. "I've got my heart set on a Toulouse-Lautrec for over the mantel," Mrs. Rand told us, "but you never can tell with Betsey and Jock. You finish a perfectly divine room that you've designed around one of their paintings and then you suddenly find they've lent it to some museum for six months. It's all very harassing. Actually, though, no room of theirs is ever decorated in any formal style. Jock's like his mother. If she was fond of something, she wanted to look at it. She would put a drawing he'd done at school next to a Rembrandt. Jock's a demon about old family photographs. One time at Greentree, the Long Island place, the living room was so jammed with photographs—literally hundreds of them—that Betsey and I asked him if he wouldn't please throw out all those of people he couldn't identify. He sputtered and fussed, and begged us to let Edgar, his valet from way back, help him out with some of the older ones, but we stood firm and managed to evict forty-five strangers to him who had been perched on top of a single bookcase."

The third floor has a secretary's nook, a pressing room, and two more master bedrooms. Above the living room are five servants' rooms. "We've tried to fix the place so that it can be run with a staff of four," Mrs. Rand said. "The trouble with the old town houses, like Jock's family's, was that you could hardly get by with fewer than sixteen. Now I'll show you something." As she guided us up a flight of stairs, she said that the old Dillingham-Bernays house had had only three and a half stories, excluding the basement, but that the Whitneys had added a top floor, and by then we had ascended to it. We found ourself in a spacious, airy glass-and-whitewashed-brick pavilion, with its own kitchen. "It's for the Whitneys' children and grandchildren to entertain in," Mrs. Rand said. Very thoughtful, and, all in all, a splendid house; we hope to see it again when the skates and galoshes are in the foyer bench.

Advice

A LADY we know broke open a rice cookie at a Chinese restaurant on upper Broadway the other evening and was startled to find this message on the fortune-telling slip baked into the pastry: "To halt juvenile delinquency . . . BIRTH CONTROL."

New Graciousness

THIS year, the times of the second annual luncheon of the Cigar Institute of America and the annual joint ceremonial of the American Academy and the National Institute of Arts and Letters overlapped, and since we figured we couldn't make both, we plumped for the Cigar Institute, which was carrying on in the Hunt Room of "21." Having passed up John Dos Passos, William Faulkner, and Malcolm Cowley, we latched on to Bernard Sless, a Cigar Institute vice-president and the general sales manager of Bayuk Cigars (Phillies, Websters, John Ruskins, Royalists); Bernard Slater, president of the Standard Cigar Company of Minneapolis, distributors; and Sol Bornstein, president of the G. H. P. Cigar Company—in that order. "The Institute is an educational medium. Its members manufacture eighty per cent of the cigars produced in this country," Mr. Sless said during cocktails. "We're trying to get more and more men to smoke more and more cigars. One of the problems is women, some of whom object to cigars. We're getting cigars related to gracious living. We're persuading women to accept cigars as part of the milieu of a man's life. A wise woman knows that a cigar-smoking man is a relaxed man, a better family man. Cigar smokers generally don't beat their wives. Women object to cigars because they think they're *expected* to object. A conditioning job is indicated. I started a campaign with my secretary. 'Florence,' I said, lighting a cigar, 'take a sniff of that. Isn't it delicious?' She said it was. Women have to be conditioned to cigar smokers. They're quite right to object to bad cigar manners—leaving dead butts around, smoking in an elevator, *chewing* cigars—but there's nothing finer than the aroma of a good cigar."

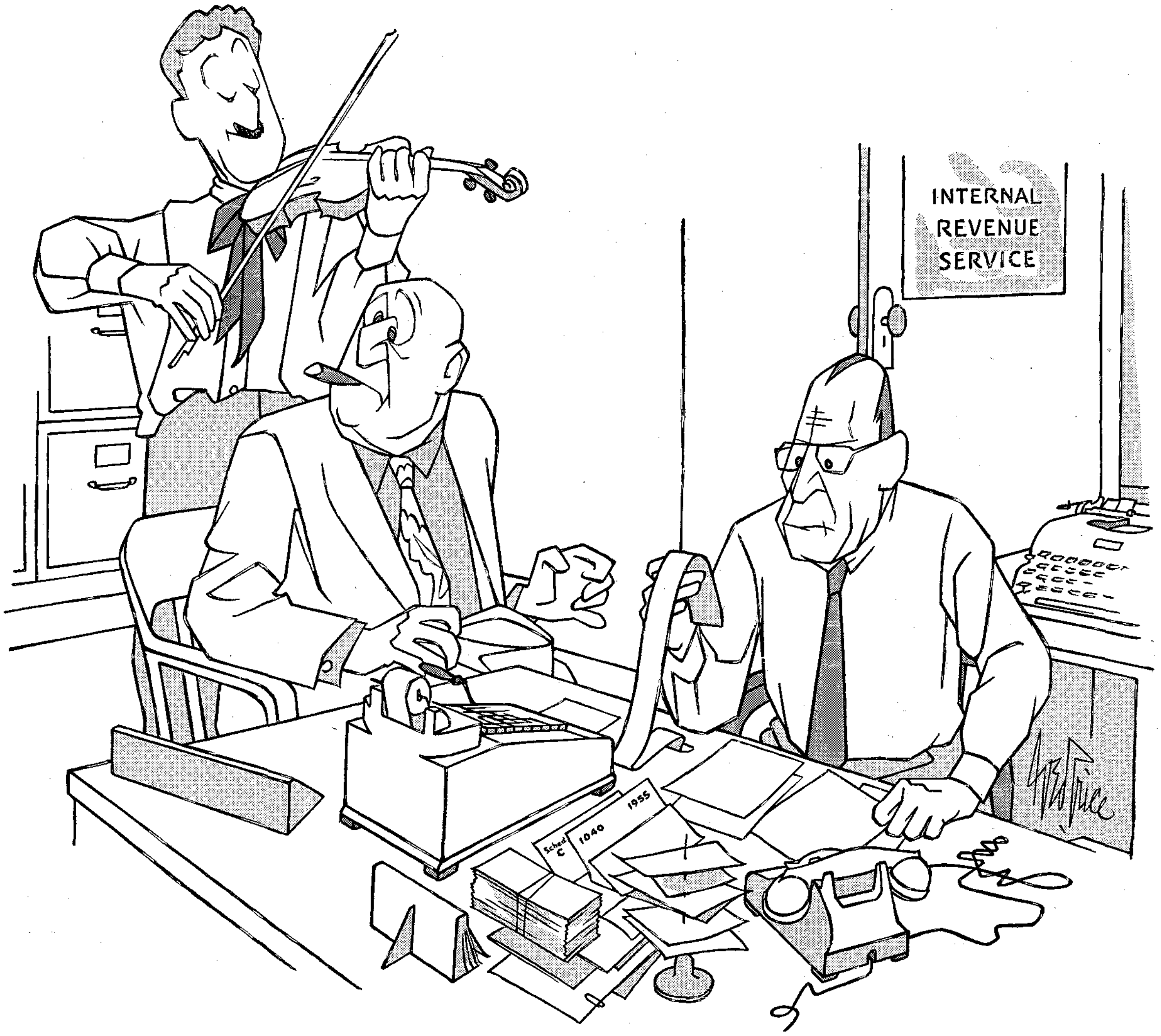
Mr. Sless pressed a Philly on us, and we turned to Mr. Slater. "No man's pathway is entirely without friendship if he has the companionship of one fine cigar," he said, handing us a companion with a band that read, "Cigar Institute of America." "I don't know anything that takes the place of sex, but if anything could, it's the cigar. Women shouldn't be against cigars any more than men are against perfume. Psychologically, a cigar makes you a better man to live with. Cigar smokers generally don't beat their wives. Countless men who get things done are cigar smokers—such as Winston Churchill and General Curtis LeMay. I think no more onus should attach to the man who smokes cigars than to someone who likes to eat rattlesnake meat. But the dead stub is offensive. Cigar manners are important."

Mr. Bornstein, who had joined us during Mr. Slater's peroration, nodded and thrust an El Producto into our pocket. "I think it is safe to say that cigar smokers don't beat their wives," he observed, and we followed fifty or sixty relaxed men and wise women—among them Miss Amy Vanderbilt, the social arbitress—in to lunch. "We're trying to win the women over," Mr. Eugene L. Raymond, the Institute's president, said to us at the table. "We're not trying to make women smoke cigars, but we are trying to show them why a cigar-smoking husband is a *better* husband. We believe that no cigar smoker ever beats his wife. There's a bridge to cross, which is good manners. The atmosphere used to be hostile to cigars, but today thousands of babies are being brought up in an atmosphere friendly to cigars. We want to promote the graciousness of the after-dinner hour—that after-dinner glow, when you smoke a cigar, sip a brandy, and talk of many things without contentiousness. We're trying to bring the Waldorf into people's homes."

Lunch over, we lit up our Philly while Mr. Raymond rose to his feet and made a speech along the afore-quoted lines, calling attention, admiringly, to Prince Philip's recent pioneering cigar smoke at a state dinner held in the Louvre. He then introduced Mrs. Charlotte Montgomery, "whose observations on relaxation are well known the nation over." She launched into a lengthy pro-cigar address, in the course of which she said she had been happily married for twenty-eight years. She didn't say whether her husband smoked cigars, but we saw no bruises on her. Another talk, by Hannah Lees, the author, was to come, but we started for the door. There, an Institute publicity man presented us with a cedar box of cigars, encouragingly stamped "The ordinary retail price of the cigars herein contained is intended by the manufacturer to be more than twenty cents each;" a book by Hannah Lees entitled "Help Your Husband Stay Alive!;" and a glass jar of white, pink, yellow, orange, and green after-dinner mints. "Suitable, when deminted, as a gracious serving vehicle for cigars," he said.

Contribution

IN a club car taking us to Boston the other day, we found ourself oppressed by a deluge of overheard conversation carried on by three middle-aged ladies, and sympathetic toward the fourth member of the group, a sweet little *old* lady who looked like Whistler's mother and said not a word for a solid hour, until, there being a lull, she leaned forward, adjusted her bonnet, and spoke with emphasis. "My granddaughter," she said, "poses in the nude."



INCEST

"I WAS in a movie house, fairly plush, in a sort of mezzanine, or balcony. It was a wide screen. On it there were tall people—it seemed to be at a dance or at least function—talking and bending toward each other gracefully, in that misty technicolor Japanese pictures have. I *knew* that this was the movie version of 'Remembrance of Things Past.' I had the impression, sitting there, that I had been looking forward to it for a long time, and I felt slightly guilty at not being home, you know. You see so few movies since the baby. There was a girl sitting down one row, catty-corner from me. She had a small head with a thin, rather touching neck, like Moira Lengel, but it wasn't her, or anyone we know. At any rate, there was this feeling of great affection toward her, and it seemed, in the light of the movie—the movie was taking place entirely in a bright yellow ballroom, so the faces of the audience were clear—it seemed somehow that the entire chance to make my life good was wrapped up in this girl, who was strange to me. Then she was in the seat beside me, and I was giving her a back rub."

"*Uh*-oh," his wife said, pausing in her stooping. She was grazing the carpet, picking up the toys, cards, matches, and spoons scattered by their daughter Jane, a year and seven months old. Big Jane, as she had dreaded being called when they named the child, held quite still to catch what next he had to tell. Lee had begun the recitation ironically, to register his irritation with her for asking him, her own day had been so dull and wearing, to talk, to tell her of *his* day. Nothing interested him less than his own day, done. It made his jaws ache, as with a smothered yawn, to consider framing one sentence about it. So, part desperation, part discipline, he had begun the account of the dream he had been careful to keep from her at breakfast. He protected his wife here, at the place where he recalled feeling his hands leave the lean girl's comforted shoulder blades and travel thoughtfully around the cool, straight, faintly ridged sides of the rib case to the always surprising boon in front—sensations momentarily more vivid in the nerves of his fingers than the immediate texture of the bamboo chair he occupied.

"Through the blouse."

"Good," she said. "Good for you both."

Jane appeared so saucy saying this he was emboldened to add a true detail: "I think I did undo her bra strap. By pinching through the cloth." To judge by his wife's expression—tense for him, as if he were bragging before company—the addition was a mistake. He hastened on. "Then we were standing in back of the seats, behind one of those walls that come up to your chest, and I was being introduced to her father. I had the impression he was a doctor. He was rather pleasant, really: gray hair, and a firm grip. He seemed cordial, and I had a competent feeling, as if I couldn't help making a good impression. But behind this encounter—with the girl standing off to one side—there was the sadness of the movie itself continuing on the screen; the music soared; Proust's face was shown—a very young face—with the eyelids closed, and this shimmered and spun and turned into a slow pink vortex that then solidified into a huge motionless rose, filling the whole screen. And I thought, *Now I know how the book ends.*"

"How ex*cit*ing! It's like 'The Dream of the Rood.'" Jane resumed cleaning up after her daughter. Lee was abruptly oppressed by a belief that he had made her life harder to bear.

He said, "The girl must have been you because you're the only person I know who likes to have their back rubbed."

"You find my neck touching?"

"Well, heavens, I can't be held accountable for the people I meet in dreams. I don't invite them." He was safe, of course, as long as they stayed away from the real issue, which was why he had told her the dream at all. "That girl means nothing to me now. In the dream obviously I was still in high school and hadn't met you. I remember sitting there and wondering, because it was such a long movie, if my mother would give me hell when I got back."

"I say, it's a very exciting dream. How far *are* you in Proust?"

"'Sodom and Gomorrah.'" It occurred to him what a queer mediocre thing it was to scorn the English title yet not dare pronunciation of the French, and apropos of this self-revelation he said, "I'll never get out. I'm just the sort of person who begins Proust and can't finish. Lowest of the low. The humiliated and oppressed. Won't even tell his wife what his day was like." He changed his tone. "Which is better—to finish 'Remembrance of Things Past,' or to never begin it?"

Unexpectedly, so profound was her fatigue, she did not recognize the question as a piece of sport rhetoric, and, after a moment's thought, seriously answered, "To finish it."

Then she turned, and her lovely pale face—in photographs almost like a white stone on the floor of a brook, so little did the indentations and markings of it have harshness—lengthened, and the space between her eyebrows creased vertically. Into the kitchen she shouted, "*Jane!* What are you *doing*?"

WHILE they were talking, the child had been keeping herself quiet with the sugar bowl. It was a new trick of hers, to push a chair and climb up on it; in this way a new world, a fresh stratum of things, was made available to her curiosity. The sugar bowl, plump Swedish pewter, lived casually on the counter of a waist-high cabinet, near the wall. Little Jane had taken and inverted it, and with an eerie, repetitious, patient dabbling motion had reduced the one shining Alp to a system of low ranges. She paid no attention to her mother's shout, but when her parents drew closer and sighed together, she quickly turned her face toward them as if for admiration, her chin and lips frosted. Her upper lip, when she smiled, curved like the handlebar of a bicycle. The sight of her incredibly many, perfect, blue, inturned teeth struck joy into Lee's heart.

With an audience now, little Jane accelerated her work. Her right hand, unattended by her eyes, which remained with her parents, scrabbled in a panicky way among the white drifts and then, palm down, swept a quantity onto the floor, where it hit with a sound like one stroke of a drummer's brush. On the spatter-pattern linoleum the grains of sugar were scarcely visible. The child looked down, wondering where they had gone.

"Damn you," his wife said to Lee, "you never do a damn thing to help. Now, why can't you play with her a minute? You're her father. *I'm* not going to clean it up." She walked out of the kitchen.

"I *do* play with her," he said, helplessly amiable (he understood his wife so well, divined so exactly what confused pain the scattered sugar caused her heart, as neatness-loving as her mother's), although he recognized that in her distraught state his keeping cheerful figured as mockery of her, one more cross to carry toward the day's end.

Lee asked his daughter, "Want to run around?"

Jane hunched her shoulders and

threw back her head, her sugar-gritty teeth gleefully clenched. "Pay roun," she said, wagging her hand on her wrist.

He made the circular motion she had intended, and said, "In a minute. Now we must help poor Mommy." With two sheets of typing paper, using one as a brush and the other as a pan, he cleaned up what she had spilled on the counter, reaching around her, since she kept her position, standing on the chair. Her breath floated randomly, like a butterfly, on his forearms as he swept. They seemed two conspirators. He folded the pan into a chute and returned the sugar to the bowl. Then there was the sugar on the floor. He stooped with the two pieces of paper in his hands, knowing they wouldn't quite do.

Postponement of any hope of hers caused Jane to go limp and frantic with frustration. She jogged her body up and down on her legs so hard the chair, tilting, rapped the cabinet.

"*Jane*," he said crossly.

"Pay roun," the girl whined.

"*What?*" his wife answered from the living room in a voice of equal crossness. She had fought giving the baby her name, but he had insisted; there was no other woman's name he liked, he had said.

"Nothing, I was shouting at the kid. She was going to throw herself off the chair. She wants to play Round."

"Well, why don't you? She's had an awfully dismal day. I don't think we make her happy enough."

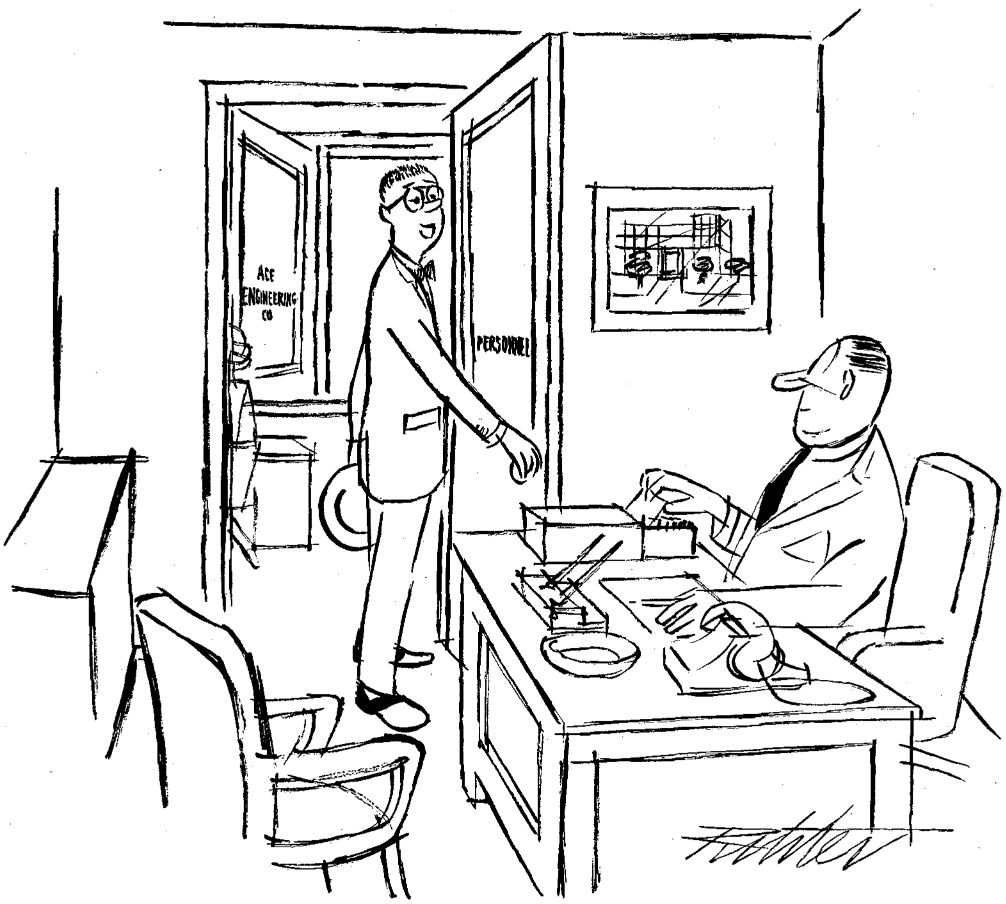
"O.K., dammit. I will." He crumpled the sheets of paper and stuffed them into the wastepaper can, letting the collected sugar fly anywhere.

Round was a simple game. Jane ran from the sofa in one room to the bed in the other, through the high white double doorway, with pilasters, that had persuaded them to take the small apartment. He chased her. When his hands nicked her bottom or touched her swollen waist, she laughed wildly her double laugh, which originated deep in her lungs and ricocheted, shrill, off her palate. Lee's problem was to avoid overtaking her, in the great length of his strides, and stepping on her. When she wobbled or slowed, he clapped twice or thrice, to give her the sense of his hands right behind her ears, like two nipping birds. If she toppled, he swiftly picked her up, tickling her briefly if she seemed stunned or indignant. When she reached the bed—two low couches, box springs on short legs, set side by side and made up as one—he leapfrogged over her and fell full-length on the mattresses. This, for him, was the strenuous part of the game. Jane, finding herself between her father's ankles after the rush of his body above her head, laughed, pivoted, and ran the other way, flailing her arms, which she held so stiffly the elbows were indentations. At the sofa end of the track there could be no leapfrogging. Lee merely stopped and stood with his back toward her until the little girl calculated she dare make a break for it. Her irises swivelled in their blue whites; it was the first strategy of her life. The instant she decided to move, she shrieked; as she clumped precipitately toward the high white arch, laughter threatened to upend her world. As a rule, the game lasted until the child's bath. Big Jane, for the first time that day free of her daughter, was not hurrying toward this moment.

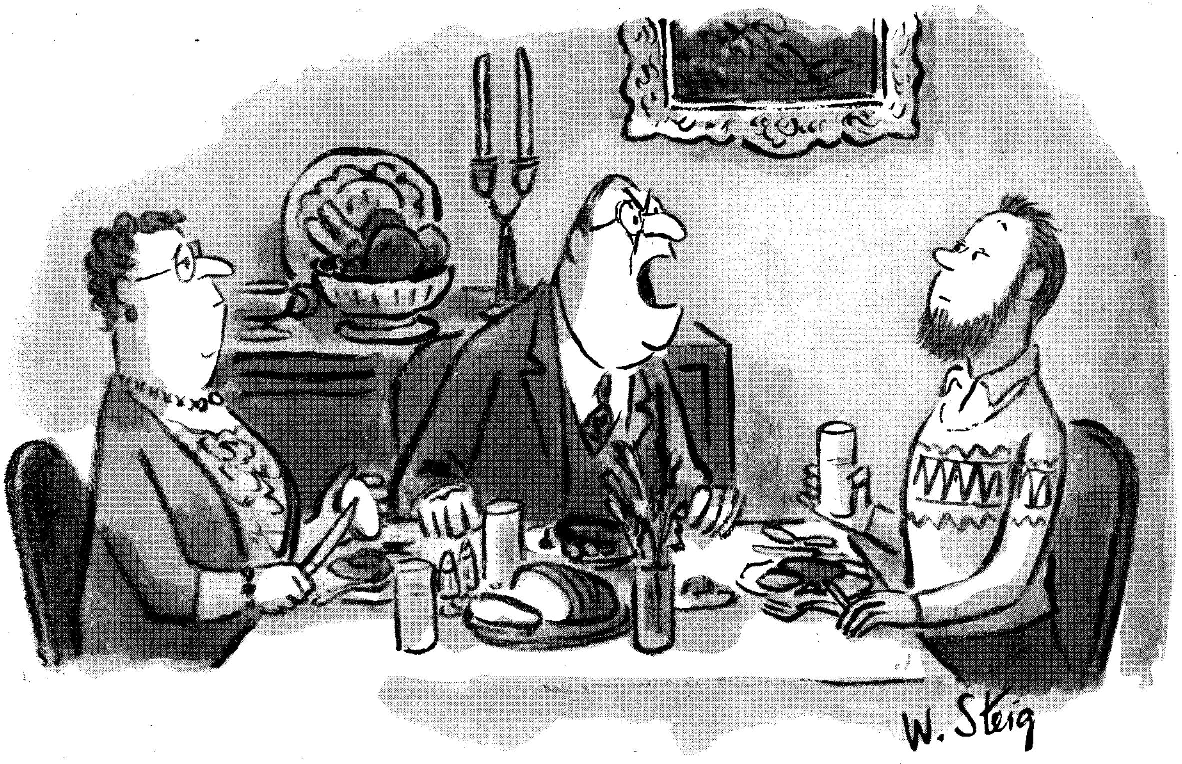
After four times back and forth, Lee was exhausted and damp. He flopped on the bed the fifth time and, instead of rising, rolled onto his back. This was ruining the crease in his pants. His daughter, having started off, felt his absence behind her and halted. Her mother was coming from the kitchen, carrying washed diapers and a dust brush. Like her own mother, big Jane held a cigarette in the left corner of her mouth. Her left eye fluttered against the smoke. Lee's mother-in-law was shorter than his wife, paler, more sarcastic—very different, he had thought. But this habit was hers right down to the tilt of the cigarette and the droop of the neglected ash. Looking, Lee saw that as Jane squinted, the white skin at the outside corner of her eye crinkled finely, as dry as her mother's, and that his wife's lids were touched with the lashless, grainy, humiliated quality of the lids of the middle-aged woman he had met not a dozen times, mostly in Indianapolis, where she kept a huge brick house spotlessly clean and sipped sherry by herself. All unknowing, he had married her.

Jane, as she passed him, glanced down with an untypical, sardonic, cigarette-stitched expression. By shifting his head on the pillow, he could watch her in the bathroom. She turned her back to hang the diapers on a brown cord strung between mirror and window. This was more his Jane: the wide rounded shoulders, the back like two halves of a peach, the big thighs, the narrow ankles. In the mirror her face, straining up as she attached the clothespins, showed age and pallor. It was as if there could exist a coin one side of which wears thin while the other keeps all the gloss and contour of the minting.

"Da-*tee*." A coral flush had over-



"Don't call me. I'll call you."



"What else have you done this month besides grow a beard I'd like to know."

• •

spread his daughter's face; in another moment she would whimper and throw herself on the floor.

With an ostentatious groan—he didn't know which of his women he was rebuking—Lee rose from the bed and chased his daughter again. Then they played in the living room with the bolsters, two prism-shaped pieces of foam rubber that served as a back to the sofa, an uncomfortable modernist slab that could, when a relative visited, be used for sleeping. Stood on end, the stiff bolsters were about the baby's height, and little Jane hugged them like brothers, and preferred them to dolls. Though to her human-sized, they were light enough to lift. Especially she loved to unzip the skin of mongrel linen fabric and prod with her finger the grayish, buoyant flesh beneath.

Catching them at this, big Jane said, "It kills me, it just is more depressing than anything she does, the way she's always trying to undress those bolsters. Don't en*cour*age her at it."

"I don't. It's not my idea. It was *you* who took the covers to the Launderette so she saw them naked. It made a big impression. It's a state of primal innocence she wants to get them back to."

Wavering between quarrel and honest discussion—that there was a way of "talking things out" was an idea she had inherited from her father, a rigorously liberal civic leader and committeeman—she chose discussion. "It's not just those bolsters, you know. About three times a day she takes all the books out of their jackets. And spills matches in a little heap. You have no idea how much cleaning up I have to do to keep this place from looking like a pigpen. Yesterday I was in the bathroom washing my hair and when I came out she had gotten our camera open. I guess the whole roll's exposed. I put it back. Today she wanted to get the works out of the music box and threw a tantrum. And I don't know how often she brings those nasty, frustrating little Chinese eggs you got her to me and says, 'Opo. Opo.' "

Reminded of the word, little Jane said, of a bolster, "Opo, opo." The zipper was stuck.

"Japanese," Lee said. "Those eggs were made in Genuine Occupied Japan. They're antiques." The child's being balked by the zipper preyed on his nerves. He hated fiddling with things like zippers caught on tiny strips of cloth. It was like squinting into a specific detail of Hell. Further, as he leaned back on the bolsterless sofa to rest his neck against the wall, he was irritated to feel the brass-capped legs skid on the uneven floor. "It's a very healthy instinct," he went on. "She's an empiricist. She's throwing open doors long locked by superstition."

Jane said, "I looked up 'unwrapping instinct' in Spock and the only thing in the index was 'underweight.' " Her tone was listless and humorous, and for the moment this concession put the family, to Lee's mind, as right as three Japanese eggs, each inside another.

HIS wife gave his daughter her bath as day turned to evening. He went into the bathroom to look at himself and, while there, studied the scene. The child's silky body, where it was immersed, was of a graver tint than that of her skin smarting in air. Two new cakes of unwrapped soap drifted around her. When her mother put a washrag to her face, blinding and scratching her, her fingers turned pale green with the pressure of her grip on the edge of the tub. She didn't cry, though. "She seems to like her bath better now," he said.

"She loves it. From five on, until you come, she talks about it. Daddy. Bath. Omelet."

"Omma net," his daughter said, biting her lower lip in a smile for him.

It had become, in one of those delicate mutations of routine whereby Jane shifted duties to him, his job to feed the little girl. The child's soft mouth had been burned and she was wary; the sample bites Lee took to show her that the food was safe robbed of sharpness his appetite for his own dinner. Foreknowledge of the emotion caused in his wife by the sight of half-cleaned plates and half-full cups led him to complete little Jane's portion of tomato juice, omelet-with-toast, and, for dessert, applesauce. Handling the tiny cup and tiny knife and fork and spoon set his stomach slightly on edge. Though not fussy about food, he was disturbed by eating implements of improper weight or length. Jane, hidden in the kitchen, was unable to see, or if she had seen, to appreciate—for all their three years of marriage, she had a stunted awareness of his niceties—the discomfort he was giving himself. This annoyed him.

So he was unfortunately brusque with little Jane's bottle. Ideally the bottle was the happiest part of the meal. Steaming and dewy, it soared, white angel, out of the trembling pan, via Mommy's hands, with a kiss, into hers. She grabbed it, and Lee, his hand behind her head, steered her toward the bedroom and her crib.

"Nice maugham," she said, conscientiously echoing the infinity of times they had told her that the bottle was nice and warm.

Having lifted her into the crib and seen her root the bottle in her mouth, he dropped the fuzzy pink blanket over her and left quickly, gently closing the doors and sealing her into the darkness that was to merge with sleep. It was no doubt this quickness that undid the process. Though the child was drugged with heated milk, she still noticed a slight.

He suspected this at the time. When, their own meal half done, the crib springs creaked unmistakably, he said, "Son of a bitch." Stan Lomax, on their faint radio, was giving an account of Williams' latest verbal outrage; Lee was desperate to hear every word. Like many Americans, he was spiritually dependent on Ted Williams. He asked his wife, "God damn it, doesn't that kid do anything in the day? Didn't you take her to the park? Why isn't she worn out?"

The one answer to this could be his own getting up, after a silence, and going in to wait out the baby's insomnia. The hollow goodness of the act, like a coin given to a beggar with embarrassment, infuriated his tongue: "I work like a fool all day and come home and run the kid up and down until my legs ache and I have a headache and then I can't even eat my pork chop in peace."

In the aquarium of the dark room his child's face floated spectrally, and her eyes seemed discrete pools of the distant, shy power that had put them all there and had made these walls, and the single tree outside, in new leaf under the yellow night sky of New York. "Do you want to go on the big bed?"

"Big—*bed!*"

"O.K."

"Ogay."

Adjusting to the lack of light, he perceived that the bottle, nested in a crumpled sheet, was drained. Little Jane had been standing in her crib, one foot on the edge, as in ballet school. For two weeks she had been gathering nerve for the time she would climb the crib's wall and drop free outside. He lifted her out, breathing "Ooh, *heavy*," and took her to the wide low bed made of two beds. She clung to the fuzzy blanket—with milk, her main soporific.

Beside her on the bed, he began their story. "Once upon a time, in the big, big woods—" She flipped ecstatically at the known cadence. "Now you relax. There was a tiny little creature name of Barry Mouse."

"Mouff!" she cried, and sat straight up, as if she had heard one. She looked down at him for confirmation.

"Barry Mouse," he said. "And one day when Barry Mouse was walking through the woods, he came to a great big tree, and in the top of the great big tree what do you think there was?"

At last she yielded to the insistent pressure of his hand and fell back, her heavy blond head sinking into the pillow. He repeated, "What do you think there was?"

"Owl."

"That's right. Up at the top of the tree there was an owl, and the owl said, 'I'm going to eat you, Barry Mouse.' And Barry Mouse said, 'No, no.' So Owl said, 'O.K., then why don't you *hop* on my *back* and we'll *fly* to the *moon?*' And so Barry Mouse hopped on Owl's back and awaay they went—"

Jane turned on her side, so her great face was an inch from his. She giggled and drummed her feet against his abdomen, solidly. Neither Lee nor his wife, who shared the one bedtime story, had ever worked out what happened on the moon. Once the owl and the mouse were aloft, their imaginations collapsed. Knowing his voice daren't stop now, when her state was possibly transitional and he felt as if he were bringing to his lips an absolutely brimful glass of liquid, he continued with some nonsense about cinnamon trees and Chinese maidens, no longer bothering to keep within her vocabulary. She began touching his face with her open mouth, a sure sign she was sleepy. "Hey," he murmured when one boneless moist kiss landed directly on his lips.

"Jane is so sleepy," he said, "because Daddy is sleepy, and Mommy is sleepy, and Bear is ssleepy, and Doll is sssleepy. . . . "

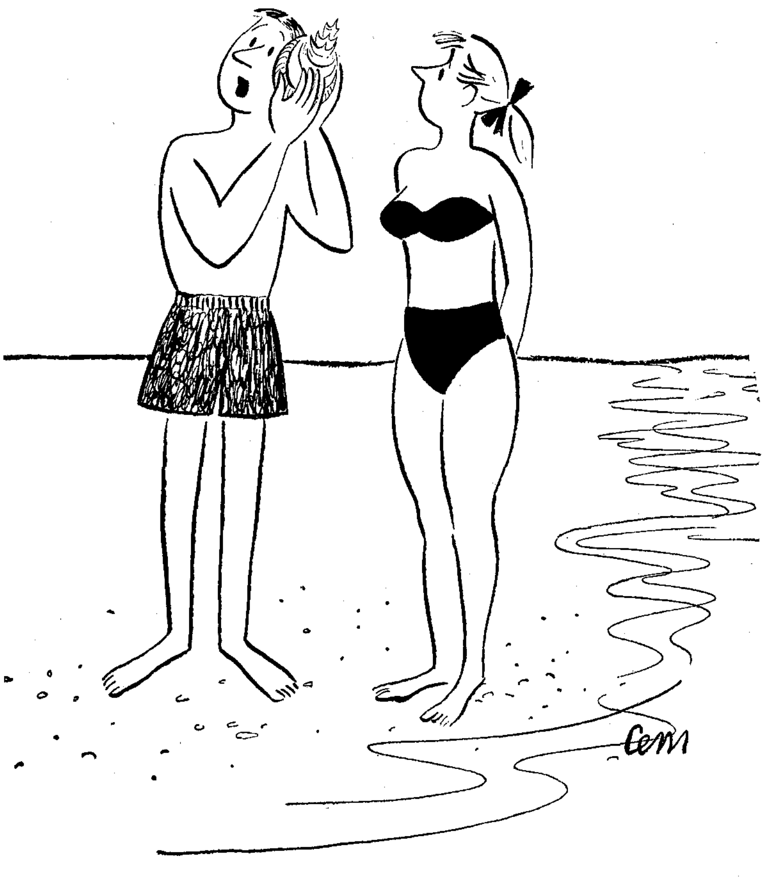
She lay quiet, her face in shadow, her fine straight yellow hair fanned across the pillow. Neither he nor his wife was blond; they had brown hair, rat color. There was little blondness in either family: just Jane's Aunt Ruth, and Lee's sister Margaret, eight years older than he and married before he had left grade school. She had been the fetching one of the children and he the bright one. So he imagined, though his parents loved them all impeccably.

Presuming his daughter asleep, he lifted himself on one elbow. She kicked his belly, rolled onto her back, and said in a voice loud with drowsiness, "Baaiy Mouff."

Stroking her strange hair, he began again, "Once upon a time, in the deep, deep woods, there lived a little creature," and this time succeeded.

As he lowered her into her crib, her eyes opened. He said, "O.K.?"

She pronounced beautifully, "O.K."


"I keep hearing 'Winstons taste good.'"

"GEE, she's practically epileptic with energy," he said, blinded by the brilliant light of the room where his wife had remained.

"She's a good child," Jane said, speaking out of her thoughts while left alone rather than in answer to his remark. "Your dessert

VOICES FROM THE OTHER WORLD

Presently, at our touch, the teacup stirred,
Then circled lazily about
From A to Z. The first voice heard
(If they are voices, these mute spellers-out)
Was that of an engineer

Originally from Cologne.
Dead in his 22nd year
Of cholera in Cairo, he had "known
No happiness." He once met Goethe, though.
Goethe had told him: *Persevere.*

Our blind hound whined. With that, a horde
Of voices gathered above the Ouija board,
Some childish and, you might say, blurred
By sleep; one little boy
Named Will, reluctant, possibly in a ruff

Like a large-lidded page out of El Greco, pulled
Back the arras for that next voice,
Cold and portentous: "All is lost.
Flee this house. Otto von Thurn und Taxis.
Obey. You have no choice."

Frightened, we stopped; but tossed
Till sunrise striped the rumpled sheets with gold.
Each night since then, the moon waxes,
Small insects flit round a cold torch
We light, that sends them pattering to the porch . . .

But no real Sign. New voices come,
Dictate addresses, begging us to write;
Some warn of lives misspent, and all of doom,
In ways that so exhilarate
We are sleeping sound of late.

Last night, the teacup shattered in a rage.
Indeed, we have grown nonchalant
Toward the other world. In the gloom here,
Our elbows on the cleared
Table, we talk and smoke, pleased to be stirred

Rather by buzzings in the jasmine, by the drone
Of our own voices and poor blind Rover's wheeze,
Than by those clamoring overhead,
Obsessed or piteous, for a commitment
We still have wit to postpone

Because, once looked at, lit
By the cold reflections of the dead
Risen extinct but irresistible,
Our lives have never seemed more full, more real,
Nor the full moon more quick to chill.

—JAMES MERRILL

• •

is on the table." She had kept hers intact on the sofa beside her, so they could eat their raspberry whip together. She also had beside her an orange-juice glass half full of sherry.

When the clock said 7:50, he said, "Why don't you run off to the movie? You never have any fun."

"All right," she said. "Go ahead. Go."

"No, I don't mean that. I mean you should go." Still, he smiled.

"You can go as a reward for putting her to sleep."

"I don't want to go," he said, without great emphasis, since at that moment he was rustling through the paper. He had difficulty finding the theatre section, and decided. "No, if you're too tired, no one will. I can't leave you. You need me too much."

"If you want to, go; don't torment me about it," she said, drawing on her sherry and staring into the *New Republic*. When she had the chance, she worked at being liberal.

"Do you think," he asked, "when Jane is sixteen, she'll go around in the back seat of Chevrolets and leave her poor old Daddy?"

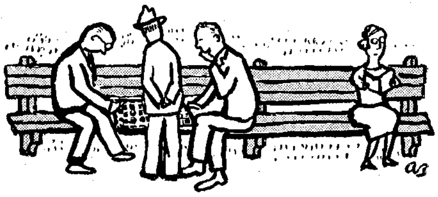
"I hope so," Jane said.

"Will she have your bosom?"

"Not immediately."

He earnestly tried to visualize his daughter matured, and saw little but a charm bracelet on a small wrist. The forearms of teen-age girls tapered amazingly, toward little cages of bird bones. Charm bracelets were *démodé* already, he supposed.

Lee, committed to a long leisured evening at home, of the type that seemed precious on the nights when they had to go out and be entertained, was made nervous by its wide opportunities. He nibbled at the reading matter closest to hand—an article, "Is the Individual a Thing of the Past?," and last Sunday's comic section. At Alley Oop he checked himself and went into the kitchen. Thinking of the oatmeal cookies habitual in his parents' home, he opened the cupboard and found four kinds of sugar and seven of cereal, five infants' and two adults'. Jane was always buying some esoteric grind of sugar for a pastry-making project, then discovering she couldn't use it. He smiled at this foible and carried his smile like an egg on a spoon into the living room, where his wife saw it but of course not the point of it, that it was in love of her. He leaned his forehead against the bookcase, by the anthology shelf, and considered all the poetry he had once read evaporating in him, a vast dying sea.



As he stood there, his father floated from behind and possessed him, occupying specifically the curved area of the jawbone. He understood perfectly why that tall stoical man was a Mason, Booster, deacon, and Scout troop leader.

Jane, concentrating all the pleasures her day had withheld into the hour remaining before she became too dopey to think, put Bach on the record-player. As she did so, her back and arms made angles signifying to him a whole era of affection and, more, awe.

When she returned to the sofa, he asked, "What makes you so pretty?" Then, having to answer it, he said, "Childbearing."

Preoccupied with some dim speckled thinker in her magazine, she fondled the remark briefly and set it aside, mistakenly judging it to be a piece of an obscure, ill-tempered substance. He poured a little sherry for himself and struck a pose by the mantel, trying to find with his legs and shoulders angles equivalent in effect to those she had made putting on the record. As she sat there, studious, he circumscribed her, every detail, with the tidal thought

Mine, mine. She wasn't watching. She thought she knew what to expect from him, tonight at least.

He resolved, *Later*, and, in a mood of resolution, read straight through the Jones Very section of Matthiessen's anthology. The poet's stubborn sensibility aroused a readerly stubbornness; when Lee had finished, it was too late, the hour had slipped by. By the clock it was 10:30; for his wife it was after one. The rims of her lids were pink. This was the sort of day when you sow and not reap.

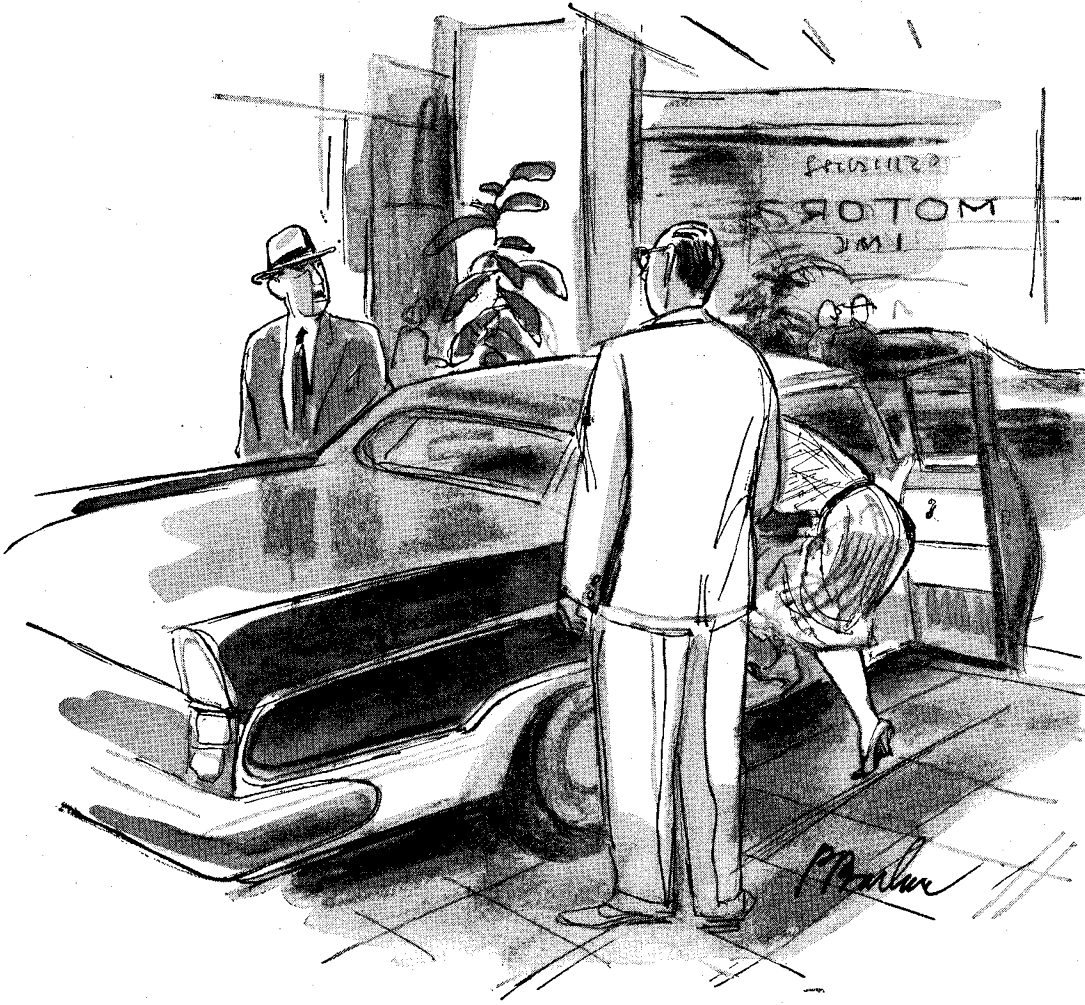
Two hissing, clattering elves working a minor fairy-tale transposition, together they lifted the crib containing the sleeping girl and carried it into the living room, and shut the doors. Instead of undressing, Jane picked up odds and ends of his—spare shoes and the socks he had worn yesterday and the tie he had worn today. Next she went into the bathroom and emerged wearing a cotton nightie. In bed beside him she read a page of "Swann's Way" and fell asleep under the harsh light. He turned it off and thought furiously—the family's second insomniac. The heat of Jane's body made the bed stuffy. He hated these low beds; he lay miles below the ceiling, deep in the pit. The radiator, hidden in the window sill by his head, breathed lavishly. High above, through a net of crosses, a few stars strove where the yellow gave out. The child cried once, but, thank God, in her sleep.

He recalled what he always forgot in the interval of day—his insomnia game. Last night he had finished D in a burst of glory: Yvonne Dionne, Zuleika Dobson. He let the new letter be G. Senator Albert Gore. Benny Goodman, Constance Garnett, *David* Garnett, Edvard Grieg. Goethe was Wolfgang and Gorki was Maxim. Farley Granger, Graham Greene (or Greta Garbo, *or* George Gobel), Henry Green. I was always difficult. You kept thinking of Ilka Chase. He wrestled and turned and cursed his wife, her heedless rump way on his side. To choke the temptation to thump her awake, he padded after a glass of water, scowling into the mirror. As he returned his head to the cooled pillow, it came to him, Christian name and surname both at once: Ira Gershwin. Ira Gershwin—he savored it before proceeding. John Galsworthy, Kathryn Grayson . . . Lou Gehrig, poor devil . . .

In his dream, he and Jane were walking along a dirt road, in high, open-field country like the farm owned by Mark, his mother's brother. He was glad that Jane was seeing the place, because while he was growing up it had given him a sense of wealth to have an uncle attached to a hundred such well-kept acres. His relationship with Jane seemed to be at the stage when it was important for each side of the betrothal to produce external signs of respectability. "But I am even richer," he announced. She appeared not to notice. They walked companionably but in silence, and seemed responsible for the person with them, a female their height. Lee gathered the impression, despite a veil against his eyes, that this extra girl was blond and sturdy and docile. His sense of her sullenness may have been nothing but a reflection of his anxiety to win her approval. Though her features were hard to make out, the emotion he bore her was precise: the coppery, gratified, somewhat adrift feeling he would get when he was physically near girls he admired in high school. The wind had darkened and grown more purposeful.

Then Jane was gone, though the countryside remained the same, and in an up-and-down, restricted rain—rain that seemed to come from a faucet—he was bathing the dusty body of this third person. Her head rested on the ground; he held her ankles and slowly, easily turned the light, stiff mass, to wet every area. It was important to get every bit of skin clean. He was careful; the task, like rinsing an automobile, was more absorbing than pleasant, or unpleasant.

—John Updike



"I didn't ask up to how many miles per gallon. I asked how many miles per gallon!"

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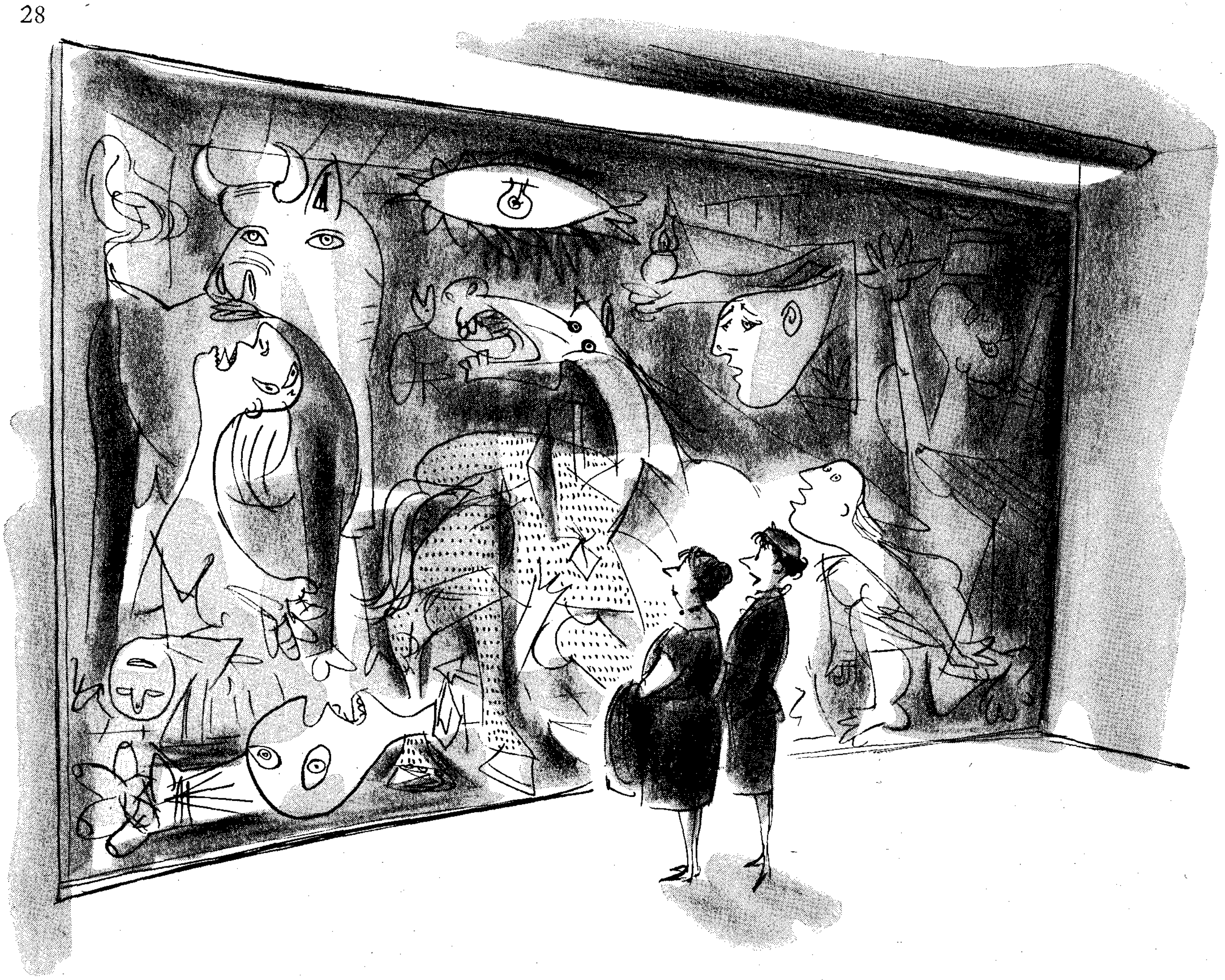
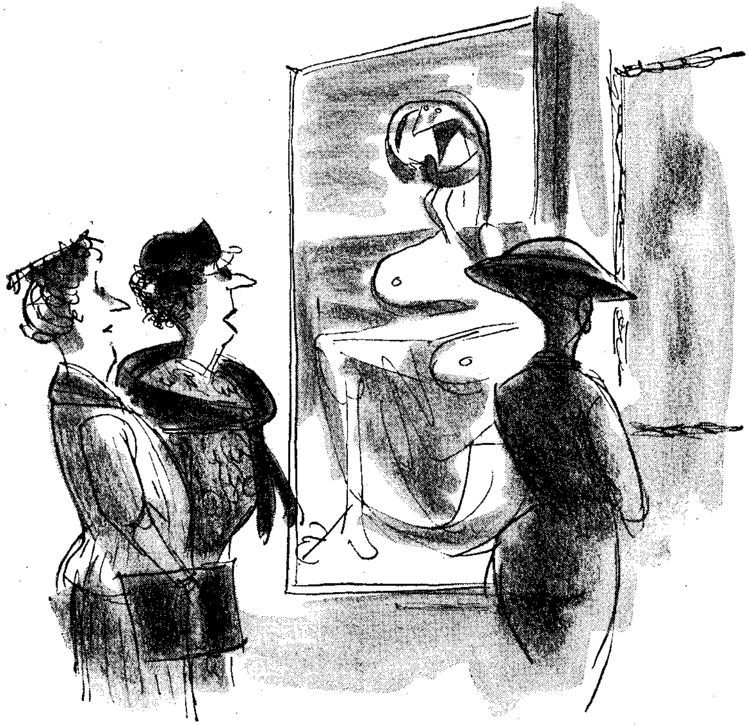
WANTED—Neat appearing accurate typist with a little short hand. Apply Bank of America.—*Adv. in the Ukiah (Calif.) Redwood Journal & Press-Dispatch.*

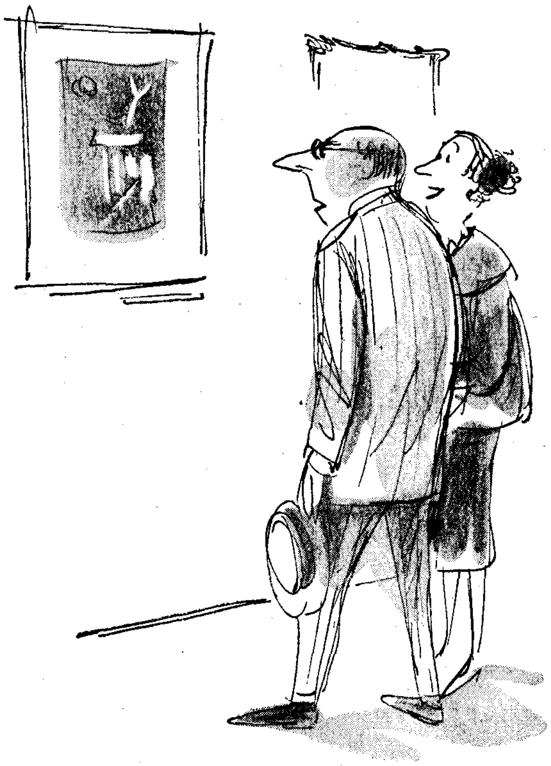
You want to hold it?



"I used to go to Bonwit's and only Bonwit's, but lately I've been going to Loehmann's."

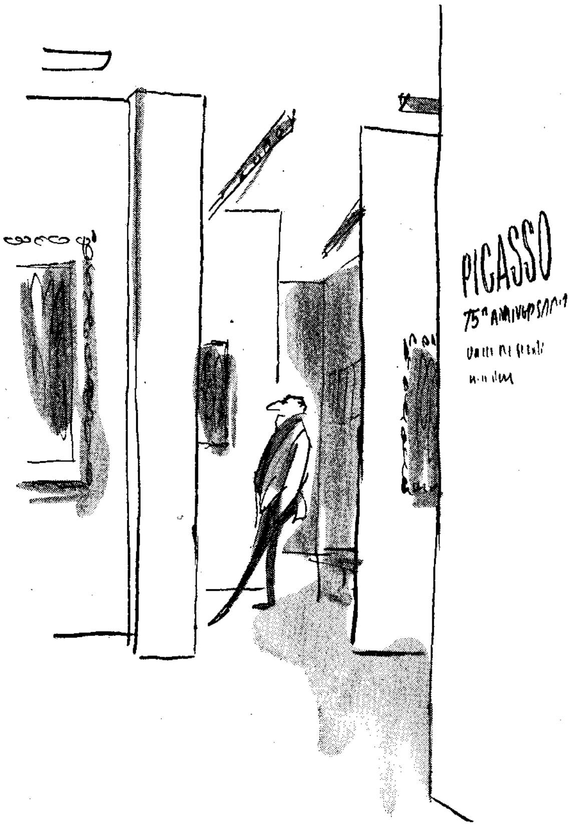


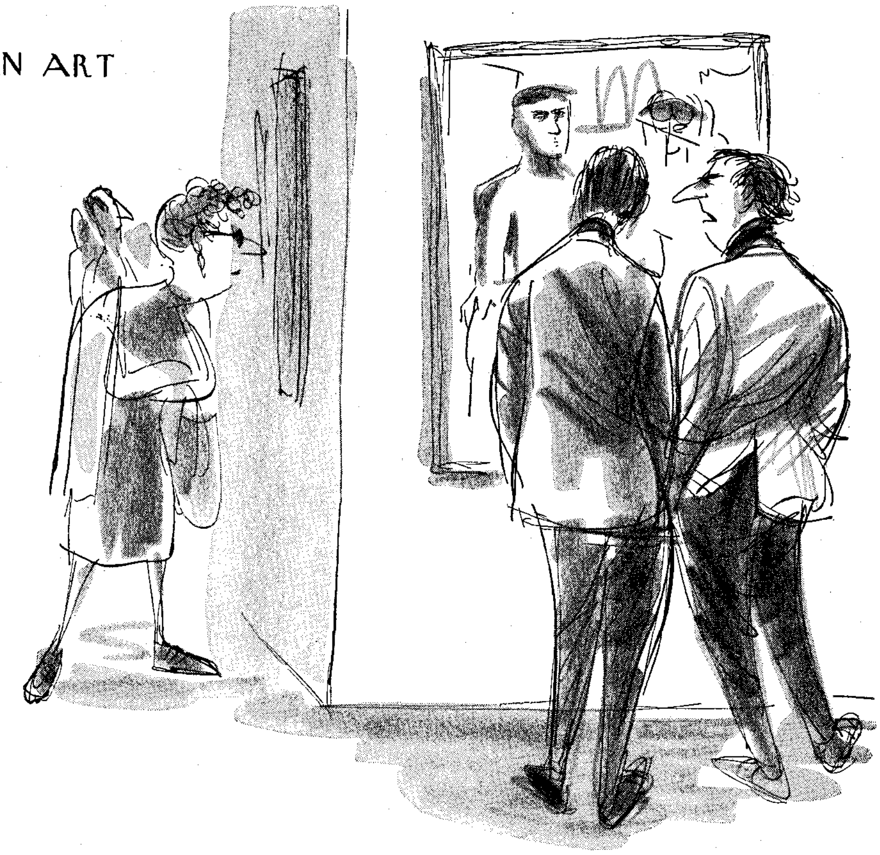
"It may not be the way we see people,
but it's the way he sees people."



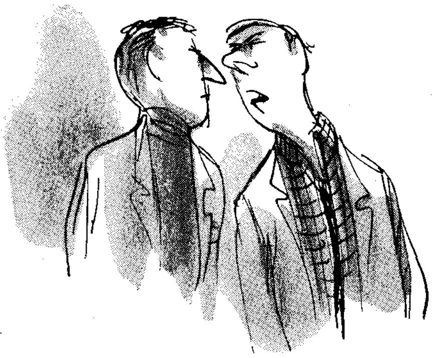
"And another thing Emily Genauer said—
she said he sells about forty pictures a year
for twenty-five thousand dollars each."

PICASSO: MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

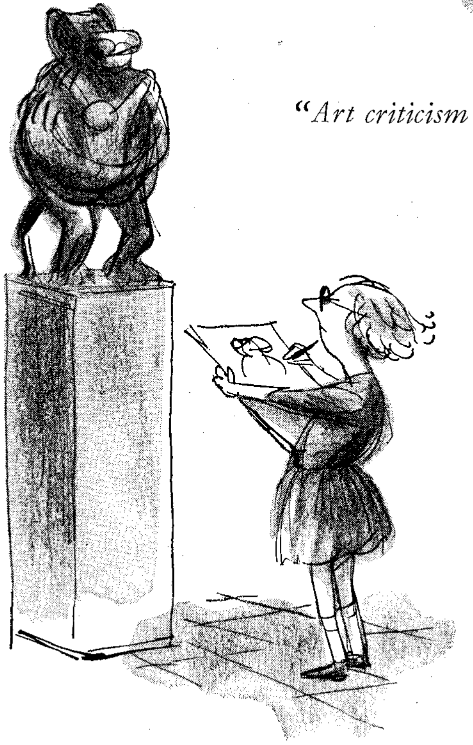

PICASSO
75th ANNIVERSARY

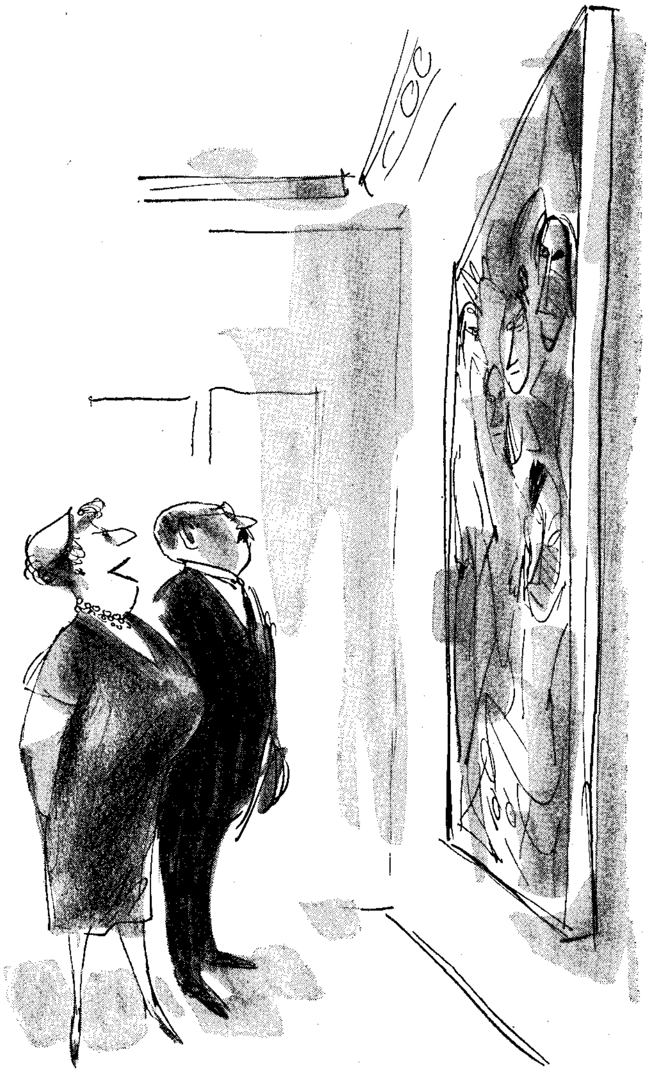


“Boy, this guy can really paint when he wants to!”

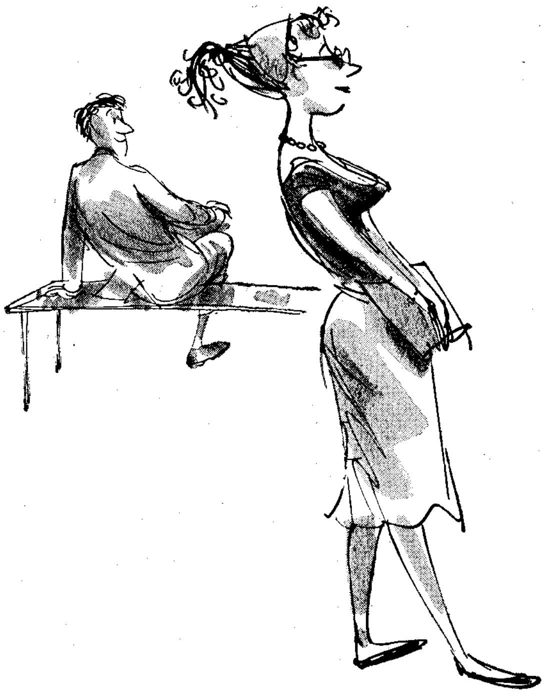


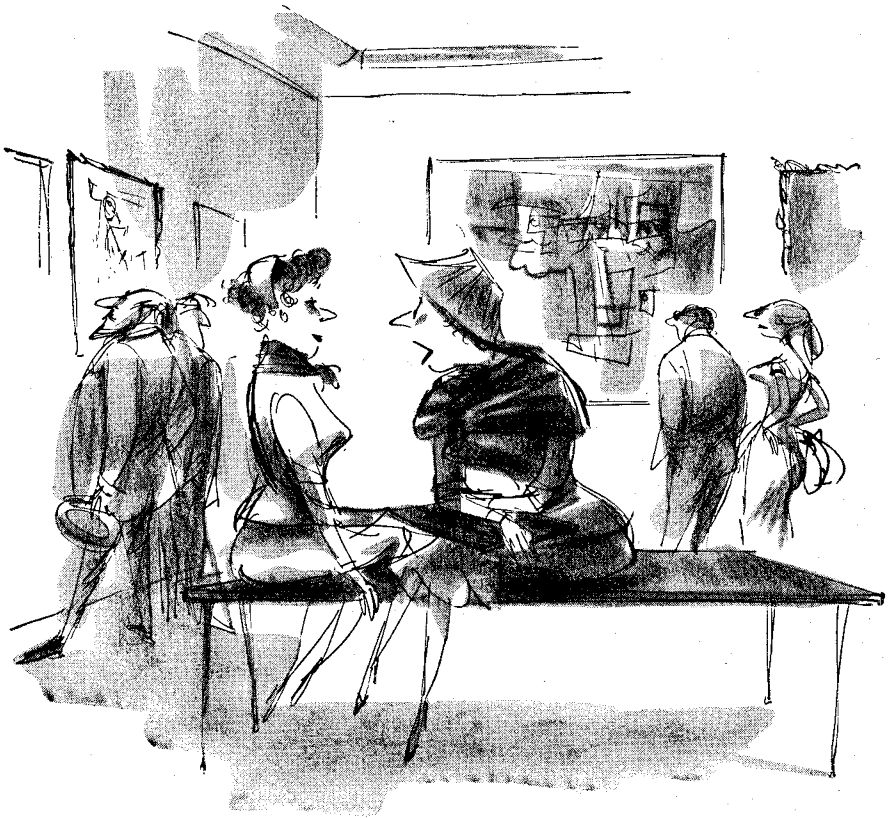
“Art criticism is a lot of bunk.”



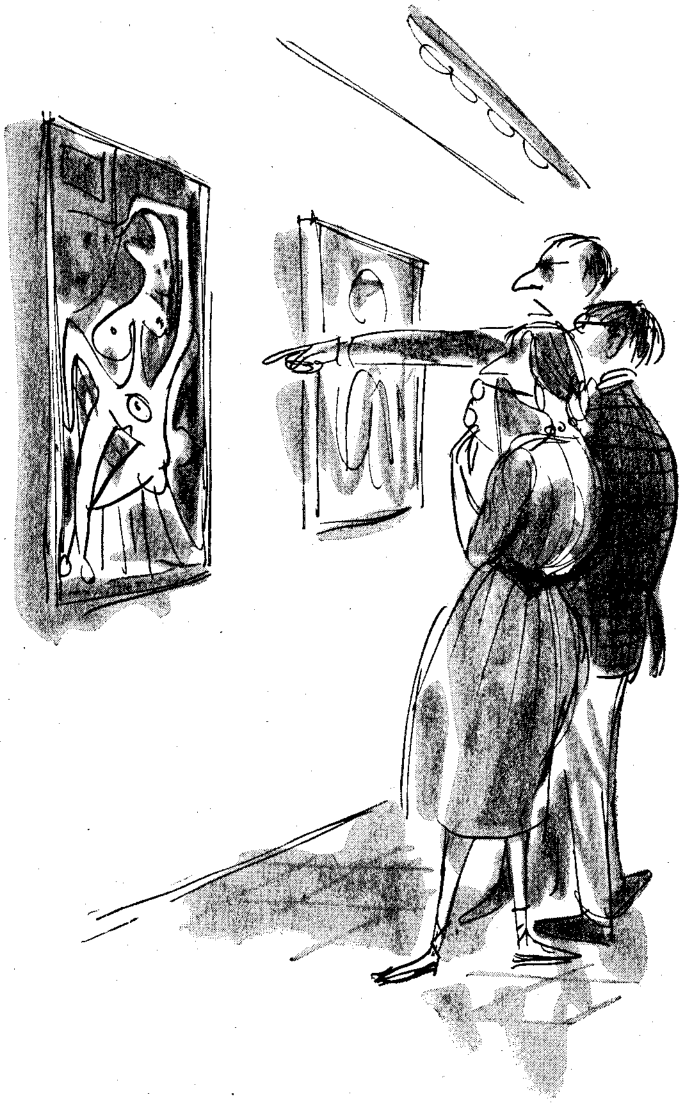


“I like it.”

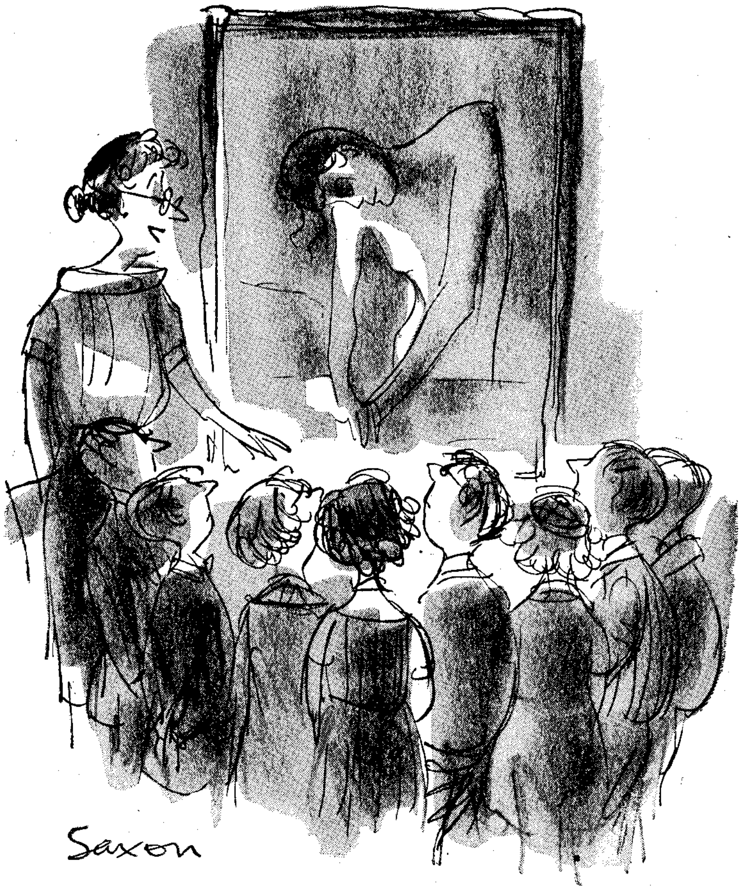




"Genius or not, I wouldn't have put up with him."



"Anybody can like this, but do they appreciate it?"



"Can you guess why Picasso went through this blue period? Blue means sadness, and when Picasso first came to Paris he found the poor people pathetic."

REQUIEM

Father Fogarty, the curate in Crislough, was sitting by the fire one evening when the housekeeper showed in a frail little woman of sixty or sixty-five. She had a long face, with big eyes that looked as though they had wept a great deal, and her smile lit up only the lower half of her face. Father Fogarty was a young man with a warm welcome for the suffering and the old. A man with emotions cut too big for the scale of his existence, he was forever floundering in enthusiasms and disillusionments, wranglings and reconciliations; but he had a heart like a house, and almost before the door closed behind her, he was squeezing the old woman's hand in his own two fat ones.

"You're in trouble," he said in a low voice.

"Wisha, aren't we all, Father?" she replied.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he said. "Is it something I can do for you?"

"Only to say Mass for Timmy, Father."

"I'll do that, to be sure," he said comfortingly. "You're cold. Sit down a minute and warm yourself." Then he laid a big paw on her shoulder and added in a conspiratorial whisper, "Do you take *anything?* A drop of sherry, maybe?"

"Ah, don't be putting yourself out, Father."

"I'm not putting myself out at all. Or maybe you'd sooner a sup of whiskey. I have some damn good whiskey."

"Wisha, no, Father, I wouldn't, thanks. The whiskey goes to my head."

"It goes to my own," he replied cheerfully. "But the sherry is good, too." He didn't really know whether it was or not, because he rarely drank, but, being a hospitable man, he liked to give his visitors the best. He poured a glass of sherry for her and a small one for himself, and lit one of his favorite cheroots.

The old woman spread her transparent hands to the blaze and sipped at her wine. "Oh, isn't the heat lovely?" she exclaimed with girlish delight, showing her old gums. "And the sherry is lovely, too, Father. Now, I know you're surprised to see me, but I know all about you. They told me to come to you if I was in trouble. And there aren't many priests like that, Father. I was never one to criticize, but I have to say it."

"Ah," he said jovially, throwing himself back in his big leather chair and pulling on his cheroot, "we're like everybody else, Ma'am. A mixed lot."

"I daresay you're right," she said, "but they told me I could talk to you."

"Everyone talks to me," he said without boastfulness. It was true. There was something about him that invited more confidences than a normal man could respect, and Father Fogarty knew he was often indiscreet. "It's not your husband?" he added doubtfully.

"Ah, no, Father," she replied with a wistful smile. "Poor Jim is dead on me these fifteen years. Not, indeed, that I don't miss him just the same," she added thoughtfully. "Sometimes I find myself thinking of him, and he could be in the room with me. No, it's Timmy."

"The son?"

"No, Father. Though he was like a son to me. I never had any of my own. He was Jim's. One of the last things Jim did was to ask me to look after him, and, indeed, I did my best. I did my best."

"I'm sure you did, Ma'am," said Father Fogarty, scowling behind his cheroot. He was a man who took death hard, for himself and for others. A stepchild was not the same thing, of course, but he supposed you could get just as attached to one of those. That was the trouble; you could get attached to anything if only you permitted yourself to do so, and he himself was one who had never known how to keep back. "I know how hard it is," he went on, chewing at his cheroot till his left eyebrow descended and seemed to join in the process, and he resembled nothing so much as a film gangster plotting the murder of an innocent victim. "And there's little anyone can say that will console you. All I know from my own experience is that the more loss we feel the more grateful we should be for whatever it was we had to lose. It means we had something worth grieving for. The ones I'm sorry for are the ones that go through life not even knowing what grief is. And you'd be surprised the number of them you'd meet."

"I daresay in one way they're lucky," she said broodingly, looking into the fire.

"They are not lucky, Ma'am, and don't you believe it," he said gruffly. "They miss all the things that make life worth while, without even knowing it. I had a woman in here the other night," he added, pointing his cheroot at the chair she sat in, "sitting where you're sitting now, and she told me when her husband gave the last breath she went on her knees by the bed and thanked God for taking him."

"God help us," the old woman said, clasping her hands. "I hope no one does the same thing over herself someday."

"Thanked God for taking him," Fogarty repeated with his troubled boyish frown. "What sort of mind can a woman like that have?"

"Oh, she's hard, she's hard," agreed the old woman, still looking into the fire.

"Hard as that hearthstone," he said dramatically. "My God, a man she'd lived with the best part of her life, whatever his faults might have been! Wouldn't you think at least she'd have some remorse for the things she'd done to him in all those years?"

"Oh, indeed, 'tis true," she said. "I often blamed myself over poor Jim. Sometimes I think if only I might have been a bit easier on him, he might be here yet."

"Most of us have to go through that sooner or later," he said, feeling that perhaps he had gone too far and reopened old wounds. His own old wounds were never far from breaking open, because often a light or careless word would bring back the memory of his mother and of his diabolical adolescent temperament. "We have to be careful of that, too," he added. "Because it's not the guilty ones who go on brooding but the others—the people who're only partly guilty, or maybe not guilty at all. That can happen, too. I had a man here last week talking about his wife's death, and nothing I could say would persuade him but that he'd wronged her. And I knew for a fact that he was a husband in a million—a saint. It's something we can't afford to indulge. It turns into a sort of cowardice before life. We have to learn to accept our own limitations as human beings—our selfishness and vanity and bad temper."

He spoke with passion, the passion of a man teaching a lesson he has never been able to learn himself. Something in his tone made the old woman look at him, and her face softened into a sweet, toothless old smile.

"Haven't you great wisdom for such a young man!" she exclaimed admiringly.

"Great," he agreed with a jolly laugh. "I'm the biggest idiot of them all."

But she shrugged this off. "Ah, what else were the saints?"

"Look here, Ma'am," he said, rising and standing over her with mock gravity. "Don't you be going round talking about me as a saint or you'll be having me sent to a punishment parish. The poor Bishop has trouble enough on his hands without having to deal with saints. I'll say eight-o'clock Mass on Sunday for your boy. Will that do you?"

"My boy?" she said in surprise. "But Timmy wasn't my son, Father. Sure, I said I had no children."

"No. I took it he was your stepson."

"Is it Jim's?" she exclaimed with a laugh of genuine amusement at his mistake. "Ah, sure, Jim wasn't married before, Father. Don't you see, that's why I had to come to you?"

"I see," he said, though he didn't, and anyhow he felt it was none of his business. The woman, after all, hadn't come to make her confession. "What was his surname so?"

"Ah, Father," she said, still laughing but in a bewildered way, "I'm so distracted that I can't explain myself properly. You have it all mixed up. Sure, I thought I explained it."

"You didn't explain it, Ma'am," he said, repressing his curiosity. "And anyway it's nothing to me who Timmy was. That's a matter between you and your confessor."

"My what?" she cried indignantly. "Ah, Father, you have me distracted completely now. This has nothing to do with confession. Oh, my, what's that Timmy was? If I could only think!"

"Take your time, Ma'am," he said, but he wondered what was coming next.

"A poodle!" she exclaimed. "Now I have it."

"A what?"

"A poodle—a French poodle is what they called him," she said, delighted to remember the proper term. And then her big eyes began to fill with tears. "Oh, Father, I don't know how I'm going to get on without him. He was everything to me. The house isn't the same without him."

"You don't mean you're asking me to say Mass for your *dog*?"

"Oh, I'm not asking you to do it for nothing," she added with dignity, opening her handbag.

"Are you a Catholic at all, Ma'am?" he asked sternly, fixing her with a glowering look that only seemed to amuse her. She tossed her head with a sudden saucy, girlish air.

"Wisha, what else would I be?" she asked gently, and he felt that there was nothing much he could say in reply.

"And do you know what the sacrifice of the Mass is?" he went on.

"Well, as I go every morning of my life, Father, I should have some idea," she replied, and again he had the feeling that she was laughing at him.

"And don't you know that you're asking me to commit sacrilege? Do you even know what sacrilege is?"

GREEN GIRLS

They sit with colanders on their knees,
the green girls of the kitchen,
in from the garden's leafy seas,
and their laps are high with young June peas;
they shell and shell,
and their fingers run
each corridor down as cool as foam
before each green pearl jounces home—
the green girls of the kitchen.

Their skirts flow wide, their skirts flow free,
the green girls of the kitchen,
and their laughter bounces across the lee
of green shells high as an inland sea,
and light is the colander on their knee—
the green girls of the kitchen.

They shell the summer in small green balls,
rolling away toward autumn,
and the crest of their laugh is white as foam,
but what is their cry when the wave turns home,
home to the fields of autumn?
The garden will dry to yellow rust,
and the August sun to a golden crust,
and the hems of their skirts will hang with dust,
and love will crumble into lust,
for the green will go, as all green must—
the brown crones of the kitchen.

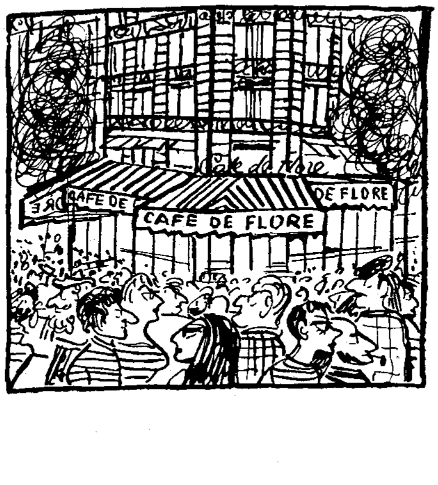
—HARVENA RICHTER

• •

"Ah, what sacrilege?" she exclaimed lightly, shrugging it off. She took three five-pound notes from her old handbag. He knew she intended the money as an offering; he knew it was probably all she had in the world, and he found himself torn between blind rage and admiration.

"Here," he said. "Let me get you another drink. And put that blooming money back in your bag or you'll be losing it."

BUT the very sound of his voice told him that he was losing conviction. The terrible little old woman with her one idea exercised a sort of fascination over him that almost frightened him. He was afraid that if he wasn't careful he would soon find himself agreeing to do what she wanted. He poured her a drink, threw himself back again in his armchair, and at once gave way to his indignation.



"I cannot stand this damn sentimentality!" he shouted, hitting the arm of his chair with his clenched fist. "Every day of my life I have to see good Christians go without food and fire, clothes and medicine, while the rich people taunt them with the sight of their pampered pets. I tell you I can't stand it!"

"Why, then, I'm sure you're right, Father. But I'm not rich, and no poor person was ever sent away from my door with nothing, as long as I had it."

"I'm sure of that, Ma'am," he said humbly, ashamed of his outburst. "I'm sure you're a better Christian than I am, but there are different needs and different duties, and we must not confuse them. There are animal needs and human needs, and human needs and spiritual needs. Your dog has no need of the Mass."

"He was very fond of Mass. Every morning he came with me and lay down outside the chapel door."

"And *why* did you leave him outside the chapel door?" asked Fogarty.

"Why?"

"Yes, why? Wasn't it that you made a distinction between an animal and a spiritual need?"

"It was nothing of the kind," she said hotly. "It was the parish priest that asked me, because some old fools com-

"We don't cotton to strangers around these parts, Mister!"

plained. Hah, but I often sneaked him in when they weren't looking, and let me tell you, Father, none of those old craw-thumpers behaved as devotionally as my Timmy. Up with the Gospel and down at the Elevation, without my saying a word to him. And don't tell me that Our Blessed Lord wasn't as pleased with Timmy as with them."

"I'm *not* telling you anything of the sort," he said, touched and amused. "All I am telling you is that now that your dog is dead, prayers can make no difference to him. Your dog couldn't incur guilt. Your prayers may make a difference to your husband because, like the rest of us, he did incur guilt in this life and may have to atone for it in the next."

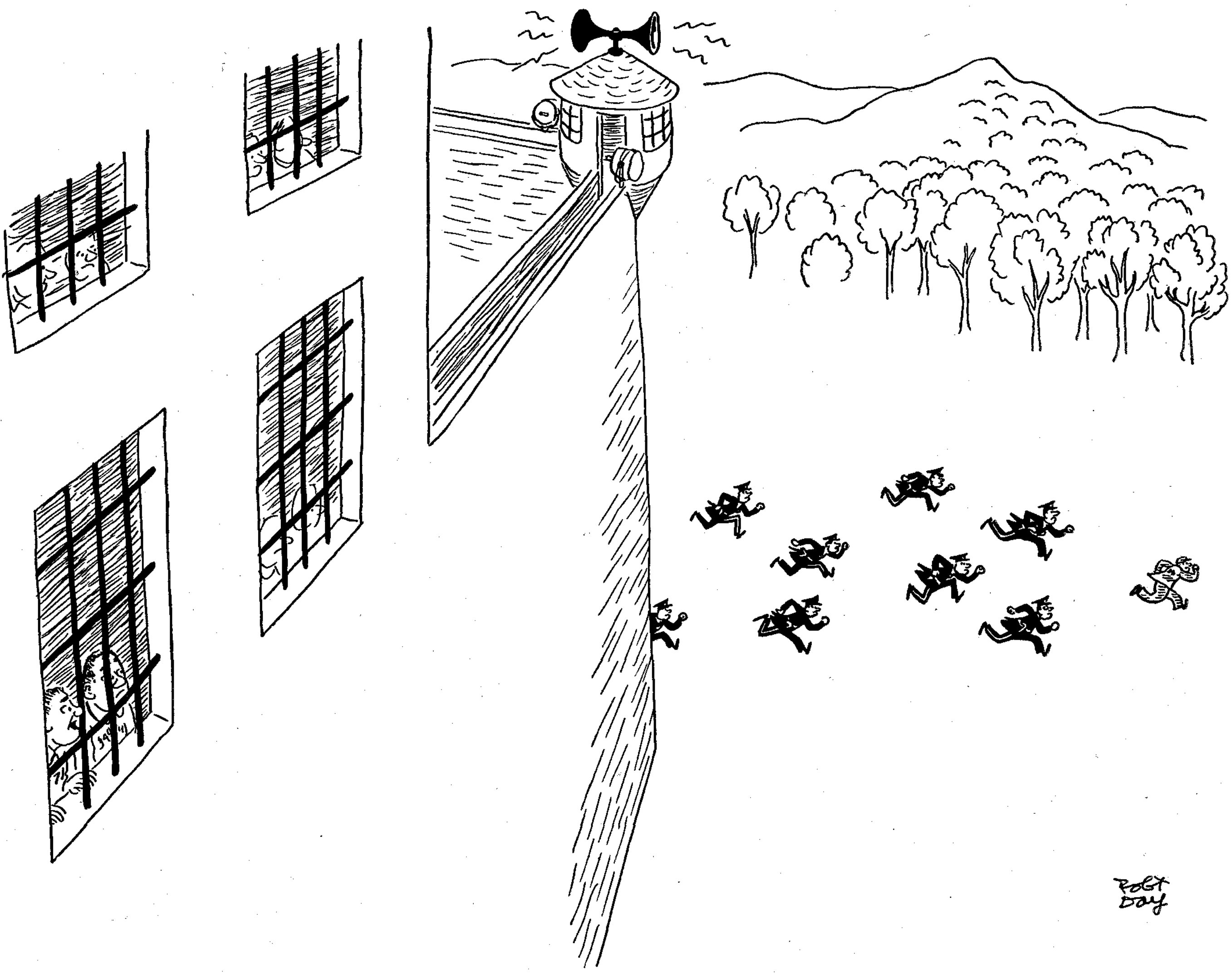
"Ah, it's easy seen you didn't know Jim, Father. Poor Jim was innocent as a child. He never did anything wrong only taking the little sup of whiskey when I wouldn't be looking. I know he got a bit cranky when he had a drop in and I wouldn't give him any more, but sure that's a thing you wouldn't give a second thought to. . . . No, Father," she added thoughtfully, looking into the fire again, "I don't mind admitting that the first day or two after he died I wasn't easy in my mind at all. I didn't know what little thing he might have said or done on the side, unknown to me, or what little taste of punishment they might give him. I couldn't rest, thinking of him burning down there in Purgatory, with people he didn't know at all. A shy man, like that, and a man—I won't belie him—that would scream the house down if he as much as got a splinter in his nail. But then I realized that nobody in his right mind could be doing anything to him. Oh, no, Father, that's not why I get Masses said for Jim."

"Then why do you get them said for him?" Fogarty asked, though he knew the answer. His own big heart answered for him when his reason didn't.

"Sure, what other way have I of letting him know I'm thinking about him?" she asked with a childlike smile. "He's always in my mind, morning, noon, and night. And now Timmy is the same."

"And when I tell you that it makes no difference to Timmy—that Timmy can't know he's in your mind?"

"Ah, well, Father, these things are great mysteries," she replied comfortably, "and we don't know all about them yet. Oh, I know there's a difference, and I'm not asking for anything impossible. Only one small Mass, so that he'll know. But when I talk to people about it, you'd think I was mad from the way they go on. They tell me he has



"You have to hand it to Keeler. He's always in there pitching."

• •

no soul, because he never committed sin. How does anybody know he didn't commit sin? A little child doesn't commit sin and he has a soul. No, Father," she went on with iron determination, "I know I'm old and I have no one to advise me, and my head isn't as good as it was, but thank God I still have my wits about me. Believe me, Father, a dog is no different from a child. When I was feeling low coming on to Jim's anniversary, Timmy would know it. He'd know it as if he could read what I was thinking, and he'd come and put his head on my lap to show how sorry he was. And when he was sick himself, he'd get into my bed and curl up beside me, begging me with his eyes to make him better. Yes, indeed, and when he was dying I felt the same way about him as I felt about poor Jim—just the way you described it, thinking of all the times I was hard on him when he didn't deserve it at all. That is the hardest part of it, Father, when you have to try and forgive yourself."

"I'm sure you have very little to forgive yourself for, Ma'am," Fogarty said with a smile. "And God knows, if it was anything I could do for you I'd do it, but this is something that, as a priest, I can't do."

"And there's no one else I could go to? You don't think if I went to the Bishop myself he'd let you do it?"

"I'm quite certain he wouldn't, Ma'am."

"Ah," she said bitterly as she raised herself heavily from her chair, "if I was younger and smarter with my pen I'd write to the Pope about it myself." She turned to the door, and Fogarty sprang to open it for her, but the courtesy was lost on her. She looked at him with deep mournful eyes that seemed to contain all the loneliness in the world. "And it's wrong, Father, wrong," she said in a firm voice. "I'm as good a Catholic as the next, but I'd say it to the Pope himself this minute if he walked into this room. They *have* souls, and people are only deluding themselves about it. Anything that can love has a soul. Show me that bad woman that thanked God her husband was dead and I'll show you someone that maybe hasn't a soul, but don't tell me that my Timmy hadn't one. And I know as I'm standing here that somewhere or other I'll see him again."

"I hope you do, Ma'am," he said, his big voice suddenly growing gentle and timorous. "And whenever you say a prayer for him, don't forget to add one for me."

"I will not indeed, Father," she said quietly. "I know you're a good man, and I'll remember you with the others that were good to me, and one of these days, with God's help, we'll all be together again." —FRANK O'CONNOR

•

The Albee Building was built in 1911 by the Wells Brothers Co., New York, at an estimated original cost of $750,000.

"It was a beautiful place," Cafritz recalled. "The biggest stars played there. Downstairs there was a sumptuous lounge with old English decorum."—*Washington Post & Times Herald.*

Just as in Hogarth's day.

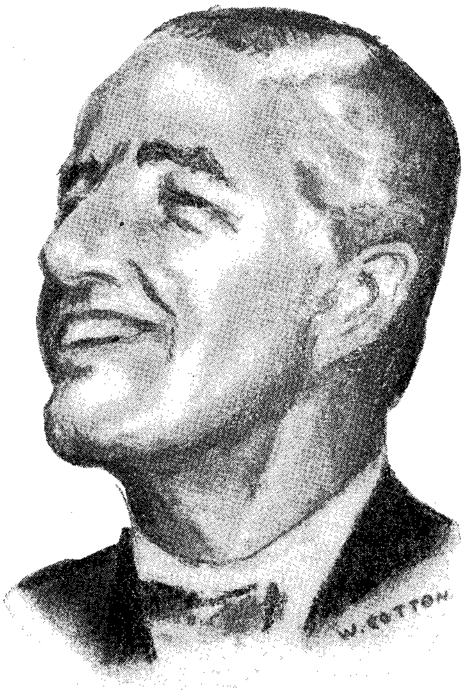
PROFILES

BREAD, LOVE, AND NEO-REALISMO—I

ALL too often—so goes the perennial lament—motion pictures are not created by artists but manufactured by an industry, whose products, issuing from large and elaborate studios, display the same monotony and uniformity that characterize the design of automobiles, Frigidaires, and jukeboxes. Only now and then does a picture of real individuality and distinction appear among the mass of frankly commercial items ground out by the world's movie factories, and when one does, it is because some exceptionally determined artist—usually the director—has managed to put his personal stamp on it. In an industry that is no less concerned than any other with profit and loss, this is not an easy thing to do, and as a result a motion-picture director who is also an artist is apt to be a very frustrated man. His trouble is that in his art the financial risks involved in any inspired departure from the ordinary are prohibitively high. He cannot, like a poet or a painter, express himself with a ten-cent pencil or a four-dollar brush. His equipment, involving both men and machinery, is enormously expensive, and his work, therefore, tends to reflect not his own gifts of imagination and taste but the profit motives of his source of capital—usually the producer. By and large, if a creative director is to impress his individual genius on a picture, he must be his own producer, and to be that, as things stand today, he must have a million dollars to risk and, if need be, lose.

All this is doubtless quite apparent to anybody who has given the subject a thought, and it has been restated here merely to point up the striking manner in which one man has arrived at a happy solution to the problem of making movies exactly as he pleases. This fortunate man is Vittorio De Sica, a fifty-six-year-old Italian movie director, several of whose films have won international acclaim as works of art, and his solution has been to free himself of dependence on backers by becoming the most popular movie actor in Italy and probably—after allowing for differences in income-tax rates—the highest-paid movie actor in the world. This assures him of having a million dollars to risk whenever he feels like it, and since the end of the Second World War he has been regularly risking—and occasionally losing—large sums of money with commendable zeal and dedication in the dangerous business of making superior motion pictures. In his peculiar—if not, indeed, unique—position, he leads a double, or even a triple, life. As an actor, he has often starred in frankly commercial pictures, playing a matinée idol's superficial roles with an easy, almost careless grace, and radiating an air of charm and *savoir-vivre* that in Italy has made him the most popular box-office attraction of his kind since Rudolph Valentino. In recent years, he has also appeared in a number of films on a somewhat higher level of sophistication, and his work in these has won him the admiration of a more demanding audience—especially "Bread, Love, and Dreams" and its sequel "Frisky," in which, playing the role of a marshal of *carabinieri* in a small town, he satirizes middle-aged gallantry. As a director, meanwhile, he has earned the worldwide reputation of being one of the few men in his profession who can be counted on to exercise genuinely artistic insight in the making of motion pictures—a reputation based on five films, most of them poignantly realistic, entitled "Shoe-Shine," "The Bicycle Thief," "Miracle in Milan," "Umberto D.," and "The Roof."

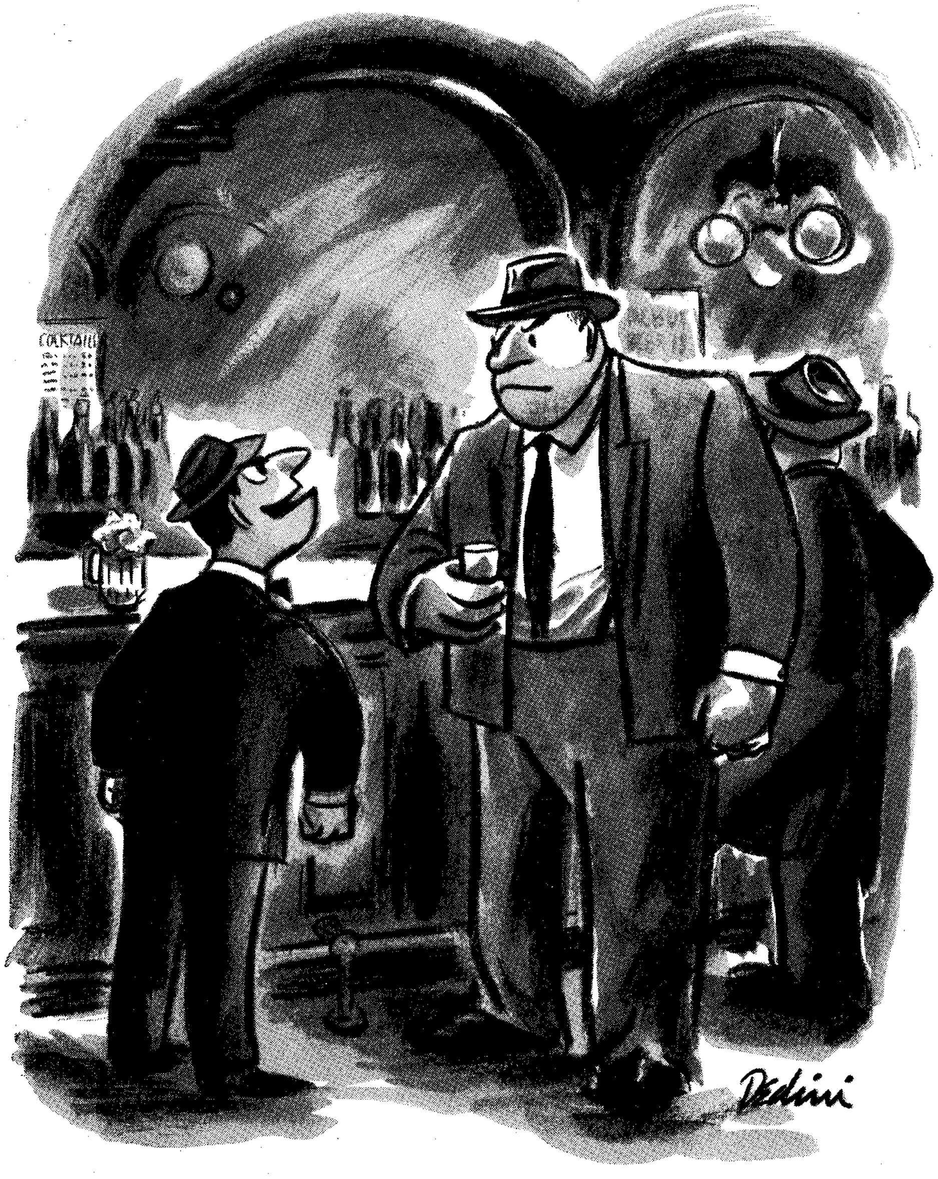
These protean accomplishments have generated a certain amount of confusion among De Sica's fans here and abroad. In Italy, De Sica the actor is far more widely known than De Sica the director; in this country, De Sica the director is far more widely revered than De Sica the actor (although De Sica the actor is coming on fast). Moreover, the confusion is worse confounded by the fact that while he has rarely accepted credit for directing a picture in which he has appeared (the current "The Gold of Naples" is the only important exception), there is a widespread suspicion that he had a hand in the direction of "Bread, Love, and Dreams" and the other recent comedies he has acted in. However that may be, the credit line "Directed by Vittorio De Sica" has so far been reserved almost entirely for the pictures, like "Shoe-Shine," into which he has poured the enthusiasm and ingenuity of a fervent artist, in the belief that in them alone lies his chance for a distinguished place in the history of his craft. These films, so startlingly different from the ones that De Sica acts in for other producers, deal for the most part with serious subjects—notably, the subject of poverty, omnipresent in Italy—and they contrive to temper the uncompromising realism of documentaries with a compassionate humanity not often found in the output of the cinema industry. Probably not more than two of these films have been anything like financial successes, one reason being that most Italians, who willingly pay millions of lire to clap and bravo over the merest flick of De Sica the actor's eyebrow, thoroughly detest the most eloquent creations of De Sica the director. "Why do you have to show Italy in rags?" is typical of the criticisms he gets from his otherwise adoring fellow-countrymen. On several occasions, he has stood beside the box office of an Italian movie theatre where one of these films was playing and has watched disconsolately while representatives of Italy's proletariat—the heroes of the production—angrily demanded their money back. "Poor people do not like to look at poverty," he says. "It is not surprising." And it is a fact that the prestige enjoyed by films bearing the label "Directed by Vittorio De Sica" has been conferred upon them almost entirely by the discriminating and generally well-heeled patrons of the so-called art-movie houses in the United States, Britain, and France. "Shoe-Shine," for example, languished in obscurity until it was discovered and made much of by art-movie exhibitors in New York and Paris, and even then some time elapsed before the Italians rather grudgingly acknowledged it as an important indigenous contribution to the cinema.



Vittorio De Sica

The basis of the appeal that these

De Sica-directed films have for an international audience is clear enough: They avoid the clichés of movie-making. In large measure, this is because their casts hardly ever include professional actors, whose thrice-familiar faces and personalities would distract attention from the realistic effect De Sica is bent on creating. Instead, the actors are generally ordinary unskilled people, carefully assembled from the farms and city streets of Italy and taught, with great patience, to play roles that are usually much like those they have lived themselves. They then play these roles not on studio sets but in actual alleys, run-down apartment houses, and similarly forlorn surroundings, while the restless eye of the camera lights on unforgettably realistic details—the litter in a slum-district gutter, a leaky faucet, flies buzzing around a sink, and everywhere the tide of grime that impoverished humanity battles against day in and day out—which give De Sica's pictures the immediacy and seriousness of life itself. Having cut through the artificialities of movie convention by presenting his audience with drab reality, De Sica proceeds to add the element that establishes him as an artist and a poet: the drama—often humorous as well as heartbreaking—of human dignity struggling and surviving amid this grinding squalor. In building up the drama, he shows a rare feeling for the awesome power of the small tragedies that plague the lives of the poor—the loss of a bicycle, the set-to with a rapacious landlord, the cruelty of one child to another, the cheerless limbo of uncertainty inhabited by a needy pensioner—and, as portrayed by his characters, tragedies of this kind assume heroic proportions. There is little doubt that he has a deep understanding of conflicts between pride and poverty, and he trains his camera on these conflicts, making them the principal theme of his films.



"I emphatically don't agree with what you say, but I'll defend to the death your right to say it!"

De Sica describes himself as "an artist of the poor" and, notwithstanding his own immense prosperity, there is a convincing absence of condescension and affectation in the phrase as he uses it. Indeed, he gives the impression that his preoccupation with poverty is to some extent a matter of conscience. But it also reflects a conviction that the most vivid dramas of life lie buried in the environment he concentrates on. "After all, if you exclude adultery, what drama is there in the bourgeoisie?" he has asked. It is for an analogous reason that he relies almost exclusively on unskilled actors, spending large amounts of time and money on tracking them down and coaching them. "I would never cast Vittorio De Sica in roles like these," he said recently. "The professional actor lives the life of a bourgeois, and he carries with him, even in his acting, something of the bourgeois attitude." De Sica's aversion to employing well-fed, educated actors and the occasional deprecating references he makes to the bourgeoisie appear to derive from his aesthetic views as a conscientious realist, and to be unrelated to politics. He himself almost invariably plays bourgeois parts, and since he is a bourgeois, he considers this entirely fitting. Naturally, the Italian Communists—to his embarrassment—have hailed the De Sica-directed movies as triumphs of proletarian art, but he has also been highly commended by the Office Catholique International du Cinéma, and, in the course of several audiences, even by the Pope. De Sica himself maintains that he is a strictly nonpolitical artist, and he explains his predilections by saying simply, "I love poor people."

IN view of De Sica's reputation, it is not surprising that, like nearly every other European movie director of promise, he has had opportunities to put his skill at the disposal of Hollywood producers. His initial brush with them occurred in 1947, just after "Shoe-Shine" became his first international success. De Sica received a tentative offer to direct his next film, "The Bicycle Thief," under the producing aegis of David O. Selznick, with Cary Grant in the leading role—a combination of talent, money, and box-office appeal that De Sica, who was still in Italy, soon rejected for reasons of artistic integrity. Then, in 1952, De Sica weakened to the extent of actually going to Hollywood, but it was all pretty much

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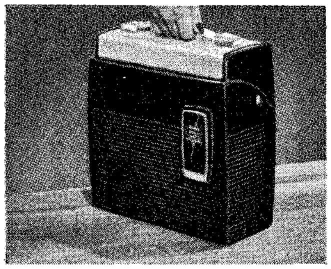

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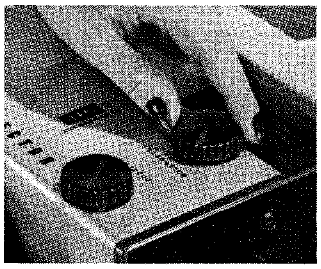

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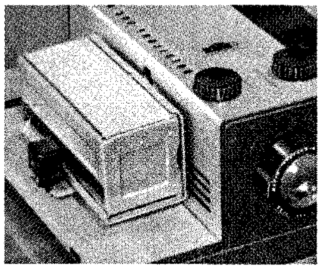

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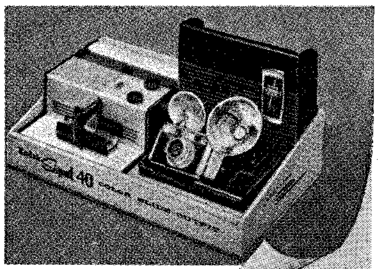

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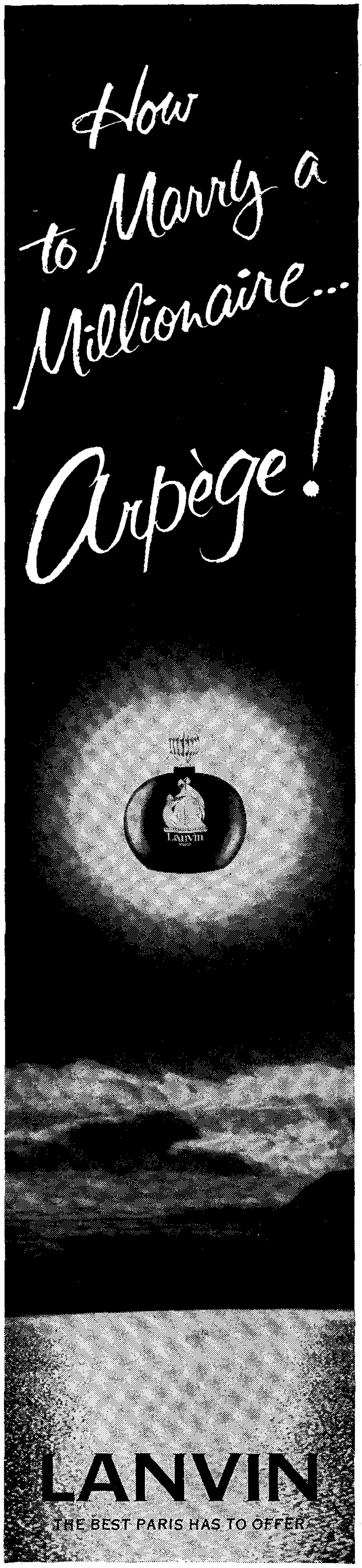
of a fiasco, and, after considering and rejecting several projects, he drifted back as far as Chicago, where, fascinated by the atmosphere of that garish town, he stayed ten days, working with Thornton Wilder on a script based on a Ben Hecht story called "Miracle in the Rain." But De Sica had escaped from Hollywood only bodily; legally, he remained bound to the place by a contract he had signed with Charles K. Feldman, a producer there. As the backer of the "Miracle in the Rain" venture, Feldman presently concluded that the De Sica-Wilder ideas were too unorthodox to warrant a substantial investment. A movie called "Miracle in the Rain" did appear last year, but the names of De Sica, Wilder, and Feldman were resoundingly absent from its credit lines.

That same year, De Sica returned to Italy, still on the long tether of a Hollywood contract, this one with his original would-be patron, Selznick. In Rome, like an indentured slave determined to work his way to freedom, he set about making a picture called "Stazione Termini"—the name of the Italian capital's railroad station, which was to serve as the background for the film. Everything went wrong, for even at that distance De Sica found himself beset by the ponderous pressures of Hollywood. As the producer of the film, Selznick insisted on certain matters dear to himself, among them the casting of Jennifer Jones and Montgomery Clift in the starring roles, and he also, reasonably enough, insisted that De Sica observe the restrictions of the United States Motion Picture Production Code, which severely cramped the director's style. To top it all off, someone in the producer's office had the happy inspiration of releasing "Stazione Termini" in this country under the title "Indiscretion of an American Wife." The film was not a financial success, nor, in its director's eyes, was it an artistic success, although he had found the pictorial challenges of the railroad station stimulating, and De Sica felt that, all in all, he had wasted his time.

The whole experiment with the Hollywood way of going about things confirmed an already strong suspicion in De Sica's mind that as a director he could not do his best work while employed by any of the big movie-making organizations. He was not bitter about the experience; even during his American sojourn, while things were slipping from bad to worse, he was able to take a philosophical view of the situation and, when asked how he felt about the place, to restrict himself to this mild statement: "I consider Hollywood the greatest of movie factories. People here live by and for the movies, but individually and privately—and this impresses me greatly—they live in profound solitude. My particular living habits are so different. I am accustomed to living close to life—close to the people who live it, in the center of things—whereas the life in Hollywood seems to be that of the eternal vacationist. I do not know whether the term 'vacationist' renders my thought. What I mean is that you live by yourself among beautiful trees, streams, lakes, gardens, fountains—a heavenly life, in a way—and you visit others who live in the same manner, but it is all far away from humanity. I prefer to live among people."

As a matter of fact, De Sica's status in the world of the cinema is now such that Hollywood no longer has much to offer him, even from the financial standpoint. In Italy, where he is the movie industry's foremost celebrity, he pursues his parallel careers as popular actor and iconoclastic director with notable *élan* and seems to have no difficulty whatever in reconciling the two. He has spent the better part of his adult life on the stage and screen, having taken up movie directing only in recent years, and, as might be expected, his appearance and his disposition—outwardly, at least—are unmistakably those of an actor. An exceedingly handsome man, standing about six feet tall, with dark eyes and a thick, wavy, immaculately groomed head of graying hair, he has a carefully preserved figure that even today betrays only a little of the fullness of middle age. There is about him the air of unabashed patrician elegance that often characterizes the well-turned-out Italian male, and even when he is off the set, he closely resembles, except for the absence of a mustache, the courtly marshal of *carabinieri* that he impersonated so tellingly in "Bread, Love, and Dreams." Carrying himself erect at all times, with the veteran actor's regard for effect, he walks in a manner that conveys an almost kingly impression of tranquillity and equilibrium. His voice is quiet and well modulated, and he expresses himself with just a trace of Mediterranean floweriness. When he sits, he drapes himself—unconsciously, it appears, and probably from long years of theatrical habit—in a graceful pose, perhaps with his knees crossed, his left hand in the pocket of his jacket, and a cigarette in the fingers of his right hand as he rests his right elbow on a convenient end table in an attitude of careless ease. The effect suggests the leading man in an



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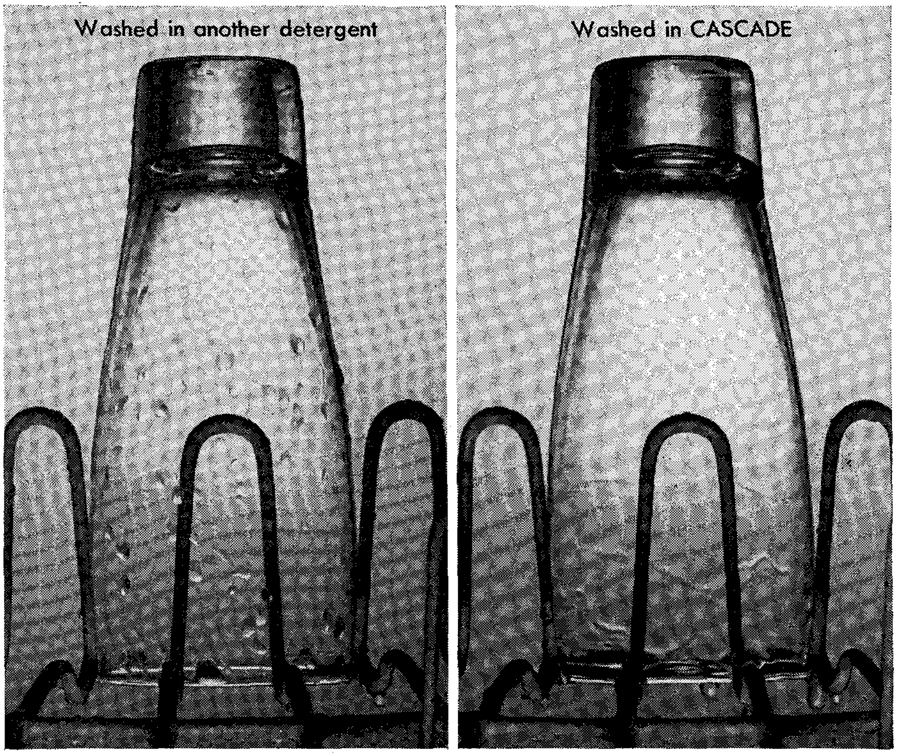

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extremely urbane, if slightly old-fashioned, bedroom comedy, and it is heightened by De Sica's way of dressing, which is fastidious almost to a fault and nearly always more formal than the occasion calls for. It is by no means easy to determine what is going on inside his head, for his face, though an expressive one, is, like his body, a carefully controlled instrument, trained to meet the requirements of the stage and the camera. From time to time, it may become clouded by some slight annoyance, but he never loses his poise, and both his quick smile and his momentary lapses into seriousness conform to the general pattern of the personality he chooses to reveal—that of a cultivated, self-assured, and infinitely courteous Italian man of the world. It is a character that many women, in particular, find attractive—so attractive that he has acquired a reputation as a ladies' man of extraordinary charm, and this, naturally, has had anything but a depressing effect on the box office. Although he is elaborately gallant and attentive to women, he has his reservations about them. "I have nothing against women," he remarked not long ago, in a tone of bland detachment. "I am on the defensive. If you suppress their faults, the remainder is wonderful."

While De Sica tends to disparage his work as an actor—acting, he says, is "an easy business that I sometimes find very boring"—he clearly enjoys the opportunity it has given him to exercise his formidable charm on a wide scale, and he seems to be just as eager to exercise it in his middle fifties as he was a quarter of a century ago. The producer of "Bread, Love, and Dreams" had a hard time persuading him to take the part of the middle-aged marshal of *carabinieri*, because he at first saw it only as a comic character role that would subject his good looks to ridicule. When being photographed, he delights in striking attitudes calculated to make him appear every bit as handsome as he is. Not long ago, in Rome, while posing with Gloria Swanson for some publicity photographs, he was caught in the not very chivalrous act of trying to steal the most advantageous camera angle for himself. "Oh, no, you don't!" said Miss Swanson, herself something of an expert on camera angles, and she shoved him into a position that favored her profile rather than his. De Sica smiled guiltily but politely, and relegated himself to second place.

IF it seems difficult to reconcile all this rather engaging interplay of theatrical artifice and personal vanity with the

(One of the American Tradition Series of paid announcements by the Popular Education Project of The Fund for the Republic, Inc.)

Man and Best Friend Breaking Law

Perhaps George Welkoff's most serious crime—though it was not the one for which he was convicted—was just being different. His speech, for instance. Broken English, with one of those off-beat, Middle-European accents that sometimes mark a man for ridicule. And the sadness that was about him always, as if he carried within him the miseries of eternity.

To the casual—or the ungenerous—observer, Welkoff's way of life must have appeared grubby, even sordid; no family, no friends, completely lacking the drive and motif we think of as the "American way." But then, George Welkoff was not an American. And his neighbors—some of his neighbors at least—didn't like it.

There had been a family once, though the neighbors didn't know it. A son, Zifko, killed by the Communists; a wife, dead now, and a daughter, Zacharina, living still but lost to Welkoff in the dark terror of Iron-Curtain Bulgaria. There had been status, too, during the twenty years Welkoff served Bulgaria as an army officer.

How had he come to America? Not quickly, nor easily. It had taken him seven years, working his way first through Austria, then Germany. He arrived in the United States in 1950 and settled in Hellertown, Pennsylvania.

Living was hard. There were no white-collar openings for a 54-year-old ex-officer of the Bulgarian Army, and a physical handicap precluded manual labor. Living was hard, but possible. Odd jobs here and there and the proceeds from the sale of vegetables grown in his garden. Survivors of the war in Europe know how to live meagerly.

And there was one friend.

Some people—the same ones, perhaps, who would have said Welkoff wasn't much of a man—would have said it wasn't much of a dog. Just a stray. Maybe there was a look of eternal misery about him, too. The man befriended him, took him home. He became Welkoff's dog. And the neighbors—some of the neighbors at least—didn't like it.

On the evening of July 31, 1956, George Welkoff was arrested by officers of the Hellertown Police Department. The charge: Violation of a Pennsylvania statute prohibiting aliens from owning dogs. Welkoff's dog was taken to the pound, earmarked for destruction. Nobody had ever enforced the law, of course. It was one of those steeped-in-time fiats that are so silly they aren't worth the legislative bother of wiping them off the books. So George Welkoff was arrested and the neighbors—some of the neighbors at least—were very pleased.

There is no way of determining whether the Justice of Peace who heard the case thought the law was silly. But he found Welkoff guilty and he fined him. Fine and costs came to $35.80 and Welkoff didn't have it. So George Welkoff, this 60-year-old displaced person who had broken the laws of the Sovereign State of Pennsylvania, was sentenced to 32 days in County Prison.

James McCombe, a Bethlehem, Pa., newspaperman, reported the story the day after Welkoff was jailed. Now the whole community knew the troubles of the old man and his dog. It made a good many people uncomfortable. But it made one man mad. He was Vincent Leun, a Bethlehem Steel executive. Nothing about the story fitted into Leun's concept of American justice. He did something about it.

Vincent Leun paid Welkoff's fine and had him released from prison (he had already served two days). He claimed Welkoff's dog from the pound and took it into his home until Welkoff could legally acquire it. He received a few anonymous threatening letters, but they were far outnumbered by signed letters from people who supported his action.

Mr. Leun did another thing. Letters he wrote to the members of the Pennsylvania Legislature resulted in repeal of the law which sent George Welkoff to jail.

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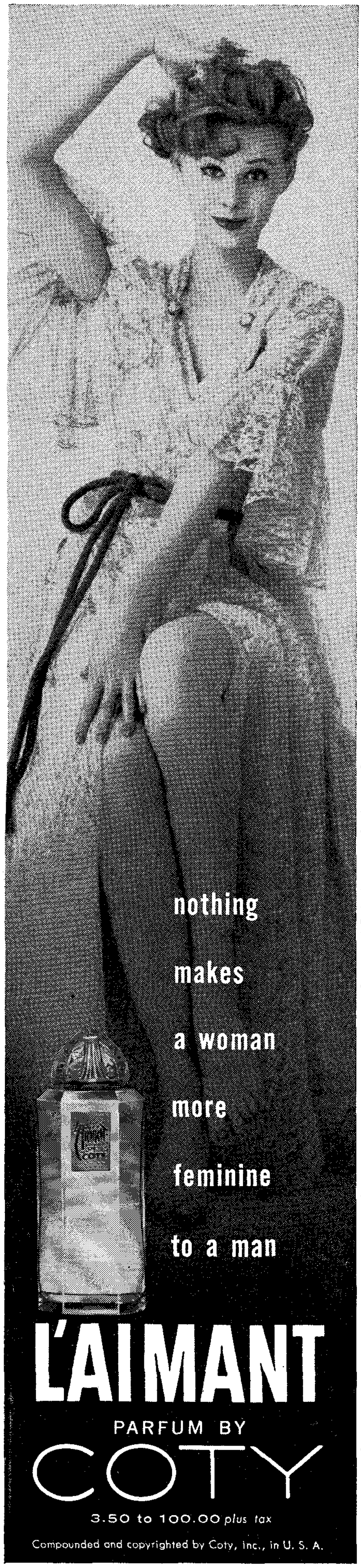

sobriety of mind and the sombre dedication to an ideal that are so evident in the films De Sica has directed, it should be remembered that in the Italian view genius and the lean and hungry look do not necessarily go hand in hand. De Sica, being an Italian, plays the part of a great man with the slightly flamboyant grace and personal satisfaction that his fellow-Italians expect of their great men. That he is a great ladies' man and matinée idol as well as a great director concerned with the tragedies of the poor does not strike his countrymen as in the least incongruous. It just happens that, because he is neither an especially reflective man nor an analytical thinker, his creative side does not fully reveal itself in his conversation. Although he talks fluently and at length about such things as life and human character, he has a way of gravitating away from generalities and toward specific illustrations; he will discuss his aims as an artist with fervor, but he has no theories on the subject of his art except such simple ones as apply to the practical business of directing a given picture. He seems to lack the power—even the desire—to put his most sensitive impressions into words. "De Sica is not basically an intellectual," says his favorite scriptwriter, Cesare Zavattini, who has known him since 1935. "He is more a man of extraordinary intuitions."

De Sica's intuitions are fundamentally responsible for his eloquence as a director, since the job is one that requires, above all else, adroitness and delicacy in the manipulation of human beings and a realization of their potentialities and limitations, and it is precisely in this field that his mind is capable of its profoundest insights. He has an almost uncanny instinct for judging character and accurately estimating the effect that a certain attitude or action on his part will have on the untrained actors with whom he works. His handling of these people is not always a matter of turning on the famous De Sica charm. When he is directing, the elegant mask of De Sica the actor is often dropped, and from behind it emerges another De Sica—swearing, using gutter expletives, showing every sign of undisciplined irascibility, and then, when he has got what he wants, becoming a model of contriteness and generosity toward his victim. At one point during the shooting of "The Bicycle Thief," De Sica actually came to blows with the brawny actor who played the hero, and it looked to the others on the set as if things might take a very ugly turn. What happened, though, was that the hero burst into tears, which was exactly what De Sica wanted him to do,

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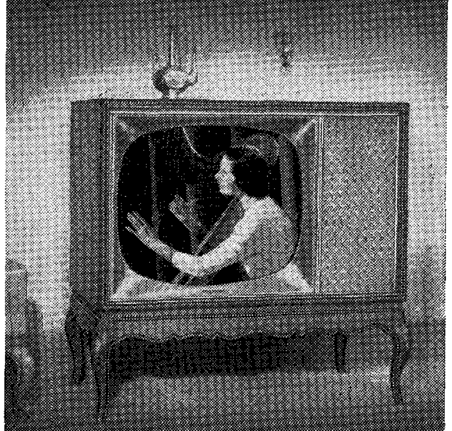

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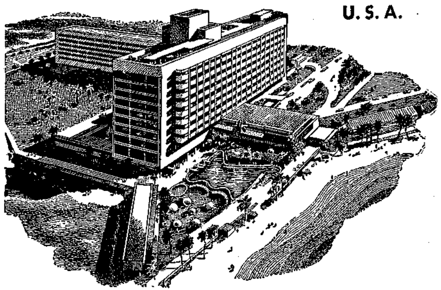

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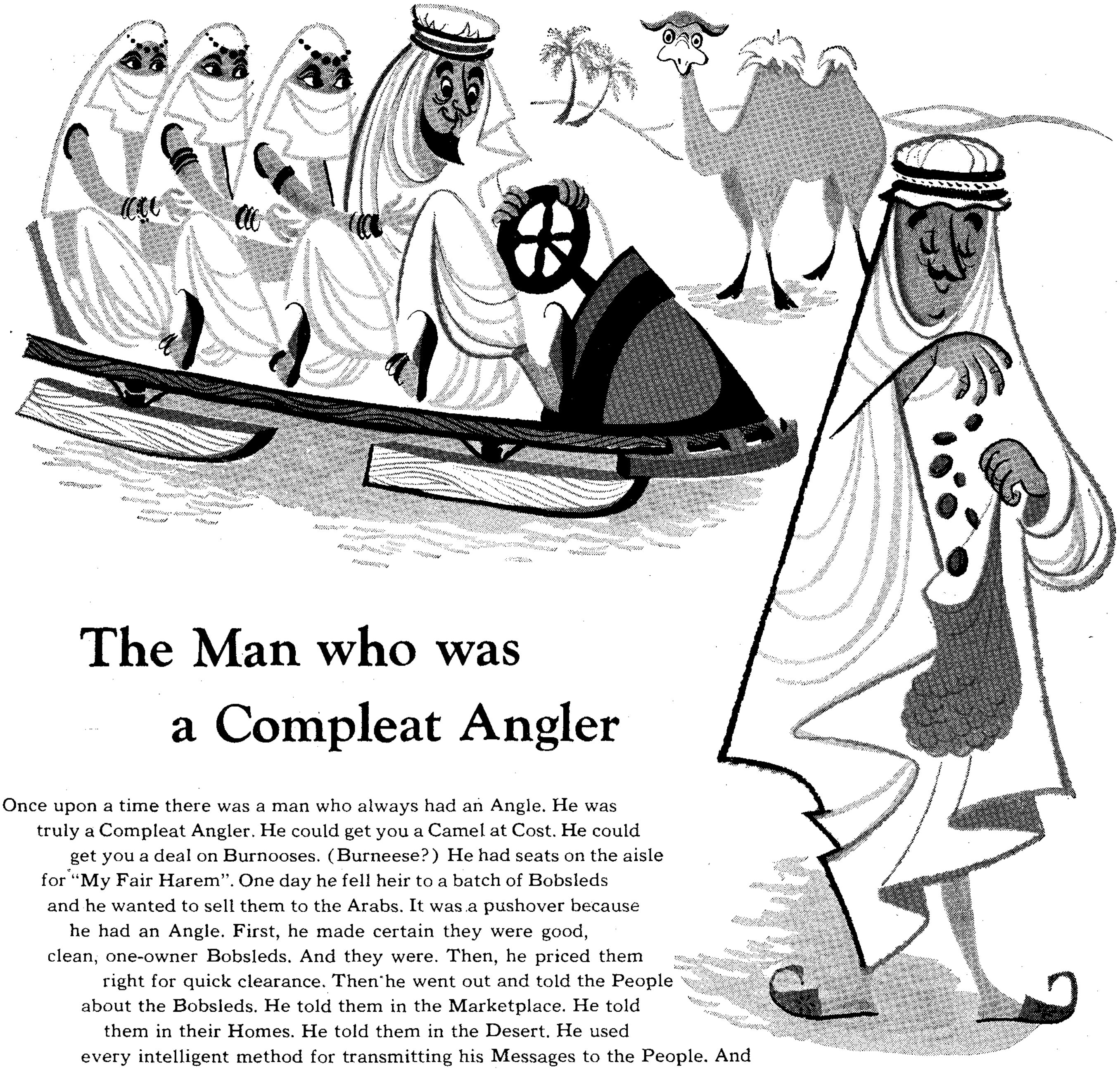

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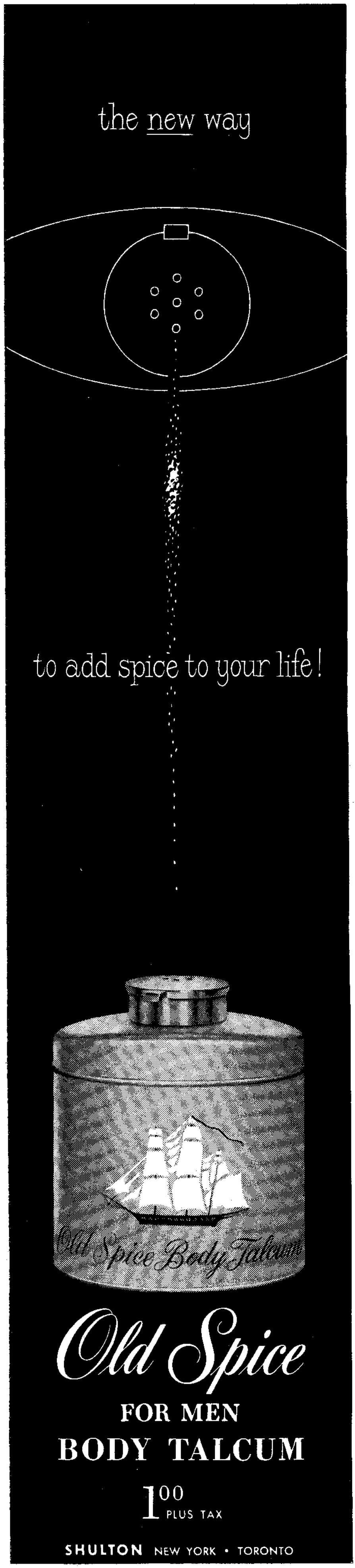

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and the camera ground out some remarkably realistic footage.

While in this case, at least, the means to the end might seem a bit extreme to those unaccustomed to the Italian artistic temperament, De Sica's associates defend it, along with any other such devices the Master's intuition may prompt him to employ, as necessary in directing nonprofessionals, who, they say, must be made to *feel* the emotions that trained actors conjure up synthetically. The truth is, however, that in arousing these emotions De Sica has only very rarely been obliged to resort to physical violence; as a rule, his methods are somewhat subtler, if, in their way, equally painful. The girl who has the part of the young wife in his latest picture, "The Roof," was exposed to his subtle approach when it was time for her to act the scene in which she tells her husband that she is going to have a baby. De Sica took her aside and, for a full hour, gave her a lecture on the seriousness and perils of pregnancy. The husband might be hostile to the whole idea, he pointed out, since he was a poor man and the baby would certainly be a financial burden; childbirth was often fearfully painful, and the baby might be born with such a deformity that the effect upon the couple's future would be catastrophic; women, to be sure, had been having babies since the beginning of the human race, but to bring a child into the world was still a responsibility of incredible gravity. And so on. By the time he had finished, the girl, apprehensive and distraught, was almost convinced that she really was going to have a baby. De Sica at once called to his camera crew, "Let's shoot!"

FRIENDS of De Sica's often remark that he would have made a superb diplomat. He will strike up a ready, if superficial, intimacy with almost anybody, and he has an innate kindliness that inspires confidence among the people he works with. But while these traits, coupled with his love of public acclaim, his attitude of courtly worldliness, and his perceptive response to the emotions of others, might be taken as an indication that he is a man of gregarious habits, he is actually almost anti-social in his private life. He has very few close friends, and he dislikes the ordinary forms of conviviality. With his wife, a strikingly beautiful actress, and their two adolescent sons, he lives quietly in a large house in the fashionable Parioli district of Rome. A frequent visitor is his younger brother, Elmo, a plump, white-haired, good-natured man who serves as his assistant, looking after the hundreds of practical odds and ends that inevitably clutter up a celebrity's existence. Aside from relatives, however, De Sica has almost no visitors, the principal exception being the scriptwriter Zavattini, who has worked with him on all the important movies he has directed, and who often drops in for long discussions about new ventures. De Sica's leisure hours at home are spent largely in the company of pictures and books. One of his joys is a collection of modern paintings that includes several quite distinguished works by Renoir, Henri Rousseau, Modigliani, and Utrillo, and he devotes a good deal of attention to the contents of an extensive library. His reading habits are wide, but his preference runs to the dramatists and novelists of classical literature, particularly Shakespeare and Stendhal, and he repeatedly awes Zavattini by seizing upon elements of character and situation in their works that may have some bearing on a film he has in mind. In a sense, De Sica regards himself as a writer—one who sets down his thoughts in pictures instead of words. "Only by directing can I express what is within me," he once said. "The Lord and the Lumière brothers [inventors of one of the earliest motion-picture cameras] have provided me with this wonderful method of writing."

As might be expected of a man not much given to intellectual abstractions, De Sica derives little satisfaction from books on philosophy. "I find philosophy very difficult to understand, but nevertheless I have a favorite philosopher—Seneca, the Roman Stoic," he says. "I like to think over his moral observations. Besides, I feel particularly well acquainted with him because I once impersonated him in a film." It may well be that De Sica's interest in Seneca goes deeper than this—that it reflects his own regard for the ideals of justice and human decency that he conceives, with almost boyish earnestness, to be the cornerstone of his outlook on life. "I am basically an unhappy man," he said recently. "Life gives me always the impression of cruelty. I read the newspaper—crimes, murders, divorces, and so on. I do not find evidence of sincerity or solidarity there. I love humanity, I trust humanity, but humanity has a way of disillusioning me. The pictures I direct are nearly always melancholy. This comes from the contrast between my love and my disillusion. I am an optimist. I love life. I seek perfection. If my art seems pessimistic, it is a consequence of my continuous optimism and its disillusion. At least, I have enthusiasm. It is necessary in all professions to have enthusiasm in order to have success."

There is no denying that De Sica has enthusiasm—or, more accurately, enthusiasms—for his interests, like those of any genial man of the world, reach out in many directions. He is—perhaps surprisingly—a devotee of cowboy movies, not as curios of his profession but as a source of intense excitement. He is an admirer of the work of several Hollywood directors, particularly John Ford, for his "Stagecoach;" Nicholas Ray, for his "Rebel Without a Cause;" and Delbert Mann, for his "Marty." Although he cannot read a note of music, he plays the piano by ear with considerable address, and he much enjoys listening to classical recordings, the symphonic works of Beethoven, Brahms, and Stravinsky being among his special favorites. As for opera, he takes the un-Italian position of not liking it, because "to me, life and music do not mix very well." But here he makes two exceptions—Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess," whose production in Italy two years ago with an American Negro cast impressed him greatly, and Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress," which he saw at its world première in Venice.

De Sica's most pronounced extracurricular enthusiasm, however, is for gambling, which he pursues with an Old World gentility but also with the plunging ferocity of a buccaneer whenever he happens to be in the neighborhood of a roulette table. Marcello Girosi, the producer of "Bread, Love, and Dreams," insists that it *is* just a question of happening—that if there were no roulette tables around, De Sica would never miss them. "He doesn't seek them out," Girosi says. "It is simply that when there is one close by, it exerts an irresistible magnetism on him." Zavattini, in loyal defense of his colleague and friend, says, "The emotion he feels while gambling is by no means a vulgar one." De Sica himself offers no defense. "It's one of my weaknesses," he says. "I've been gambling for thirty years. This has taught me that gambling is a bad thing." Like all confirmed gamblers, De Sica has a system, his being based on what the Italians call the "*numeri-vicini*" theory, which holds that every croupier has developed a completely individual way of throwing the ball onto the wheel, and that at any table he is presiding over, therefore, a certain group of numbers in the same vicinity will tend to turn up more often than the rest. Since De Sica always plays for large stakes, his conservative colleagues, who do not share his faith in

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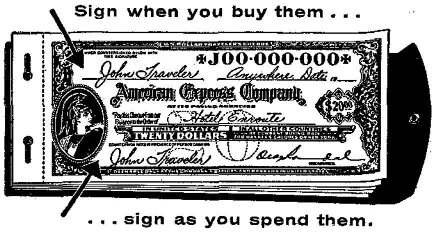

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the *numeri-vicini* theory, were more than usually apprehensive last summer when he announced that he was going to Monte Carlo for a spell to take the part of a gambler in a movie called "The Monte Carlo Story," with Marlene Dietrich. Their apprehension turned out to be justified. De Sica was to be found at the Casino practically every evening, staring with well-bred but trancelike concentration at one of the tables and placing his chips with a majestic flourish. As the fever in him mounted, so did the sum of money he wagered on each turn of the wheel, and before long he was losing something like ten thousand dollars a night. At length, Girosi, who was producing the picture and feared that before the shooting was over De Sica would have written his own disastrous chapter of the Monte Carlo story, prevailed upon him to submit to a system of rationing, whereby he would continue to visit the Casino each evening but would take only a certain relatively small amount of money with him. It wasn't as much fun for De Sica and it put quite a crimp in his style, but at least he returned to Rome solvent.

IT is a truism that confirmed gamblers have an unquenchable faith in the workings of providence and are able, as more parsimonious and self-willed men are not, to place themselves in its hands without fear. The truism governs De Sica. He is no worrier—possibly because fate, for its part, has never given him a great deal to worry about. His youth, to be sure, was now and then marked by struggle, but success as an actor came to him early and almost in spite of himself. As a boy, he apparently had no interest at all in the theatre; instead, he was obsessed by a prosaic desire to be a bank clerk. This was partly the result of circumstance. His father, Umberto De Sica (whom he later memorialized in the title of his picture "Umberto D.," even though the events portrayed in the film bear no relation to those of the elder De Sica's life), was a clerk in the Banca d'Italia—an institution somewhat similar to the Federal Reserve Bank—in the little town of Sora, between Rome and Naples, and later in Rome itself. Umberto's salary was small, the family was poor, and its life was frequently torn by the conflicts between pride and indigence that have since become so important an element in his son's most admired films. Vittorio was born in Sora in 1901. In his youth, as the older of two sons, he took it for granted that he would one day be regarded as the head of his close-

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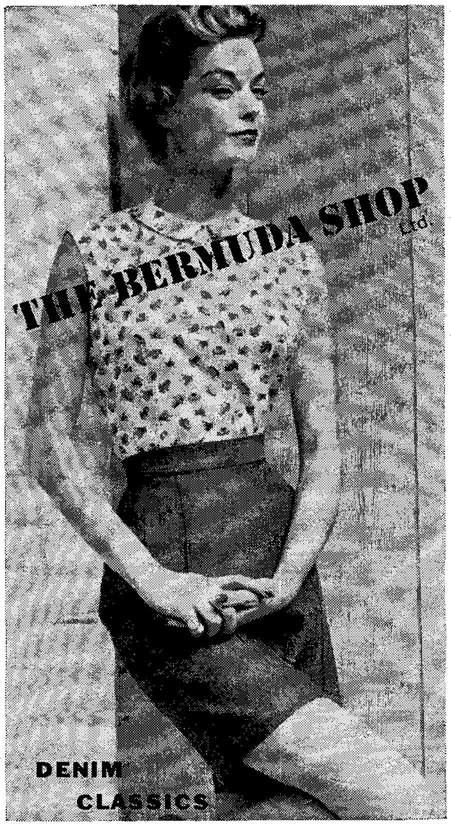

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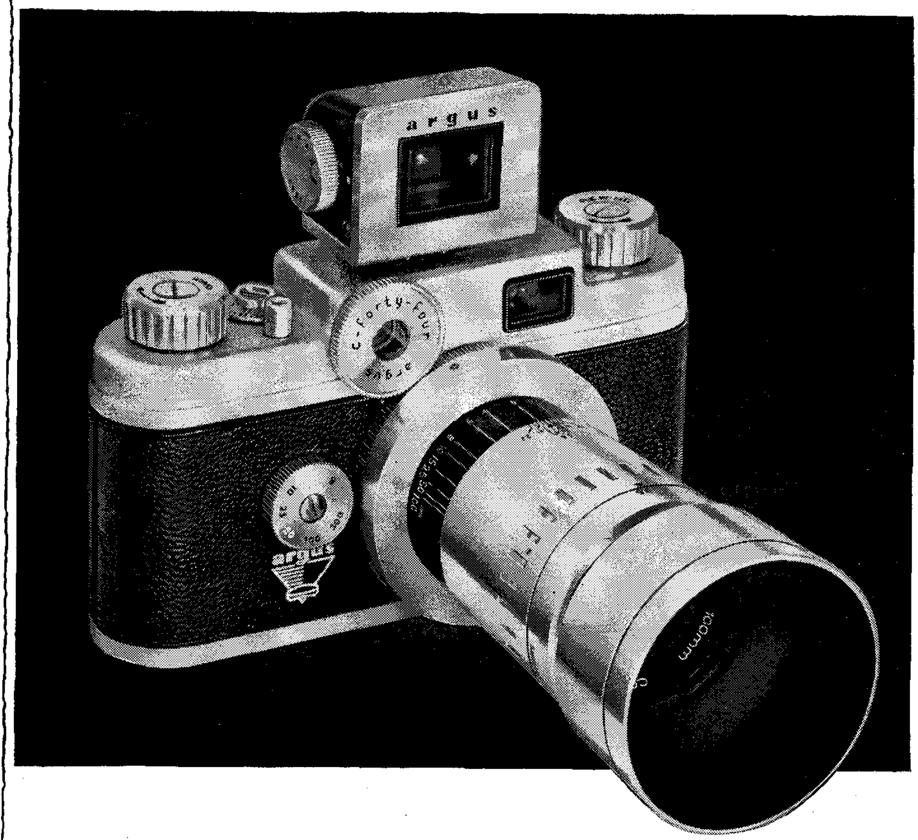
knit family, and he felt that the safest way to prepare himself for the responsibility was to follow in his father's footsteps and become a banker. But De Sica *père*, a native of Naples, was endowed with a full share of the gaiety, resourcefulness, and romanticism often found among people of that city, and he took a disapproving view of his son's humdrum ambition. Having been a journalist and something of a bohemian in his younger days, he still admired and associated with artists and theatre people, and he prodded the boy incessantly toward a career of public self-expression. Today, De Sica remembers this prodding with gratitude, but he also recalls that he was an abnormally shy youth, who often burst into tears at the idea of appearing before any group and had to be reassured by his father, who would say, "Why do you weep? You see that everybody likes you." During the First World War, these reassurances were effective enough to induce young De Sica to sing Neapolitan songs for wounded soldiers in the hospitals of Rome while his father accompanied him by ear on the piano. He recalls that his voice did not amount to much but that he seemed to have a talent for conveying the dramatic aspects of his ditties. At the end of the war, however, he doggedly returned to his pursuit of a banking career and entered the University of Rome, from which he graduated with a degree in accounting. In 1921, he was mustered into the Army, where, because of his height, he was assigned to the famous Sardinian Grenadiers Regiment, composed of exceptionally tall men.

In 1923, after De Sica had been released from the Army, the seeds that his father had planted began to sprout. A well-known Russian actress, Tatiana Pavlova, was presenting plays in Rome at the time, and was in need of talent for the lesser roles in her productions. A friend suggested that young De Sica try out for a job, and, again encouraged by his father, he presented himself, in a rather offhand manner, as a candidate. Struck by his good looks, Mme. Pavlova gave him a walk-on part as a waiter in a drama called "Sogno d'Amore." Humble though this début was, it convinced him that his father had been right all along, so after "Sogno d'Amore" closed, he took to the road, wandering about Italy as a minor member of various theatrical troupes. The pay was not remarkably good—amounting to, as he remembers it, twenty-eight lire, or little more than three dollars, a day, out of which he was expected to buy his costumes. Even so, he usually managed to send something home to his



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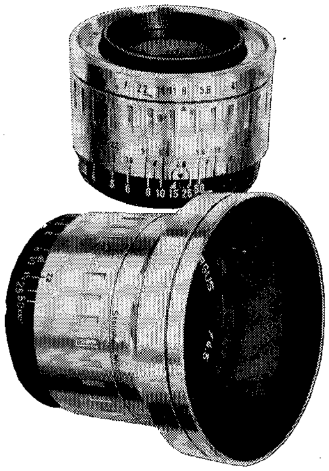

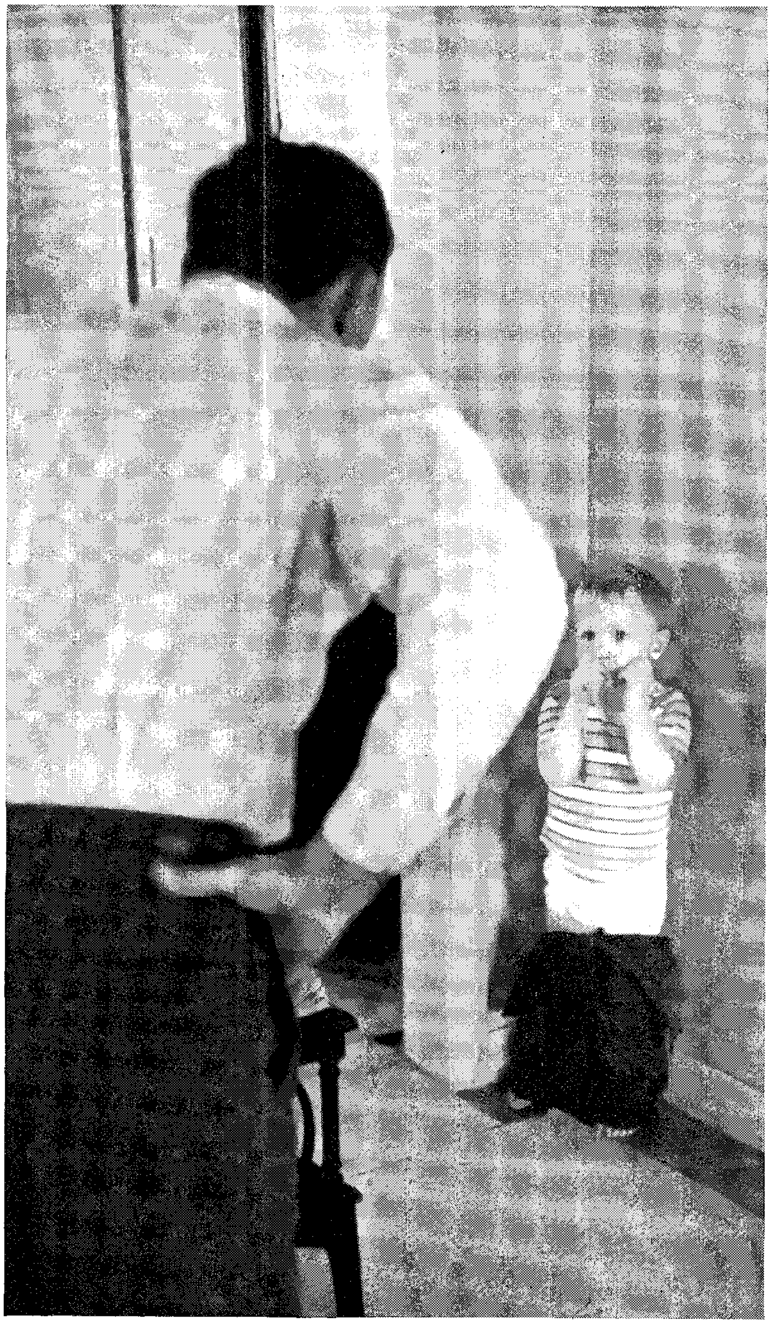

PHOTOS BY JAMES HANSEN, LOOK, JUNE 25, 1957

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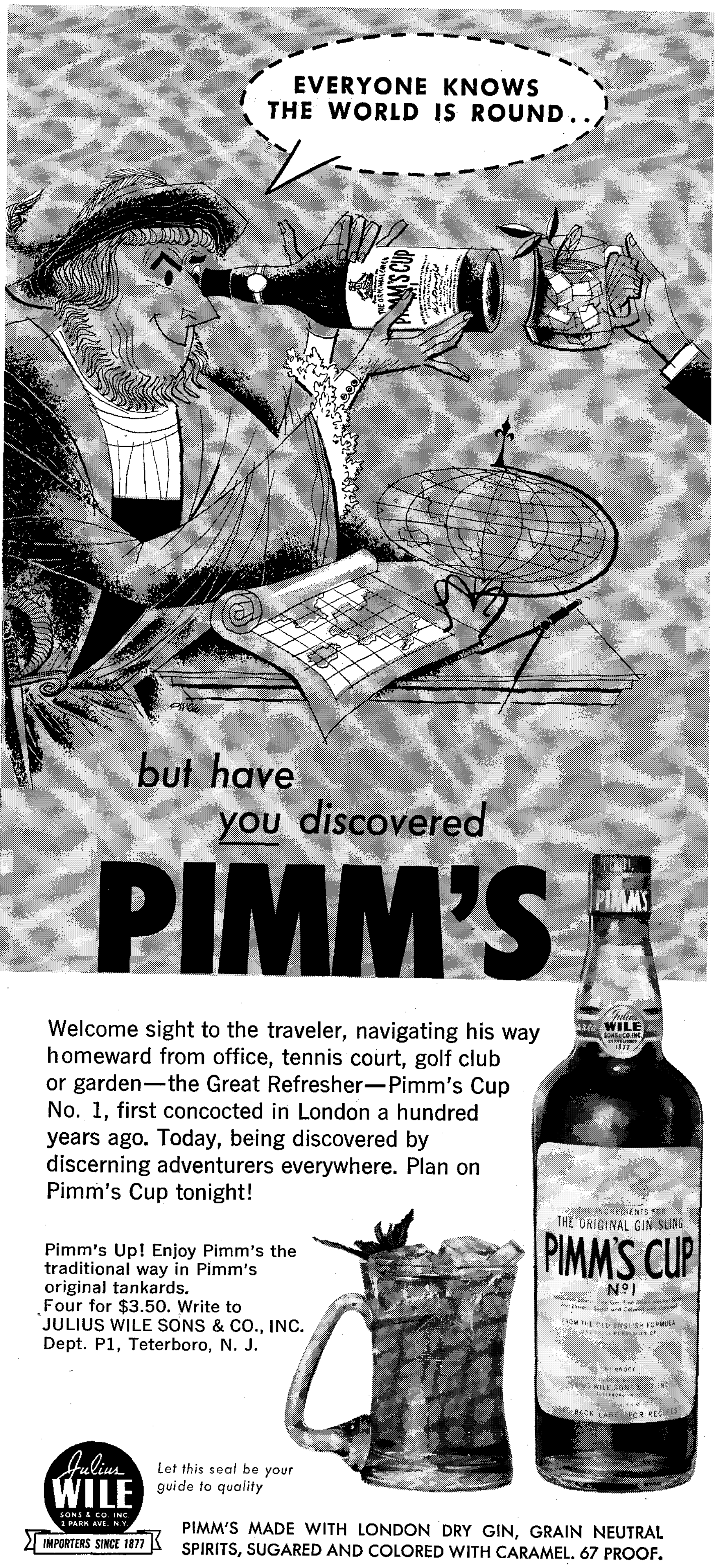
■ **now read by more than 20,000,000 people** family. He enjoyed the life primarily because of its variety, though he now recollects, without much nostalgic yearning, such experiences as staying in drafty hotels where, in winter, he and his fellow-actors would huddle together in bed to keep warm while memorizing their scripts. Strangely, in view of his youth, he became a specialist in old men's parts, and since he rarely got enough to eat, he had no difficulty in producing an effect of trembling fragility. As time went on, however, he discovered that he had a flair for musical comedy, and, joining a troupe run by a popular actor named Luigi Almirante, he discarded his white wig and beard and became what the Italians call a *primo attore giovane brillante*, or leading comic juvenile. His first success with this company came in 1931, in a musical comedy entitled "Za Bum," and after that his rise was rapid. Presently, he married the troupe's leading lady, Giuditta Rissone, and, forming their own company, they toured as far afield as Buenos Aires, putting on Italian musicals before large audiences.

In 1928, De Sica's handsome face and tall, very slim figure began to bring him offers from Italian movie producers, and in 1932 he appeared in a picture called "Gli Uomini Che Mascalzoni," or "What Rascals Men Are," in which he definitely established himself by his singing of "Parlami d'Amore, Mariù," a song that is still extremely popular in Italy. From then on, he was a favorite actor of the Italian moviegoing public and the ideal dream lover of the female half of it. He speaks of this aspect of his career with no particular pride but with a characteristically Italian lack of reticence. "Brides left their husbands on their wedding nights to pursue me," he told an interviewer recently, with a not entirely convincing look of horror. "Even very young girls threw themselves at me. This made me uncomfortable. I drove them out." He went on to say that once, while he was on location in the province of Livorno, he and his wife entered their hotel after a day's shooting, and she proceeded directly upstairs in the elevator while he paused in the lobby to buy a newspaper. Just as he entered the elevator himself, a woman he had never seen before ran in after him. "She practically dived into the elevator," he recalled. "I asked her what floor she wanted, and she replied dreamily, 'Any floor you like.' 'I am going to the fourth floor,' I told her sternly, and pressed the button. The woman threw her arms around me. 'You are the torment of my



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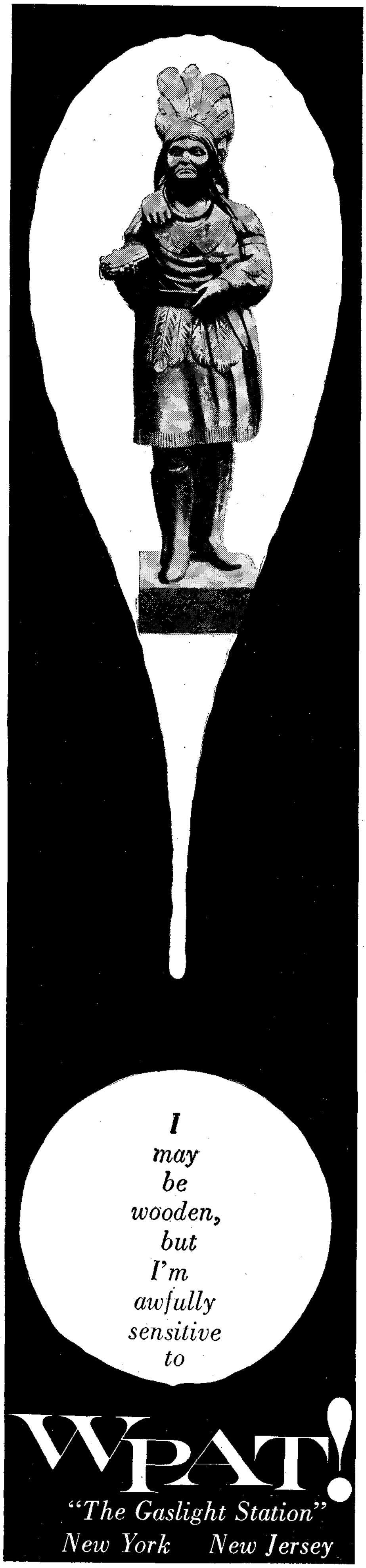
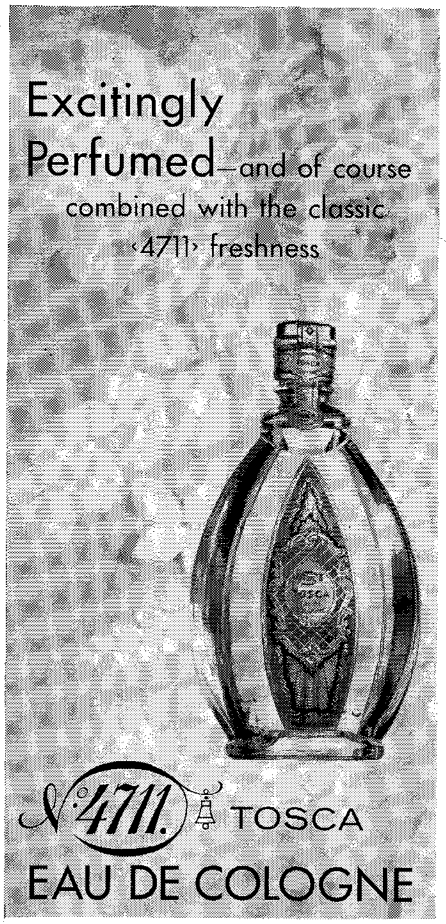


sleepless nights!' she cried. I could think of no appropriate answer to that, so I asked her, 'Are you from Livorno, Madam?' 'I love you! I adore you!' the woman raved, tightening her grip around my neck. Just then, we arrived at the fourth floor, where I saw that my wife was waiting for me outside the bars of the gate—she had forgotten her key to our suite. I pressed the first-floor button, and the elevator descended. A man was waiting for the elevator there. 'My husband!' the woman cried. Before he could enter, I pressed the second-floor button, and the elevator started up again. When it reached the landing, I broke loose and got out, after promising to meet the woman at a rendezvous the next day—simply to quiet her. Then I climbed the stairs to the fourth floor and found, to my dismay, that my wife had pressed the button, bringing the elevator and the woman up again. The situation, as you can see, was embarrassing. But, to my relief, the woman took a look at my wife, glared at me in disgust, and pushed the first-floor button again—descending, thank God, into the abyss forever."

From 1931 to 1940, De Sica acted in twenty-three films and at least forty stage productions, mostly musical shows. So far, his professional life had pretty much conformed to the standard theatrical success story. He was by no means happy about it, however. Somewhere in his constitution was a spark of rebellion, though whether it was generated by aesthetic considerations or social conscience—or both, or neither—is a question he cannot answer, not being one to give much thought to such matters. Whatever its source, it made him increasingly dissatisfied with the shallowness of his professional life. The spark flared up in 1939, just after he had finished playing the male lead in a film version of the sentimental French classic "Manon Lescaut." It was a mushy romantic role, dripping with the sort of sentiment that is nearly unbearable outside opera, and De Sica disliked it from the start. He disliked the way the picture was directed even more, and when the critics confirmed his opinion by giving the whole production a thorough panning, he knew the time had come to make a change. Careful consideration of what kind of change was likely to be the most spiritually rewarding led him to resolve to try his hand at directing pictures himself—pictures of which he at least would not be ashamed. He found a willing producer in Angelo Rizzoli, who is a leading Italian publisher, and chose as his first effort an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inoffensive drawing-room comedy called "Two Dozen Red Roses." While this hardly represented a clean break with the field of polite romance, the critics liked the film, the public liked it, and De Sica had the satisfaction of feeling that he had done a conscientious piece of work. He followed it up by directing several other comedies, among them one entitled "Teresa Venerdì," which is remarkable chiefly for the fact that the leading female role was played by Anna Magnani. The professional relationship between De Sica and Miss Magnani was not one of the sort on which press agents wax fat, however, for once the picture was completed, he and she went their separate ways. He has not directed her since, nor does he claim any credit for her later brilliant rise to stardom under other directors.

The series of comedies was more successful in giving De Sica a feeling of independence than in easing his feeling of frustration, and he continued to grope for something that would both satisfy his pride as an artist and provide an outlet for his nagging desire to express certain ideas. He found it in 1942, after extensive talks with Zavattini, who was even then much in demand as a screenwriter. Both men were disgusted with the state of the Italian cinema, both had made a reputation for themselves in the conventional practice of their crafts, and both were anxious to tackle a project that would offer a serious challenge to their abilities. After much discussion, they gave up their other commitments in order to devote themselves for a year to making a picture wholly unlike anything either of them had previously worked on. Called "I Bambini Ci Guardano," or "The Children Are Watching Us," it had to do with the effect of a disturbed marriage on a child, and its cast consisted mostly of nonprofessional actors. It was a complete financial flop. But as far as De Sica and Zavattini were concerned, the experience was inspiring, for in exploring their subject they had employed the then almost untried austere, documentary approach, and their work contained the germ of what came to be known in Italy as the technique of *neo-realismo*—a technique that later raised the nation's motion pictures to a position of international fame and artistic distinction under the guidance of such directors as Roberto Rossellini and Luchino Visconti, in addition to De Sica himself.

Although the oppressions of the war soon put a temporary end to all creative activity in the Italian cinema, De

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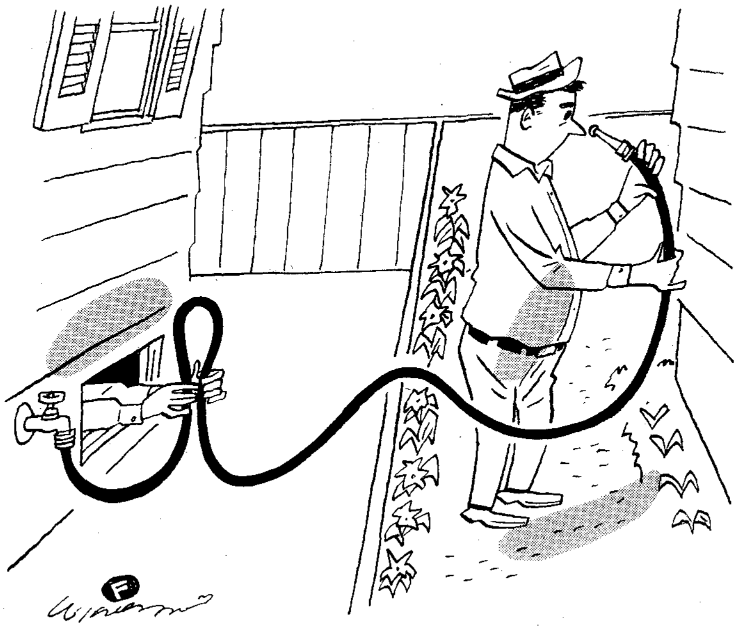

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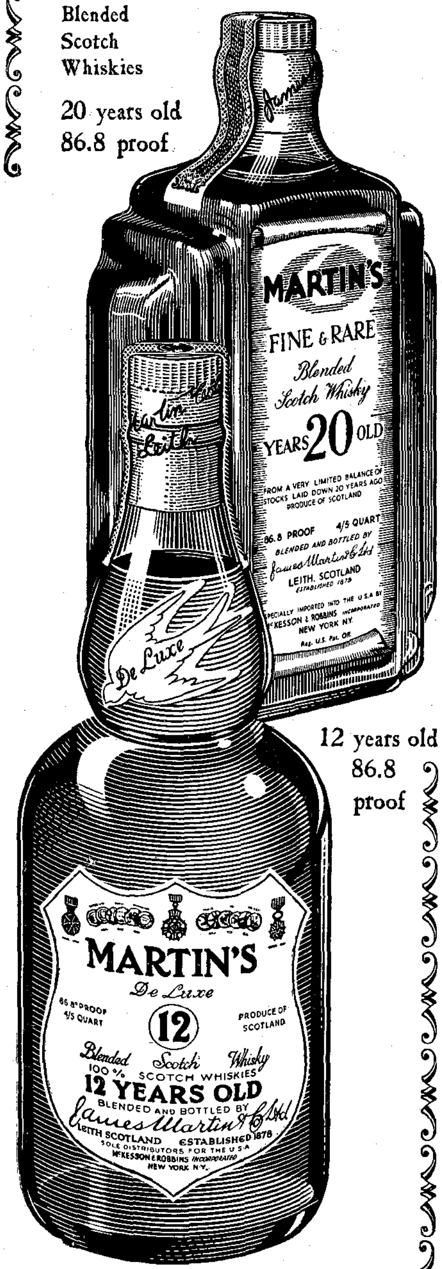
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Sica—in his own mind, at least—had embarked on the present phase of his career. The pattern of his future was as clear to him as it has since become to others: As long as acting continued to be profitable, he would continue to act, since that was the easiest way he knew of to acquire the means of furthering his new-found and swiftly soaring aspirations as an independent, serious-minded director. Not every lighthearted ladies' man and public darling would find it easy to make such an abrupt and drastic switch in middle age, and perhaps De Sica did not find it easy, either. But he seems to have managed it. At all events, as time has proved, De Sica the independent director is capable of putting the fresh stamp of his personality on some motion pictures that are very serious-minded indeed. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

(This is the first of two articles on Vittorio De Sica.)

•

If You Don't have two or three "Conversation Pieces" in your home, m'dears, you are appallingly behind times and you'd just better rustle up something quick if you want to look the Joneses in the eye.

A conversation piece can be any old thing . . . a serving dish, a wall fixture, a decorative screen, a wood box for your fireplace. However, there is one inexorable rule. It may not bear even the slightest hint of its original purpose.

For example, if your conversation piece is a wall fixture, it must have a background that gives you an opportunity to start the ball rolling in such a fashion: "We just love this. You know, it is made entirely of old horse-shoes—*original* horse-shoes we picked up at this quaint old place that used to be a stable, and then we had them painted gold and wired and then we found this odd little man who made this odd little shade . . ." The guests will take it from there, and your conversation piece has proved that it is worth its weight in gold horse-shoes.—*Fairfield (Conn.) County Fair.*

Soon the guests will go out like lights and golden silence will reign again.

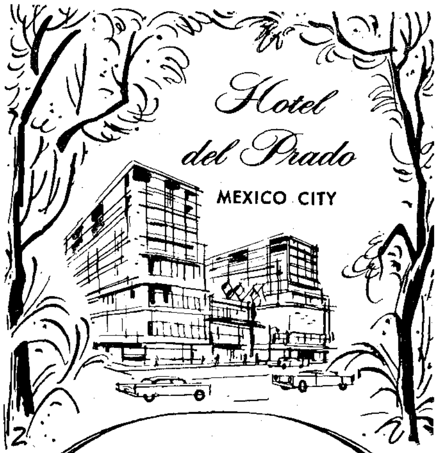
•

Mrs. T. writes: My girl friend was in a fight with a lady who hit her in the ribs with her purse. Ever since, she has had pain in the side where she was struck. Would you have any explanation of this continued pain?

REPLY

Breathing interferes with healing and, as a result, chest injuries remain painful for a long time. I presume your girl friend has had her chest X-rayed and that the woman who hit her has been demoted from a lady to a battleax.—*Dr. Theodore R. Van Dellen in the News.*

First thing you know, Van Dellen, you'll be demoted from a doctor to a wag.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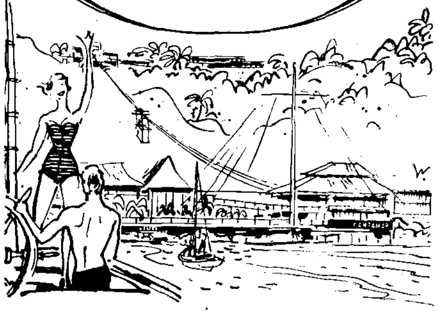

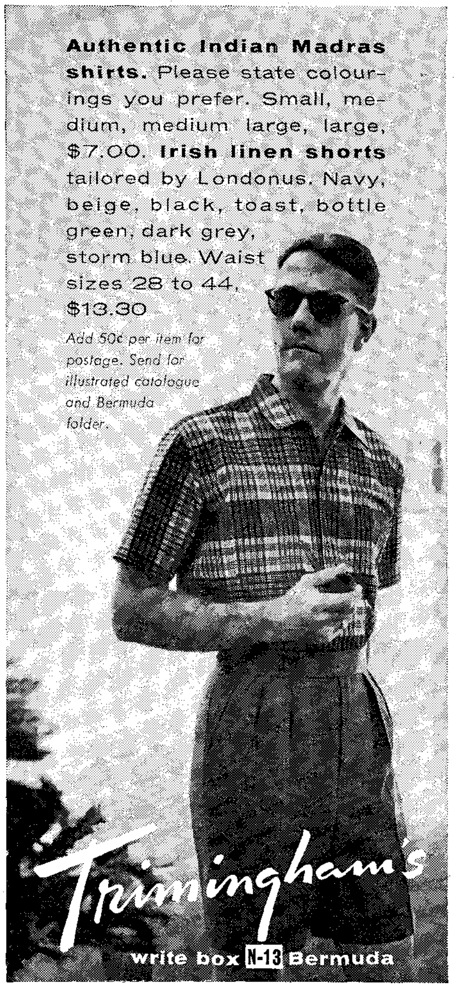

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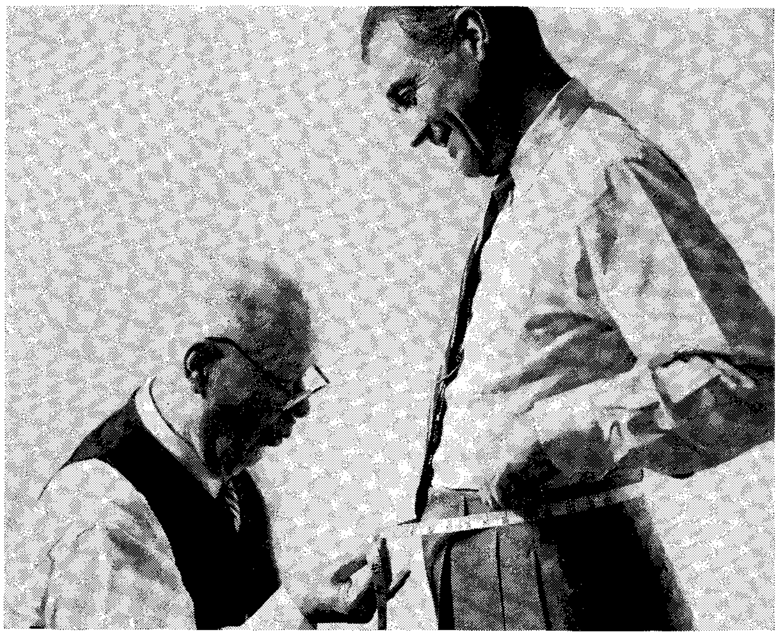
How sugar can help you reduce – and stay there

Why do people find it easier to lose weight than keep it off?

Do you dread starting "another diet"?

Why does overdieting often fail to control overweight?



New facts show how sugar helps you reach your desirable weight, and hold it!

Q. Is it true that more than half the people who lose weight gain it back?

A. Yes, according to a Gallup poll, that is exactly what happens. Often, it is because a person *cuts out* foods to reduce. As soon as he puts these foods back into his meals, and eats the way he used to, the pounds come creeping back.

Q. Does that mean you have to cut out fattening foods all your life?

A. Nutritionists say it is a mistake to think of any single food as "fattening." No one food is fattening in itself when eaten in sensible amounts. There is a simple rule for losing weight, and the same plan can be adapted for *keeping* weight off.

Q. What is the simple rule for losing weight?

A. A leading authority advises this plan: Eat the same foods you are accustomed to, in good variety. Simply go light on the portions. This common-sense plan includes sugar, both for its energy value, and as an aid in cutting down.

Q. How can sugar help you eat less?

A. You may remember when you were small, your mother wouldn't let you have a cookie or piece of candy before a meal because you wouldn't eat all your dinner. Perhaps mother didn't know the scientific reason, but it is a fact that *no other food stems the appetite faster than sugar*. In fact, sugar has been called "The Great Satisfier." If you are trying to cut down on portions, a nibble of something sweet shortly before a meal may keep you from eating far more calories than you need at mealtime.

Q. What happens if you cut down too far?

A. You must remember that carbohydrate foods, such as sugar, are used primarily for energy—the kind of energy your body needs for every action, every heartbeat, every breath. When these foods are trimmed too drastically, nature sends out warning signals to slow down. You have a feeling of tiredness, of brain fag, even irritability.

Q. What if you have to keep going, anyway?

A. Nutritionists have found that an Energy Break helps in mid-morning or afternoon—a piece of candy, or a cookie or a beverage with sugar in it. This is what is meant by the "Scientific Nibble." Sugar is the quickest source of energy there is. *Ounce for ounce, no other food supplies energy so fast, with so few calories.*

Q. Would an artificial sweetener supply energy as fast?

A. No. Artificial sweeteners have no energy value whatsoever. Perhaps even more significant are these findings: *People who gave up sugar and used artificial sweeteners lost no more weight than those who used sugar* . . . the result of a 3-year study of overweight people by one of the nation's leading Universities.

Q. How can I keep my weight down after I reduce?

A. If you start to gain, eat a little less. Again nutritionists say, *don't cut out.* You'll find sugar helpful, not only for supplying energy, but as an appetite appeaser, too. You can live all your life with smaller portions if you feel satisfied and well, and enjoy the foods that make meals a pleasure.

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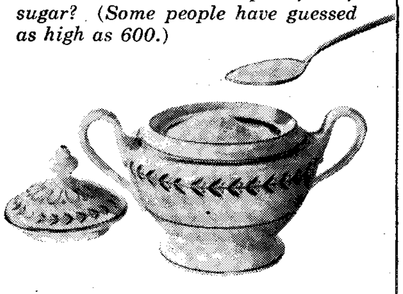

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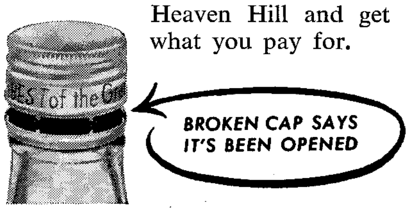

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THE RACE TRACK

Ladies' Day

THE Coaching Club American Oaks, which was the big event at Belmont Park last weekend, is a race for three-year-old fillies, and since they are such notorious flibbertigibbets it usually ends in a surprise. This year's running was no exception, for Christopher T. Chenery's Willamette, a 25–1 shot, beat Claiborne Farm's Bayou, the odds-on favorite, by nearly a length. Mrs. William Veeneman's Woodlawn, who was flown here from Chicago for the engagement, was third; King Ranch's Here and There, a daughter of Scattered, who won the Oaks in 1948, was fourth; and there were half a dozen also-rans. The race is Belmont's only event at a mile and three furlongs, and is run over an otherwise neglected course, which begins far up the Widener chute and joins the main track near the mile-and-a-sixteenth pole. (From there on in, anyone can find the way.) Pillow Talk was the quickest out of the starting gate, and continued to lead until she was well around the turn into the stretch. Jota Jota and Willamette were the closest of the others. Bayou, who was easy to distinguish, because of the bright-orange jacket of her jockey, settled into her stride slowly, and at one point was next to last, but she saved ground along the rail and had clear sailing the whole distance, and about a furlong from home she got her head in front, only to be passed by Willamette in the last twenty yards. It may be that Bayou, who had won her four previous starts, has had a bit too much racing. As for Willamette, a strong, workmanlike, but rather plain bay filly, she had very little form to offer. She ran in claiming races as a two-year-old, and had won only once in ten tries this season. As a matter of fact, the last time she met Bayou—in the Acorn Stakes early this month—she finished last, beaten by twenty lengths. If you don't mind, I'll reserve judgment on both of them until after the Alabama Stakes at Saratoga in August.

LAST week was quite an interesting one at Belmont. The historic old Toboggan Handicap, which in years past has always opened the season there, was finally run on Monday, and while it didn't bring out the quality it used to, Decimal made a good show of it in beating Jovial Jove. There wasn't a dull second. Just the same, I expect there would have been a different result if Nance's Lad, who won it last year, had gone to the post. Unfortunately, he broke a small bone in one of his feet during a training gallop, and has been retired to the stud. Then, on Wednesday, there was the Edgemere Handicap, a little number we used to see at Aqueduct. A better lot turned out for it than for the Toboggan, and although Admiral Vee won, after leading most of the way, Third Brother gave him a hard run. Kingmaker was third and Riley fourth. The race was a useful windup gallop for the Suburban Handicap, on July 4th, but I think I'll stick to Traffic Judge.

MONMOUTH seems to be getting faster. The other afternoon, Nahodah, who has never been noted for his speed, won the Salvator Mile there in 1:34⅗, lowering by two and a fifth seconds the track record for the distance, which was set two years ago by Helioscope. As you may know, the Salvator was named for a famous horse of the early nineties, who ran a mile against time over a straight course at an older Monmouth Park. There was a great to-do when he was clocked in 1:35½, and, for that matter, the record still stands, but only because there are no mile straightaways in the country now. There wasn't so much speed in the Regret Handicap last Saturday, but it was a stunner, because Venomous, New England's favorite filly, who had won her last six starts, was beaten by Miss Erlen, a 20–1 shot.

EVERYTHING went off according to expectations at Delaware Park last weekend. Bolero U beat five other two-year-olds in the Dover Stakes, and Calumet's Princess Turia came through gallantly in the New Castle Stakes. The New Castle was the second in the track's trio of races for fillies and mares. (Bayou won the first one a fortnight ago.) The series winds up with the Delaware Handicap on Saturday, and that should be worth seeing.

—AUDAX MINOR

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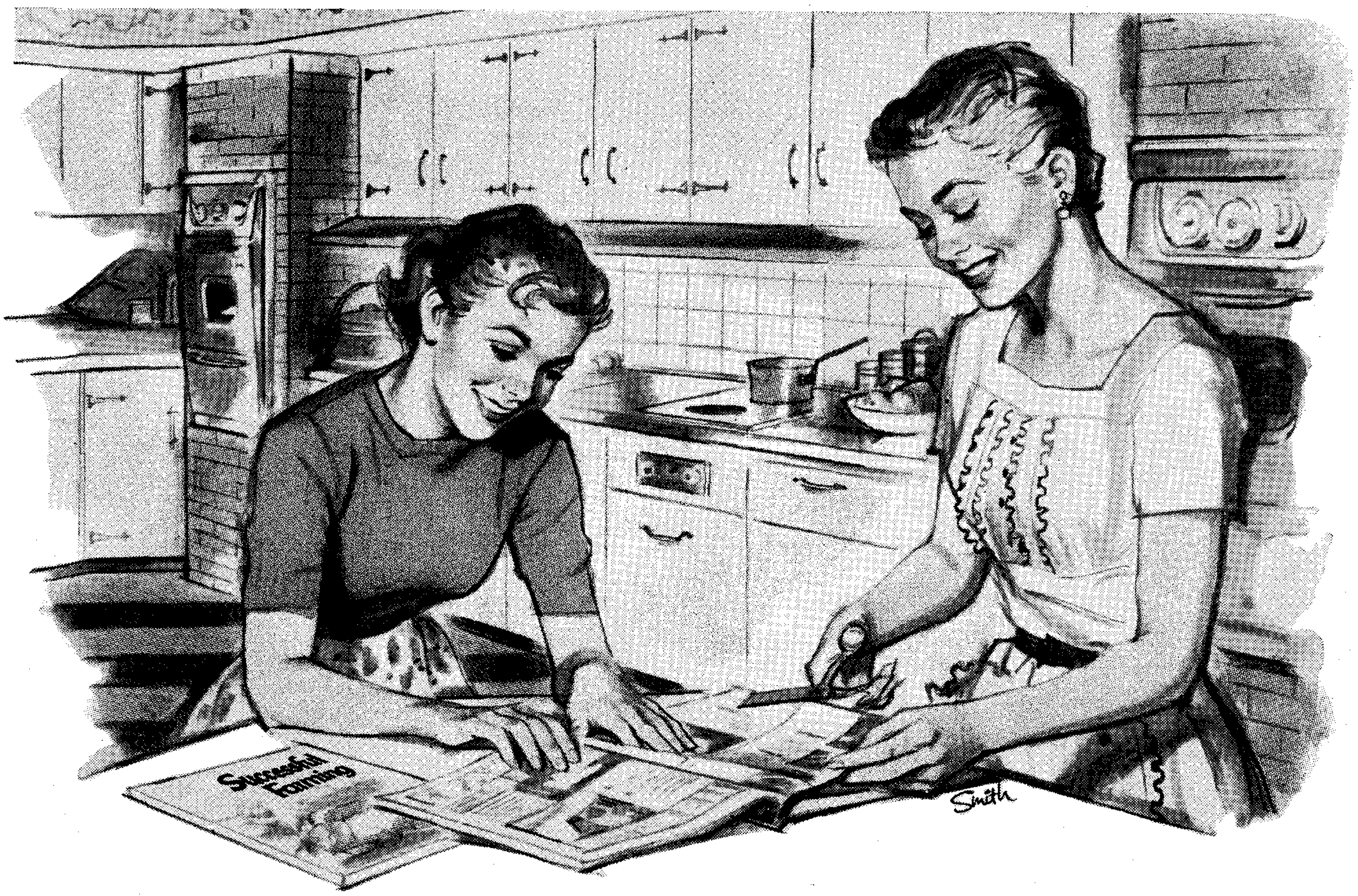
1ST GENERAL LEAD CONGRESS
BY UNITED PRESS

WASHINGTON, JUNE 14.—(UP)—SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY GEORGE M. HUMPHREY TOLD CONGRESS TODAY A TAX CUT IS AT LEAST A YEAR AGO.—*U.P. news dispatch.*

The same old story.



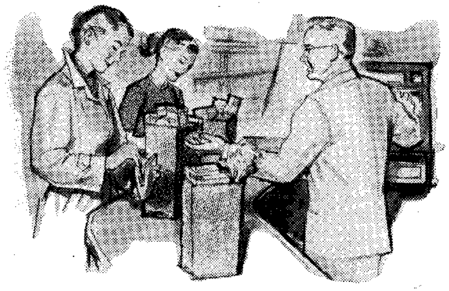
Cordon bleu, with scissors...

Her day starts early. Breakfast is not a coffee break but a big deal—fruits or juices, hot or cold cereals, meat, eggs, hotcakes, rolls, breads, preserves—solid provender for active outdoor people. And lunches must be packed before the children leave for the school bus.

Her family is larger, eats more, eats more at home, than the average US family. And the planning, purchase and preparation of food is a major interest of the homemaker in the Successful Farming family. One measure of that interest was disclosed in the readership surveys made from September 1954 through March 1956.

With the average interview time 2½ weeks after the delivery date of the magazine, an average of 276,000 women in SF homes had clipped the recipe pages from each issue of Successful Farming; and an average of 394,000 women still intended to clip them.

In brief, *an average 51% of SF's over 1,300,000 subscribers, either had clipped or intended to clip SF recipe pages.* Another interest index is that SF ranked fourth in recipes published, and eleventh in total editorial lines devoted to food—among all magazines in 1956!



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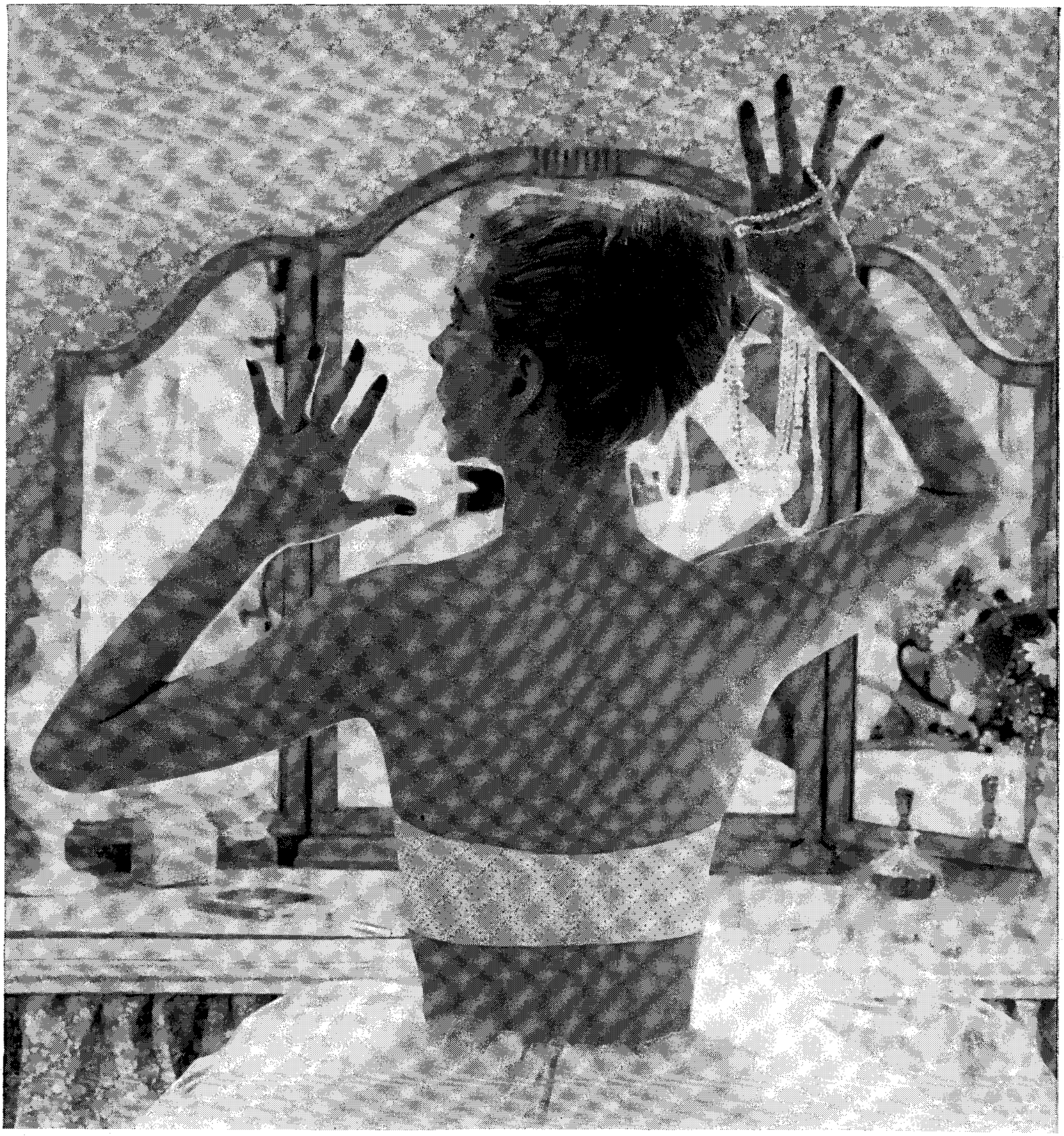
LETTER FROM PARIS

June 18

ANYONE who has been absent from Paris for six months and has just returned finds France in practically the same situations she was in last December (except that, unfortunately, they seem worsened by solidification or repetition)—finds the same draining of blood, morale, and especially money into the continuing Algerian war, which last year's government prophesied would be won by last autumn, and finds, indeed, practically the same government, since the new one set up last week by Radical Socialist Maurice Bourgès-Maunoury is regarded by all as a hand-me-down copy of Socialist Guy Mollet's preceding government, the only difference being that this one is so feeble it cannot possibly live as long and will doubtless die by summer's end, maybe sooner. To make the verisimilitude painfully perfect, the incoming American traveller, in full tourist season, will also find the French Line ships, such as the elegant, elderly Ile-de-France and the giant Liberté, tied up like houseboats at the docks of Le Havre because of a strike, just the way the line's boats were tied up before Christmas in the same kind of strike. Paris newspapers, perhaps through mixed embarrassment and national pride, have relegated this news to their back pages. Yet it is the most important, if unwelcome, news of the week for French shop- and hotelkeepers, and even for the new Minister of Finance. Any interruption in the incoming crop of American tourists obviously means a cut in that richest financial harvest of all just at a moment when the French state, facing an extremely acute monetary crisis, is already borrowing against the Banque de France's gold reserve; has been forced to restore import quotas on goods bought from the member nations of the Organization for European Economic Coöperation, in order to help close the foreign-exchange leak that has been sapping France's economy; possesses the biggest dollar deficit of any member of the European Payments Union; and is literally in need of every red Indian cent she can garner. The Havre strike is of the new type, in that it is not a strike of the common seamen but of the marine gentry—the engineer officers, who are demanding a pay increase of from ten to fifteen per cent, which would make their chief's salary equal to that of the ship's captain himself, in an imbalance of authority, privilege, and reward never before heard of since men first took to the sea in ships. As may be recalled by passengers immobilized aboard the Flandre at Le Havre in last December's strike, the striking engineers then described their demand as "a new philosophy of the modern sea," according to which the highly educated technicians necessary for the operation of the complex machines that nowadays make boats go appear to have taken over the arcane mystique of Aeolus and his winds, as masters of power. They explained that they regard seagoing today as a responsibility divided in two—half to their chief below deck, seeing to the boat's mechanized innards, and the other half to the captain above deck. This would seem to leave a French marine commandant merely the captain of his soul, rather than of his ship.

THOUGH Bourgès-Maunoury's government is called a stand-in for Mollet's government, both could properly be called Robert Lacoste's government, he figuring in each as the all-powerful Resident Minister in Algeria, the dominating chief of the Algerian war policy. Amid France's present high industrial prosperity and unprecedented commercial expansion, the war, which is costing a billion francs a day, has been the plague bleeding the French economy white. To pump up new financial blood, Bourgès-Maunoury will immediately ask Parliament for, and doubtless obtain, the high new emergency taxes that, when Mollet asked for them, led to his downfall. These will feature a ten-per-cent increase in corporation taxes, a jump in postal, telephone, and telegraph rates, an increase to twenty-five per cent in the sales tax on luxury goods, and an alarming boost in the price of gasoline. French gas at the present seventy-six francs a litre is already dearer than the gas of any other European country. The proposed new price of ninety francs would make it equivalent to almost a dollar a gallon. Bourgès-Maunoury will also free gas from ticket rationing, which France alone has maintained ever since the French and English invasion of Suez. The first French ship since that fiasco and France's subsequent boycott of the Canal is about to pass through the waterway, her toll to be paid in sterling directly to Nasser's Canal administration, which refuses francs—a double, bitter piece of humble pie for France. Ironically enough, Bourgès-Maunoury, as Minister of National Defense in the Mollet Cabinet, was *l'homme de Suez* last autumn, the political leader of that ill-fated adventure. The only novelty in his new Cabinet is a Minister of the Sahara (also a Mollet idea), who is considered necessary because of France's belated recent discovery of rich Saharan oil deposits at Edjele, Hassi Messaoud, and Ouargla. They are all in Algeria, which only intensifies the dominance of the Algerian question politically, economically, psychologically, ethnically, and morally.

Unfortunately, Lacoste has taken such a harshly repressive Ministerial stand against certain journalists and their writings—among them Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, of *L'Express*, whom he caused to be prosecuted



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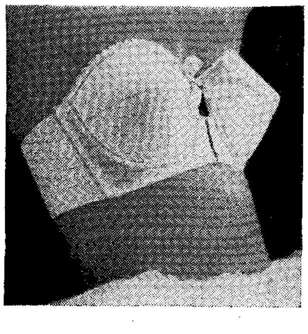

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as a demoralizer of the French war aim—that few clear reports, criticisms, or analyses of the realities of the Algerian problem have been printed until this week, when a small brochure called "La Tragédie Algérienne" appeared. It is from the pen of Raymond Aron, the brilliant, nonpolitical staff writer for the conservative *Figaro*—which immediately expressed its disagreement with his booklet. He opens by quoting Montesquieu's austere words: "Every citizen is obliged to die for his country but not to lie for it." He then tells what many Frenchmen either fear or hope has long been the truth—that it is to France's interest to give up Algeria and recognize what he calls "Algeria's vocation for independence," and that it is better to deal now with the rebels of the National Liberation Front than to try to exterminate its men by the hundreds of thousands in a so-called war of pacification and then deal amiably with the remains of the population. Recognizing that France feels she is also fighting for her national honor, he points out that "the maintenance of unconditional French sovereignty is impossible," because it is seeking to break the will of another people. He concedes that the examples given by Tunisia and Morocco since their independence "are not encouraging," but maintains that "to send an army of four hundred thousand into Algeria is senseless" after freedom has been accorded to the two other North African French holdings, and that there should be a logical policy to cover all three. Since Saharan oil offers the first bright economic prospect Algeria has ever had, though it can hardly offset the country's "barren underdevelopment by the French," he says, "the richer the Sahara, the more necessary it is to come to an understanding with the Algerians." He adds, "The best way for France to lose the Saharan oil is to want to keep it for herself."

To those who declare that the end of French Algeria is the end of France as well, Aron retorts that even in peacetime Algeria was only an economic burden on France, and certainly not a trade or industrial outlet worth fighting about. As for the few million white Algerian French citizens, who the diehards declare must not be abandoned, he asserts that they are not a population capable of being self-sufficient without Moslem workers. "Can the French minority remain under an Algerian republic?" he asks, and replies, "No one can answer categorically yes or no, but even the cost of painfully repatriating them would be less than the

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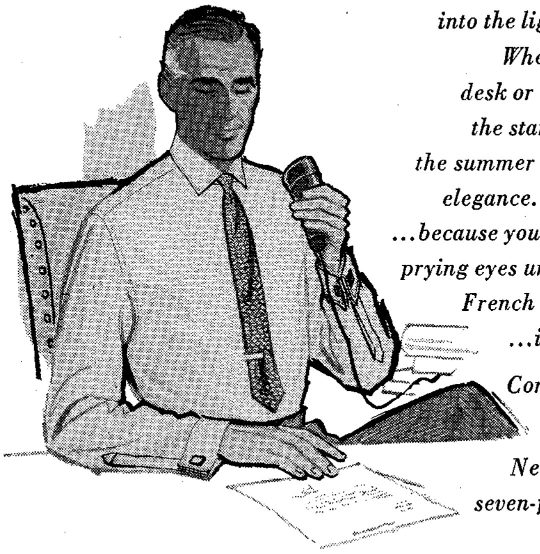
cost of an endless tragic war." Then, getting down to Algeria's future, he says clearly, "Establishing a constitution for an Algerian state is an uneasy operation, and nobody can guarantee its success. But today the choice is between evils. It is by refusing the theory of Algerian independence that we impede a federal or confederated solution—a solution perhaps excluded only by our fear of such words." His solemn final lines are "The nationalist demands, with their mélange of religious and racial fanaticism, of Western ideology of self-government, and of the aspiration of humanity toward equality, are a fact that cannot be ignored without a catastrophe. The grandeur of power is something that France no longer possesses, can no longer possess."

THE afternoon auction last week in the grandiose Galerie Charpentier of the collection of forty-five French canvases belonging to the late Mrs. Margaret Thompson Biddle, who, before her sudden death last year, had long lived as a distinguished, very wealthy American Francophile in her exquisite Directoire mansion in the Rue Las Cases, becomingly achieved the richest prices—millions of francs beyond the wildest surmises—of any sale of a single private art collection ever held in France. On a suffocatingly hot day, it attracted a crowd of two thousand people, including the cream of French society, such as the Baronne Guy de Rothschild and the Duc de Talleyrand. Such fine auctions always bring out fine French ladies, as attentive to fashions in art as to fashions in clothes, and there they sat stewing, elegantly dressed and appreciating both art and couture in an almost brutally exciting scene. When Mrs. Biddle's superb 1901 Gauguin, "Still-Life with Apples"—the general style, and especially the tablecloth, as blue as if by Cézanne, then still alive and influencing Gauguin—hurdled the forty-five-million-franc mark, regarded as the limit it might fetch, and, in jumps of a million francs a bid, rapidly touched a hundred million, the spectators rose to applaud. The canvas was quickly finished off for a hundred and four million francs, or $297,142—presumably the highest price ever paid anywhere for a modern canvas. One feels that Mrs. Biddle would have enjoyed knowing this before her death, since during life she knew so many important things about France—governmental, diplomatic, political, and social. The new art bidders who attended this prize auction,



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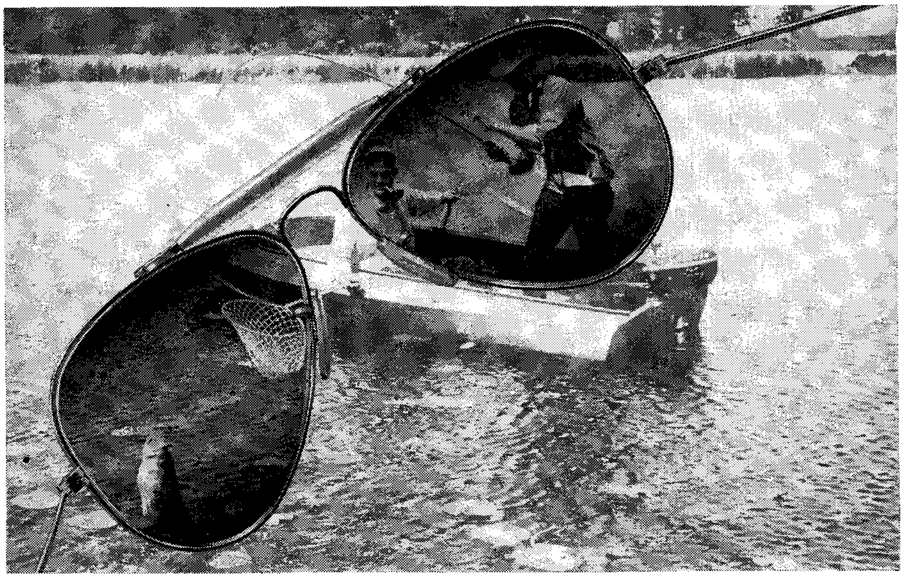

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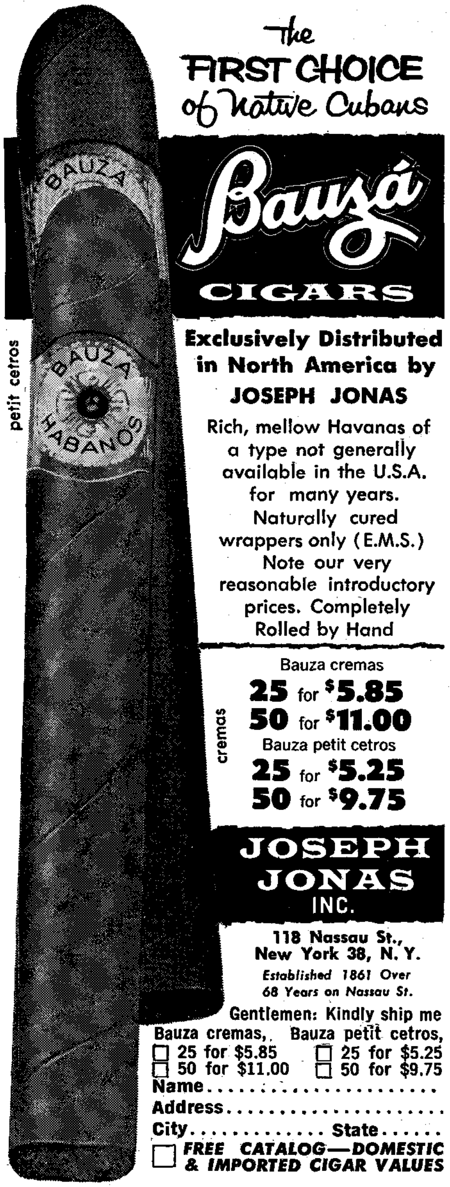

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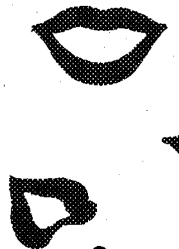

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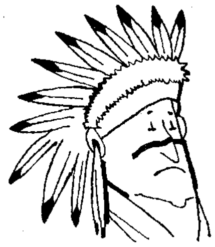
which realized the equivalent of $874,285, were worth noting. A Greek-American shipping magnate, Basil Goulandris, who already owned a Greco and a Cézanne as starters, captured the great Gauguin, for which the art merchant Ambroise Vollard paid Gauguin his regular *prix fixe* of two hundred francs, then forty dollars—"and at that he robbed me," Vollard complained. The rich movie crowd also bid and bought. The director Anatole Litvak purchased two warriors by Delacroix, and Henri-Georges Clouzot, director of "Les Diaboliques," bought the Daumier sketch for "The Third-Class Carriage."

Mrs. Biddle's stunning silver-gilt table service—massive platters, plates, sauceboats, spoons, forks, and so on—was willed to the United States government, for the White House. The auction receipts will be turned over to her foundation for scientific and medical research—especially, or so she always said to friends, for the study of cancer.

LAST year, an unknown young comedian named Jacques Duby turned up at the late Charles Dullin's avant-garde theatre under the trees, the Atelier, in Montmartre, and starred, with a special new quiet style, in a malicious Marcel Aymé whimsey called "Les Oiseaux de Lune," playing a little schoolmaster who turned everybody he didn't like into birds and caged them. Duby is now elaborately clowning there in something difficult to define called "L'Œuf," which carries a deadly sting in its tale. The outstanding Paris hit for originality, it will run all summer, and probably all winter, too. It is the first play from the sharp imagination of Félicien Marceau, who has already written six novels, of which "Les Elans du Cœur" was the winner of the 1955 Prix Interallié. Duby's role is that of Magis, a comically analytical poor fellow—"a moth-eaten Descartes of today," as the novelist Jean Dutourd has called him—who has a dangerous mania for the truth. The egg is life itself, which Magis finds shut off from his penetration by the hard shell of lies, hypocrisy, and clichés that people have set up to protect themselves from contact with the rich yolk of truthful experience. The action, involving thirty-three characters, proceeds in brief flashback scenes, played on three cheap little turntable sets that revolve at the sides and back of the bare, curtainless stage. Magis' attack on the egg leads him, through the law of clichés, into the inglorious arms of an old maid, then into marriage with a friend's oldest daughter when he



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wanted the youngest, then into a well-paid government job, which consists of false work, then to a return to his prenuptial, red-haired working-class mistress (with his amorous interludes always interrupting her ironing), then to increasingly desperate loneliness as his wife cuckolds him with a returned soldier she has always loved, whom Magis promptly blackmails for big money—the truth being that illicit love invariably costs high, one way or another. At the end of Act I, the spectators wonder what will be the end of Act II. Maddened by believing that even the law does not know the truth when it sees it, the paranoiac Magis, through a diabolical ruse, safely shoots his wife with the revolver of the ex-soldier—who, sure enough, is in court being convicted of his mistress's murder at the play's finale. Duby, a first-rate, gifted young actor, plays Magis as a capering crackpot—an interpretation that, though sometimes tiresome to watch, helps make "The Egg" enormously funny and adds to its sense of unbridled travesty. The play as shown here probably could not be given in New York—a pity, since it is a fascinating, disquieting, and intelligent new piece of satiric theatrical French goods.

—GENÊT

•

THE MARAUDERS

Being death's foe, I can't make use
Of death to quell the rabbits; therefore,
They girdle saplings and reduce
To shreds the plantings I most care for.

They spurn the weeds, they shun the burs,
And, as though versed in catalogues,
Choose but the best, these connoisseurs,
Scornful of men, alert to dogs.

At night my headlights pick them out
Bold in the field, of every size
From buck to baby. When I shout,
They hop an inch in pained surprise.

With time, small things grow larger. Doom
Speaks from the dead rose on the lattice;
By night the dancing rabbits loom
Sub specie aeternitatis.

—ROBERT HILLYER

•

James Glover, son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Glover, gave the Gettysburg Address at the Memorial Day service on Sunday. He is a student in the Huntington School and was given the wrong parents.—*Ansonia (Conn.) Sentinel.*

What child wasn't?

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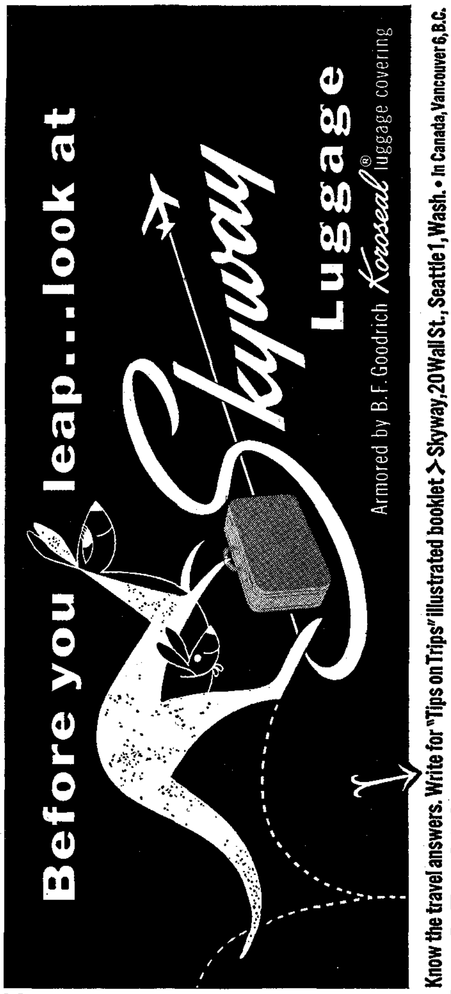

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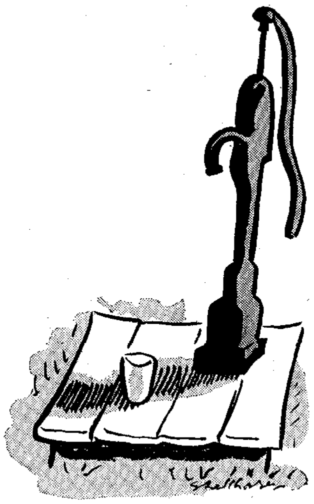
MY LIFE AS AN IMPORTER

IT is not often that one gets a chance to experience at first hand the inner workings of an arcane business, which is what the import-export trade has always—until recently—been to me. My opportunity arose unexpectedly the other morning when I fished a letter from the Bureau of Customs, down at Bowling Green, out of my suburban post-office box. The letter was headed "ORIGINAL—Notification to Consignee (Addressee) of Mail Importation to Make Formal Entry (In Lieu of Bill of Lading)." It informed me that a shipment comprising one package of woollen wearing apparel with a declared value of over two hundred and fifty dollars had been sent to me by Davies & Son, London, W.1. I knew what the shipment was. Now and then, I have had a suit made by that firm, and when its representative was over here last winter, I went on a wild sartorial fling and ordered two suits at once. From the valuation put on my consignment, I concluded that both suits had been dispatched in a single box. What puzzled me was that on previous occasions I had been able to claim my clothes simply by paying my own postmaster the duty—usually around thirty-five dollars a suit. I had no idea what had happened this time, but I was anxious to get at, and into, my new apparel, and, being on my way to the city, I decided that when I got there I would go straight down to Bowling Green and find out.

Once I had reached town, it occurred to me that customs might be less agreeable than my local postmaster about accepting personal checks, so I went first of all to my bank, and fortified myself with seventy-five dollars in cash. I was about to board a subway for Bowling Green when I took another look at my letter. "To meet customs requirements," it said, "this notice (in lieu of bill of lading) together with invoice and other related papers, should be presented at Entry Division, Custom House, Bowling Green, New York City (after arrival of the shipment) by the addressee (consignee) or his duly authorized agent or transferee. If you are not familiar with customs requirements, write or telephone the customs officer of the address indicated before proceeding to the customhouse. This may save time and expense on your part."

Eager to save both, I went into a phone booth, called the Custom House, and was connected with—I suppose—a customs officer, to whom I explained my situation. "You got your invoice?" he asked, and I said that, not yet having been billed by my tailor, I had no papers at all beyond my "Notification to Consignee (Addressee)." He sighed, not unsympathetically, and asked if my notice had "Morgan Annex" stamped on it. It had. "Then you got to go there," he said. "Ninth Avenue and Thirtieth Street." By this time, it was ten o'clock. I had a lunch date on the East Side at twelve-thirty. I set out hurriedly for the Morgan Annex.

At the Annex, which turned out to be an adjunct of the main post office, I was sent to Room 503, where a clerk at a desk turned me over to another man, who led me into an enormous, fenced-in storage area piled high with crates and packages. "Wait there," my escort said, pointing toward a stand-up desk with a ball of twine on top of it.



I complied, the man went away, and in a jiffy he returned and handed me my parcel from London. He also handed me a wicked-looking knife. "Open the package and see if you can find an invoice," he commanded. I slashed the wrapping paper loose, reached under the box lid, and quickly found an invoice nestling on a sheet of tissue paper that covered my suits. I was about to pull one of the suits out and look at it when the man said, "O.K., tie her up again."

I tied her up, but in rather slipshod fashion. The man expressed dismay at my slovenliness, but I assured him it didn't matter; I'd be carrying the suits to my office in a cab, I explained, and the box would hold together. "You're not carrying them anywhere yet," he said. "I'll retie it myself. Go on back to the desk clerk."

I conveyed my invoice to the clerk, and took out my wallet. He asked what I was doing that for, and I said I wanted to pay the duty and get my suits. "Oh, you have to get an entry permit first," he said. "Go to Room 118 at Bowling Green." And as I backed off, he called cheerfully, "Better post bond while you're there. It'll save you time."

I LEFT the Morgan Annex, hailed a cab, and accepted the driver's suggestion that we take the West Side Highway to save time. (I had already abandoned all hope of saving expense.) At Room 118, on the main floor of the massive Custom House, I presented my letter and invoice to a clerk. "You make entry over there," he said, pointing toward a desk where an official was seated, talking to a couple of men. I went there. As nearly as I could figure out, the official was telling the men that however tolerant the United States Customs might be of human frailty, it did not yet stand ready to go along with listing a boatload of umbrellas as chinaware.

Presently, his auditors slunk away, abashed, and he turned to me. "Sit down," he said. "You got a couple of hours of paperwork ahead of you." I asked how it could possibly take that long to redeem two suits. "Brother, it isn't a question of two suits any more," he said. "You might just as well have ordered a ton of jute. You get anything in one lot that's worth over two hundred and fifty dollars, you're in the import business. You're going to have four places to go upstairs after you finish here. Of course, if you don't want to bother, you can always engage a customs broker."

I sat down. I have enough brokers already—insurance, investment, real-estate, theatre-ticket, whatnot—and I decided that if I was going to have to be in the import business, I might as well learn it from the ground floor up.

For half an hour, while I waited, the man methodically filled out forms on my behalf, the principal ones being an "Entry Record Receipt Missing Documents" and a "Consumption Entry." I looked at my watch, and saw that it was nearly noon. He asked me if I was hungry, and I said I had a lunch date and perhaps had better postpone importing my suits. "Oh, don't do that," he said amiably. "You can fill out the rest of these forms yourself and bring them back this afternoon. Don't get here after four."

My lunch appointment was with a man who insisted on telling me, in detail, how he and some neighbors had formed a small combine to import their

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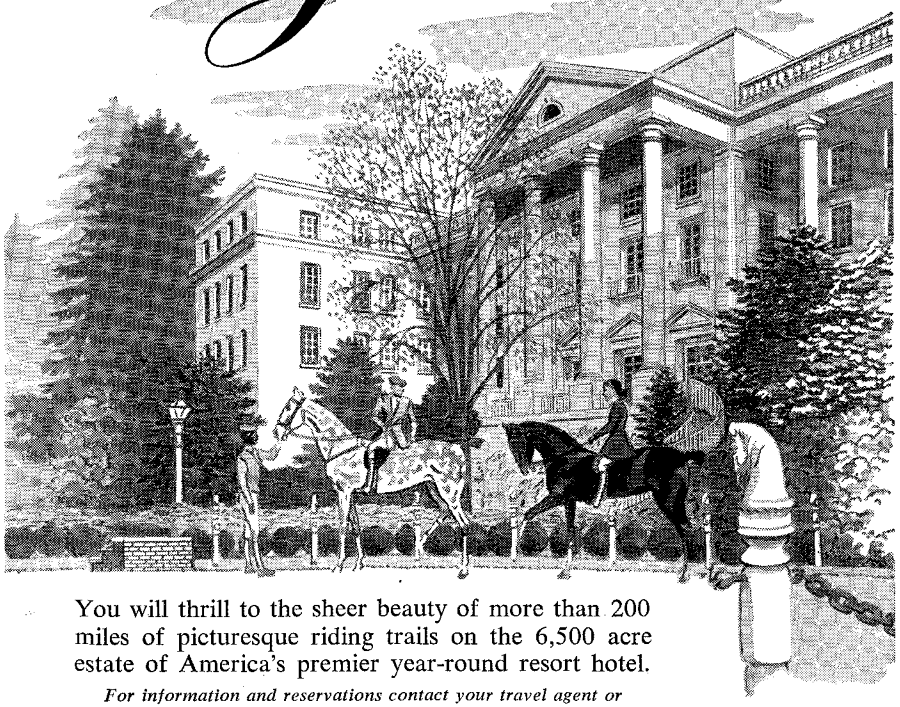

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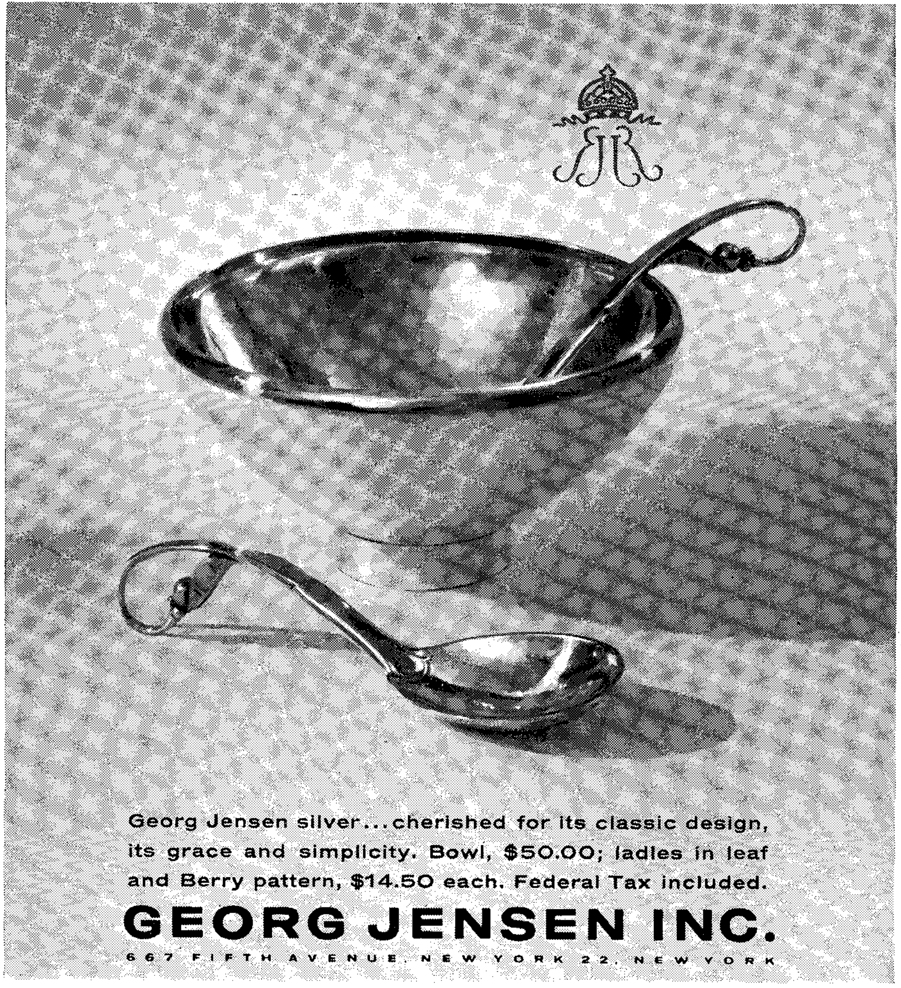

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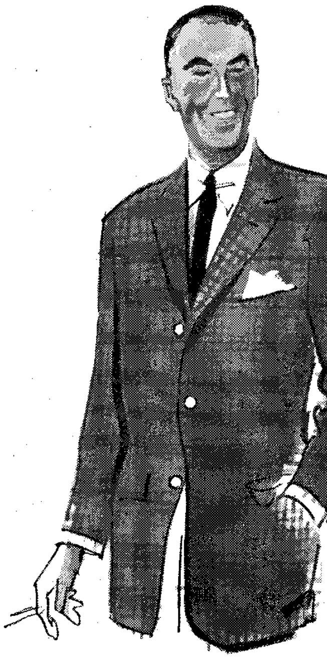

Dunhill's new 19-ounce jacket of British Viyella flannel

Every man who's ever sweltered in tweeds, heavy linen, or hot silk will welcome this practically weightless jacket like a two-for-one split in his favorite stock. World-famous Viyella is woven of fine lambs wool and Egyptian long-staple cotton, achieving a smartness no synthetic can even approach. The cut and tailoring are pure Dunhill. Wide range of colors and patterns. You can order by mail . . . so may we send you samples? Price, $57.50 and $60.

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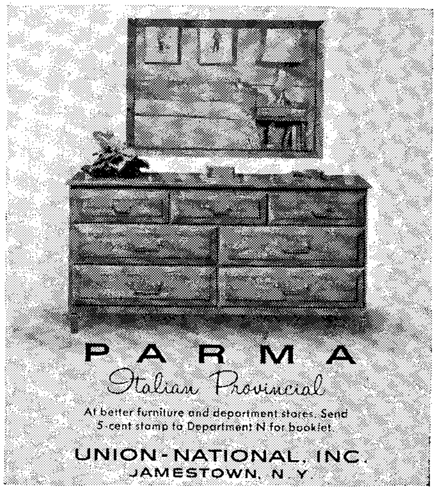

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own French wines, and thus avoid the retailers' markup. He said that the ringleader of this vinous mob had told him there was really nothing to it. As soon as I could, I wished him Godspeed, excused myself, and repaired to my office, where I spent the next hour filling out forms, such as a declaration of consignee, or agent, for merchandise obtained in pursuance of a purchase or agreement to purchase. In the course of all this, I found myself airily referring to myself—following the example of my man in Room 118—as an Importer of Record, Commercial, who had a Single Entry consisting of eight pounds, net quantity, of Schedule A Units, under Paragraph 1115 (a). Commodity Number 3640.100.

AT three o'clock, I was back in Room 118, Custom House, where my friend greeted me warmly and nodded approvingly as he read through my sheaf of papers and rubber-stamped each of them three or four times. "You should have bought only one suit," he said pleasantly. We both laughed, he somewhat less shrilly than I, and then, on the blank side of a square of scratch paper that had been cut from some mimeographed sheet, he scribbled a list of instructions for me:

(1) Mr. Brady or Mr. Sheridan for Bond in corridor outside Room 248, opposite Window 1.
(2) Bond Desk, Window 7, 8, or 9. Room 248.
(3) Window 1, Room 248. Wait for Papers.
(4) Cashier's Office, Room 217.
(5) Return to Room 118.

Clutching, among my other documents, a new form, "Immediate Delivery and Consumption Entry Bond (Single Entry)," I headed upstairs. In a crowded corridor, near a sign that said "Lodging Consumption and Warehouse Entries," I found both Mr. Brady *and* Mr. Sheridan, who, as representatives of the Seaboard Surety Company, issued me a four-hundred-dollar bond—conceivably the smallest sum they traffic in—on payment of a dollar and a half. (Certainly that sum was too puny for them, because they could not change a five-dollar bill. I got change by momentarily arresting the headlong flight of one of several dozen men, possibly customs brokers, who were running up and down the corridor in a kind of bureaucratic relay race, passing documents back and forth like batons.) Leaving Mr. Brady and Mr. Sheridan, I went on to Window 7, where a clerk took away all my papers and gave me a slip with a six-digit num-

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Mister Mustard *says:* "Keep me cold and I'll STAY HOT!"

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ber written on it (I have since forgotten what it was), which he said would identify *my* number. I asked him what my number was, and he pointed pityingly to "927686," which I then perceived, for the first time, had been profusely stamped on all my papers. I vowed never to forget it, and moved—or, rather, was shoved—out of line. Everybody seemed to be in a terrible hurry.

Window 1 reminded me of my post office back home—a tiny, grilled aperture surrounded by individual, locked boxes. As I approached it, men were rushing up, unlocking their boxes, scooping out papers, and dashing away—all timesavers, all, I surmised, customs brokers. I've never seen such an agitated bunch. Feeling like a summer tenant who has to ask for his mail at the window because he doesn't have a box of his own, I stepped up and gave my identifying number.

A few minutes later, a voice behind the window cried out "E.J.!" and—pleased at this informal, if not downright intimate, touch—I grabbed the papers that the owner of the voice was thrusting at me through the bars, and strode briskly away toward the cashier's office. But I strode right back after a teller there had glanced at my papers and said scornfully, "You only have a permit. You haven't made entry." I got back to Window 1 in time to hear a voice calling out, "Six—eight—six!" This turned out to be another local nickname for me, and presently I got some more papers, signifying that I had now somehow made entry.

From there on, it was a relative cinch. Oh, I was held up for a while at the cashier's office because I didn't have in exact change the seventy-two dollars and thirty-three cents I owed in duty, but eventually (after filling out a depositor's ticket) I got it, and persuaded a teller to accept my money. Then I returned to Room 118, where I dropped all the papers I had on my mentor's desk. "Hey, you got *two* receipts for duty!" he said admiringly. "You're very lucky. Now you can go back to the Morgan Annex."

At the familiar old Annex, I turned in one of my receipts and asked if I could now have my suits. "No," said the man on duty. "They haven't been inspected by customs yet. Call us in two or three days."

FIVE days later, I got the suits. The box they were in had been stoutly trussed with copper wire, and I had to pay fifteen cents in postage due for "customs clearance and delivery." I could see that it was just as well I had finally managed to make entry; if I hadn't, there is no telling what might have happened. On the parcel were two printed labels, evidently the handiwork of British customs, one label saying that the merchandise therein should be returned to the sender if undeliverable, the other saying that once the merchandise had been mailed, it "*may in no circumstances be returned to the sender.*" (Italics theirs, or at any rate not mine.)

There you have it, and if anybody has a couple of carloads of dutiable merchandise en route and wants to dispense with the services of a broker, I know the importing routine. I think it only fair to point out, though, that I have no intention of getting mixed up in the export business as well. As I was leaving Room 118 at Bowling Green, my buddy there suggested jovially that I stop in someday and let him see how one of the suits looked on me. When I replied politely that I might, if I didn't have to return them to England for alterations, his mood sobered. "You better not have to," he said, "because if you do, it'll have to be done through here." Who cares if the shoulders ride high?

—E. J. KAHN, JR.
ADDRESSEE (CONSIGNEE) 927686

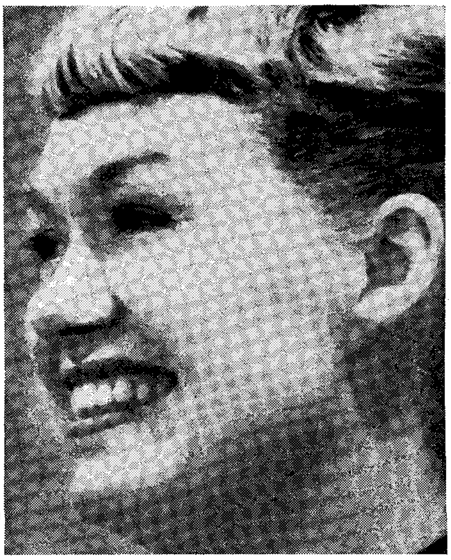
• •

THE MEADOW

I never go by the meadow in flag and feather
Of June rising but, passing, I remember
The feel of the deep grass on a day my sorrow
Ran dark and thick among the heads of clover,
A cloud of blood between me and the meadow.

I have forgotten the face of that old sorrow
Graved long ago and bedded under the meadow,
Yet pass by the place faster in prime of summer
For what may hide under the roots of yarrow,
What may rise to shatter the grass feather.

—JOYCE HORNER



'June, Fair and Warmer'

Cool-singer June Christy's new album ("June, Fair and Warmer") shows another side of her great talent—a light-hearted warmth, a brisker-than-usual pace, a sunny musical outlook. An inspired choice of ballads—romantic, wonderful songs airily arranged by Pete Rugolo.

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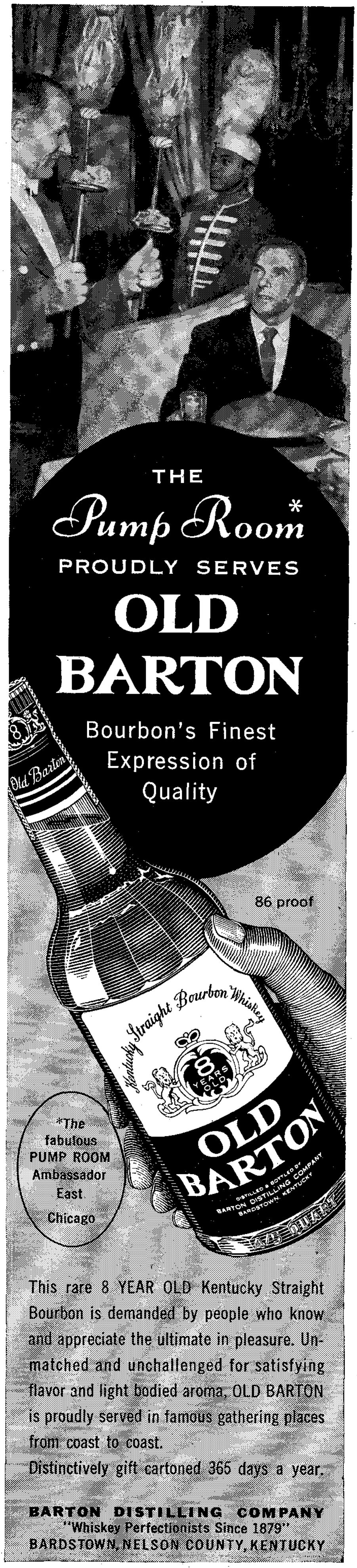
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Small Rovers

THE chase, so dear to the hearts of movie buffs like me, starts early in the film called "The Happy Road," which was produced and directed by Gene Kelly, and in which he figures as one of the principal characters. Mr. Kelly has latched on to a sound (indeed, indestructible) idea for keeping a film in motion, but the script he has to work from (the creation of Harry Kurnitz, in collaboration with Arthur Julian and Joseph Morhaim) is so full of pat situations and arch and repetitive dialogue as to make any persuasive interpretation of it impossible, even though the hero and his associates are all ingratiating people.

Now for the plot: Mr. Kelly is an American businessman, crazy about efficiency and all that, who, while setting up a firm in Paris, has to interrupt his manipulations to light out for a school in Switzerland from which his ten-year-old son has fled in company with a small female French classmate. The businessman is a widower, and the mother of his son's pal is a divorcée, and they make common cause in tracking down their renegade offspring. As the chase, or sentimental journey, progresses, the children are helped out by all kinds of friendly folk. Meanwhile, their parents, tootling about on motorbikes, get to bickering foolishly on the subject of the national habits of the Americans and the French. It is made clear, over and over again, that the little ones have a better notion of how to achieve peace on earth than any of their elders, and the boy is constantly giving voice to large ideas about how nice the world would be if there weren't any frontiers. There can be no doubt that the sentiments expressed by these children are laudable, but wisdom out of the mouths of babes becomes a bit tiresome when, after making a point, the small fry go right ahead and make it all over again. Despite this sort of monotony, however, the picture offers some handsome views of the French countryside (it was shot in France), and is bolstered by a droll scene in which Michael Redgrave, as a NATO commander on maneuvers, attempts in Blimpish style to find the two children, who have wandered into his preserve. His portrait of a hidebound military man is broad, but it's quite funny, all the same. As the children in the piece, Bobby Clark and Brigitte Fossey are endearing most of the time; it's only when Master Clark expounds ideas a little too large for his small head, with Brigitte listening avidly, that they become unlikely. Mr. Kelly, of course, is a fine actor, and so is Barbara Laage, who plays the divorcée, but they can't get around the dialogue they have to work with, which is preposterously ill-tempered. In the long run, you'll be happy to hear, Mr. Kelly realizes that there's a lot to be said for relaxation as practiced in France, and Miss Laage realizes that there's a lot to be said for Mr. Kelly.

IN "Stella," a Greek film, a sulphurous blonde named Melina Mercouri raises all kinds of hell as she stampedes through a script designed to demonstrate how a night-club entertainer in Athens gets her comeuppance after a career devoted to driving men mad. Miss Mercouri, we are led to believe, doesn't mind surrendering to her lovers, but she gets furious with them if they try to trap her into marriage. Two of her boy friends are on view—one a polite, well-born sort, and the other a soccer player of considerable muscularity. Both are emotional types, but they look tranquil compared with Miss Mercouri, a girl who really knows how to put a hammer lock on a beloved. I don't know whether there's a word for this nonsense in Athenian cabaret circles, but I guess "hokum" will do here.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

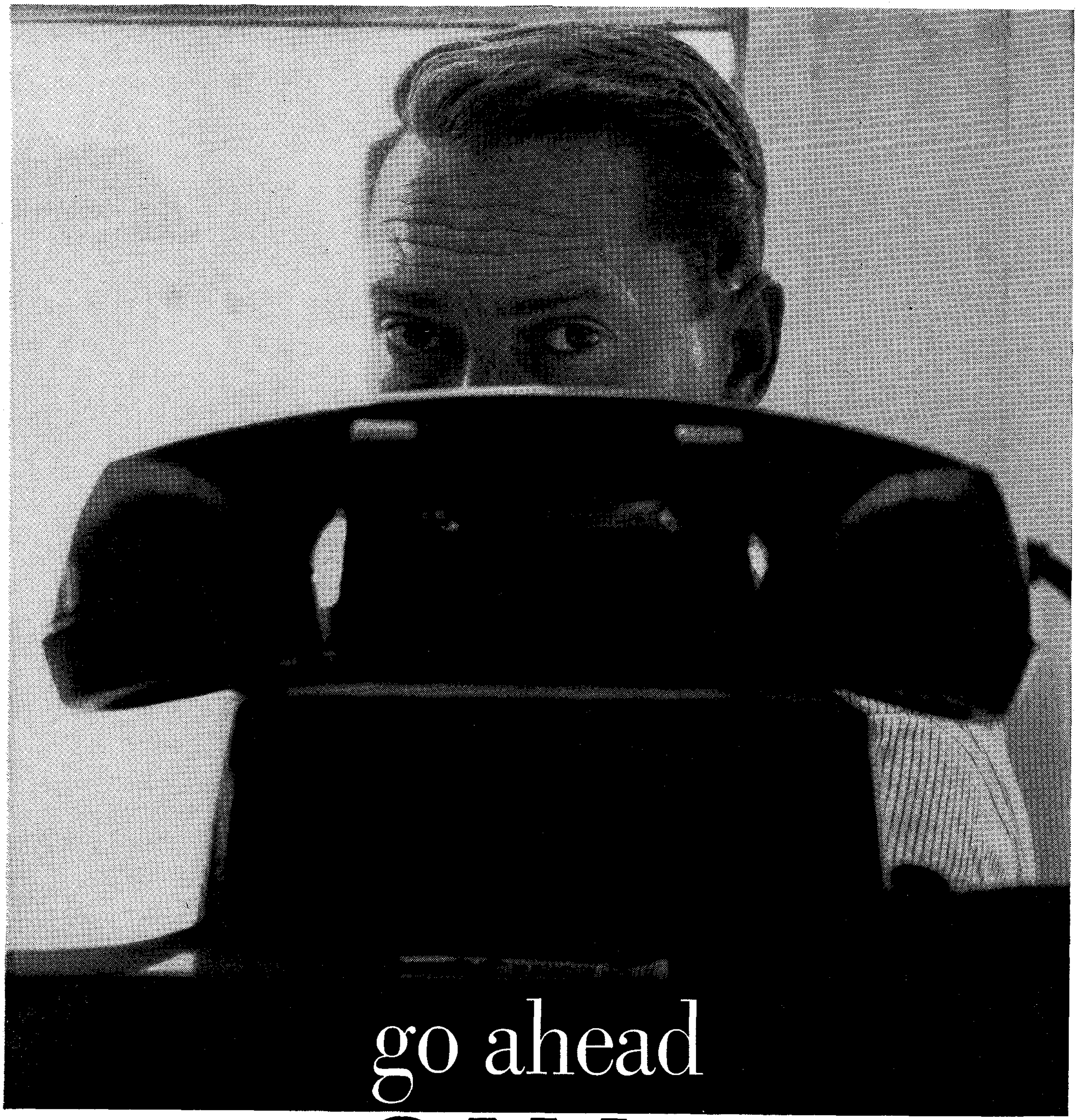
> The annual Spring Concert of the Wheeler Avenue School District 13, was presented on May 10 at the Wheeler Auditorium.
>
> Under the able direction of Miss Lorraine Hoskin and Mrs. Ruth Menrad for the chorus and Mr. Charles Meyer for the orchestral and band pieces the students rendered many selections. Jill Chaiter and Orrin Gould gave violin solos and Chaire O'Keefe sang a solo from The Imba OOmba Tree. Kenneth Newrock was outstanding in a white shirt.—*Valley Stream (L.I.) Ledger.*

We all have our little moments.

•

TODAY'S BEST LAUGH: It's been so hot in New York, gasps Rusty Draper, that —*A paragraph, reprinted in its entirety, from Earl Wilson's column in the Post.*

. . . the linotypists have been quitting early.



CALL!

the fastest cure for worry about cancer: a call to your doctor now!

Scared? You shouldn't be! Look at it this way. The average man who walks into the doctor's office walks out floating. That lump that was so frightening . . . nothing to worry about at all! The sky's bluer, the air's sweeter, it's a great big beautiful day . . . because he picked up that phone and called!

It happens all the time. It can happen to *you.* "Sure," you say, "but just supposing". . . OK. Let's look at the facts. In past years, we were saving 1 out of 4 cancer patients. Today, we're saving 1 in 3. And the odds could get better still . . . if *people would call their doctors in time!*

So go ahead...call. See your doctor now. And after your checkup—how about a check for the American Cancer Society? Every dollar sends us further along the road to cure. And when *that* happens . . . it's going to be a wonderful day for us all! Send your check to "Cancer" in care of your local Post Office.

BOOKS

The Ultimate Nightmare Country

SINCE 1946, a phalanx of military historians has been bravely digging through more than seventeen thousand tons of documents, extracting material for a monumental project entitled the "United States Army in World War II," which is being published piecemeal by the Office of the Chief of Military History of the Department of the Army. This series, which will eventually comprise anywhere from eighty to a hundred volumes, is the Army's official recapitulation of the war, and it represents, according to Dr. Kent Roberts Greenfield, the Army's Chief Historian, "the first sustained effort to produce a systematic history of our military services in war." The fact that only thirty-four installments of the work have come out in the twelve years since the war ended probably does not faze the military historians; it was 1949 before the Army's summing up of the *First* World War—a relatively trifling set of seventeen volumes—began to appear.

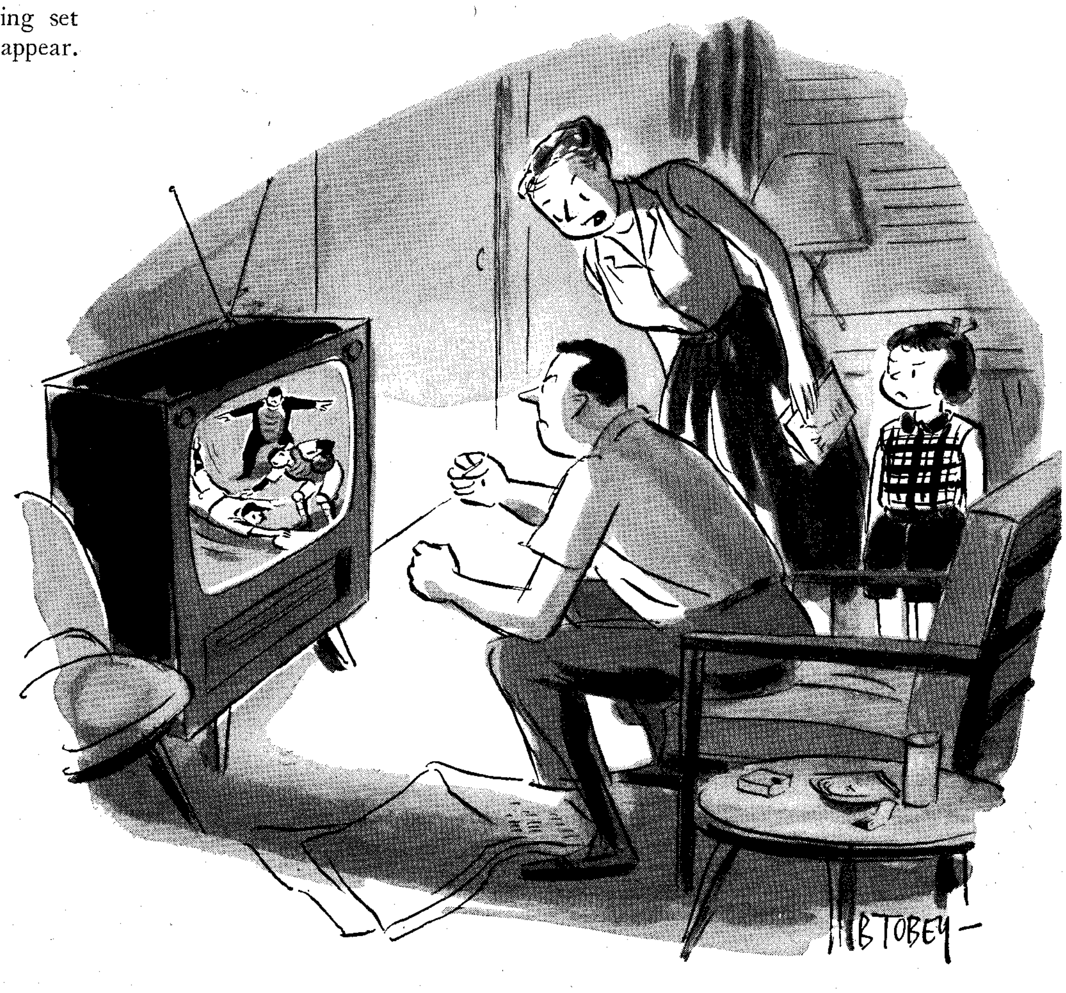
Most of the books in the current series have been, or are to be, devoted to broad themes—whole theatres of operations, or major campaigns involving hundreds of thousands of troops, or the functioning of giant, sprawling service components, such as the Signal or Transportation Corps. Over the last decade, I have glanced at a dozen of these as they were issued. They are sober, solid, comprehensive productions, but hardly likely to win popular favor—if, indeed, to be studied at all outside the classrooms of Benning and Leavenworth—and until recently I had never finished one of them.

The latest volume in the collection, "Victory in Papua," by Samuel Milner, a career military historian now engaged in chronicling the activities of the Air Weather Service, is unusual in that it focusses on a single unit, the 32nd Infantry Division, in a single action, the Battle of Buna. I was, for a while, a member of the 32nd Division during its push on Buna, a tiny village on the north coast of New Guinea, and doubtless partly for that reason I have read "Victory in Papua" all the way through, without even nodding. One's attitude toward the elements of this all-embracing venture in military history depends, it seems, largely on one's own military history.

Because the ground that Milner covers is so limited, he has been able to go into considerable detail. "After twenty-two days of continuous fighting against heavy odds, the 126th Infantry troops [the 126th was one of the division's regiments] in the roadblock had finally been relieved," he writes. "They were dazed, sick, and exhausted, and their feet were in such bad shape that they could scarcely use them. Their spirit, nevertheless, was high." In an appended note, he adds, "As an evidence of that spirit, consider two entries in the journal of Company I. On the 15th, with communications out, food short, and only mud to sleep in, the main entry for the day reads, 'Wentzloff needs a bath.' On the 23rd, the day after the relief, the journal contains this entry: 'Wentzloff finally took a bath.' Alfred R. Wentzloff, it will be remembered, was Company I's 1st sergeant." First sergeants are rarely identified, let alone remembered, in official military histories.

The Army's reason for devoting so much time and text to so small a segment of military annals is outlined by Milner when he reminds us that it was at Buna "that the Allies, for the first time in World War II, encountered and reduced an area fortified and defended in depth by the Japanese," and continues:

> Although the attack was from the landward, and succeeding campaigns generally from the sea, the basic tactical situation was the same—the Allies were attacking and the Japanese were defending an elaborately fortified area. The essential difference was thus not that Buna was a land operation while the succeeding operations were amphibious; it was rather



"We've had all this out before. Extra innings runs into 'The Mickey Mouse Club.'"

that in later campaigns the attacking troops hit the beachhead better prepared and supported, with a variety of tactics and weapons for the speedy reduction of the Japanese positions. In the Buna area, on the other hand, poorly supported Allied infantry attacked again and again in vain; the action took on the aspect of a siege, and starvation was a significant factor in the enemy's final collapse. American conduct of operations was to profit from Buna as from few other campaigns.

The 32nd Division was a National Guard outfit from Michigan and Wisconsin, augmented by draftees like me. Chosen soon after Pearl Harbor for shipment to Northern Ireland, it was moved from a training camp in Louisiana to one in Massachusetts. Then, under the command of Major General Edwin Forrest Harding, a 1909 graduate of West Point, it set out for Australia, instead. It got there in May, 1942, about two months after General MacArthur, the commander of the newly established Southwest Pacific Theatre, had arrived from the Philippines. There was danger that the Australian mainland would be invaded from New Guinea, where the Japanese had a foothold. Early that summer, from their base at Buna, on the north coast of the island, the Japanese sent an expedition over the formidable Owen Stanley Mountains, a ridge across the spine of New Guinea, and it almost got past the few Australians who were trying to prevent it from reaching Port Moresby, the main Allied base on the south coast. But the enemy ran out of supplies and had to withdraw.

MacArthur swiftly planned a counterattack. The infantry forces his General Headquarters picked for this operation consisted principally of the Australian 7th Division and the American 32nd (one of the two American divisions he then had), and he placed them under a headquarters called Allied Land Forces, commanded by the Australian General Sir Thomas Blamey. Blamey also commanded a subsidiary headquarters called the New Guinea Force, and between that and the combat troops was another headquarters, the Advance New Guinea Force, under another Australian, Lieutenant-General Edmund F. Herring. Still another high headquarters organization, Lieutenant General Robert L. Eichelberger's American I Corps, was waiting in the wings. This represented quite a concentration of brass to be looking over the shoulders—if not, indeed, breathing down the necks—of a mere two divisions. The Australian division was assigned to attack Gona, a seaport a few miles west of Buna. The Ameri-

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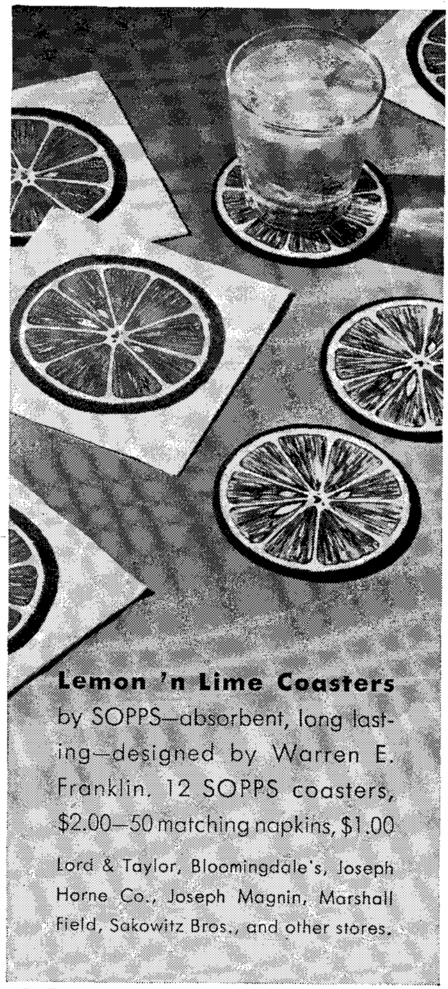

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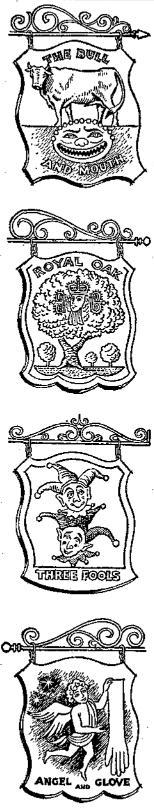
cans were to go after Buna. While "Victory in Papua" concerns itself almost exclusively with the American phase of this two-pronged assault, Milner has consulted Australian sources, as well as captured Japanese records; in addition, he acknowledges interviews with every important American officer who was closely connected with the Buna campaign, with two exceptions—General MacArthur and his chief of Intelligence, Major General Charles A. Willoughby.

Many generals—among them Willoughby, author of "MacArthur, 1941-1951"—have written unofficial books touching on some aspect or other of Buna. General Eichelberger, the eventual conqueror of the village, had a lot to say about it in his "Our Jungle Road to Tokyo." But none of these books, to my knowledge, and certainly no official Army publication, has ever gone as thoroughly and candidly as Milner's does into the deposal of a field commander in combat. On December 2, 1942, at MacArthur's direction, Eichelberger relieved General Harding from command of the 32nd Division. In the fifteen years that have elapsed, there has been much informal and impassioned talk among Harding's friends, of whom I am one, about his dismissal, but it is surely not because of any lingering disinclination to let bygones be bygones that the Army has elected to stamp its imprimatur on Milner's formal and dispassionate resurrection of this long-ago incident. It would, of course, have been difficult for him to tell the story of Buna in full without alluding to it. (However, Eichelberger, a classmate of Harding's at West Point, did skip over the affair in his reminiscences.) A clue to the Army's reasons for putting the whole episode into the public record may lie in the foreword to Milner's book, by Major General A. C. Smith, the Chief of Military History. He says, "The campaign abounds in lessons. Of these one of the most vital is the frequent necessity for all commanders to evaluate their own actions by asking themselves this question: 'How could I have helped, how should I have helped, how can I help my subordinates to accomplish their assigned tasks?' "

Most of the other lessons that Milner says were learned in Papua seem astonishingly dated, and as one reads, for example, of the significance of a technique for knocking out isolated enemy bunkers, one cannot help marvelling at the fact that this important tactical discovery was made less than a generation ago. The British have just about concluded



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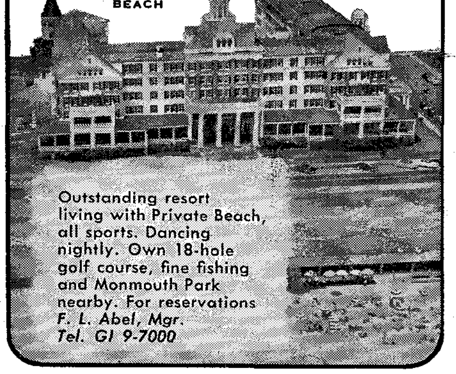

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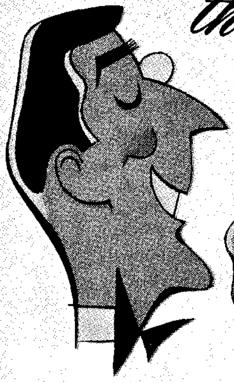

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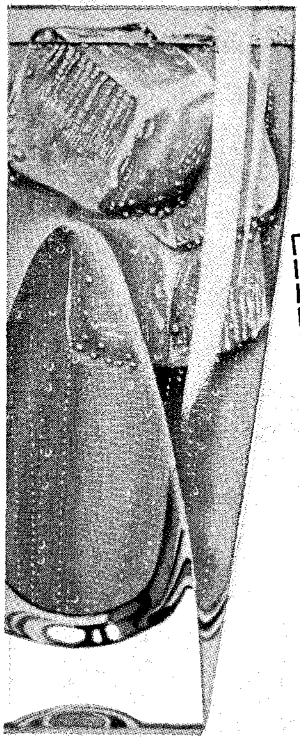

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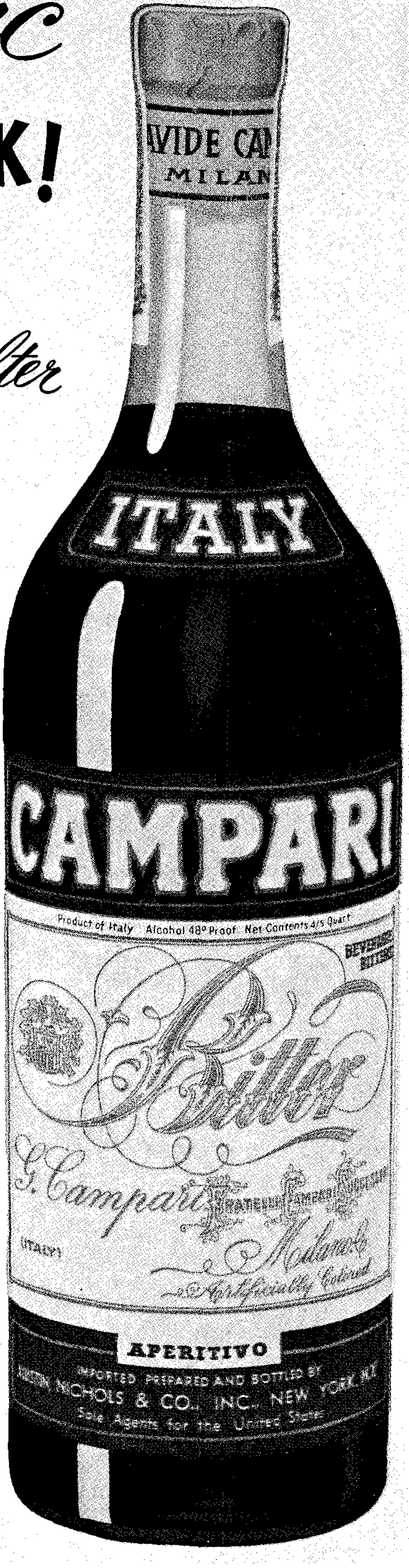
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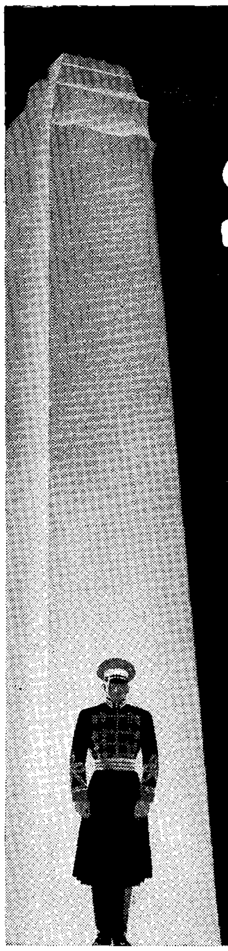
that close-combat warfare is obsolete, and, indeed, the era of the foot soldier may be over, but "Victory in Papua" is a reminder of a time and place in which, operating almost unsupported, he had his day. And an extremely uncomfortable day it was, in a region that was accurately described by General MacArthur's chief engineer as "the ultimate nightmare country."

The 32nd Division's first contact with the enemy was made on November 19, 1942, but for six weeks the Americans had been inching into position through the jungle, and they were bone-tired. Nonetheless, Harding was confident that his task would be quickly and easily accomplished. He was proved wrong on both counts. Awaiting him at Buna were almost three thousand Japanese, well dug in, flanked by sea and swamp, and prepared to fight with the desperation of soldiers who have nowhere to retreat and no hope of evacuation. Harding's forces consisted of only two of the three regiments in his division; because it had been anticipated that delivering supplies to a battle area with practically no roads and just one makeshift airfield would be difficult, he had been ordered to leave his third regiment behind. (Moreover, he had been ordered by the headquarters stacked on top of him to lend two of the six battalions in his pair of regiments to the Australians on his flank.) The Air Force tried hard to fly in or drop supplies to the men on the ground, but, as another recent volume in this massive series, "The Quartermaster Corps: Operations in the War Against Japan," puts it, much of this precious freight "was irrevocably lost, smashing to bits on striking the ground or else falling not on designated targets but deep in the jungle or on inaccessible mountain slopes." In addition, the troops had never fought, had had little training in jungle tactics, and had been widely stricken with malaria, dengue fever, and other local ailments. (The only malaria suppressive available for the Buna campaign was quinine; even atabrine, itself now an outmoded weapon against the disease, was not on hand.) When Harding realized that taking Buna was going to be a far more rugged job than he'd thought, he asked for his third regiment. His request was denied; he was told, Milner recounts, that he had ample reserves. "General Harding had little luck in his pleas for additional support," Milner writes, sympathetically. "When he asked for tanks, he had been promised Bren gun carriers, but even the carriers had not ar-



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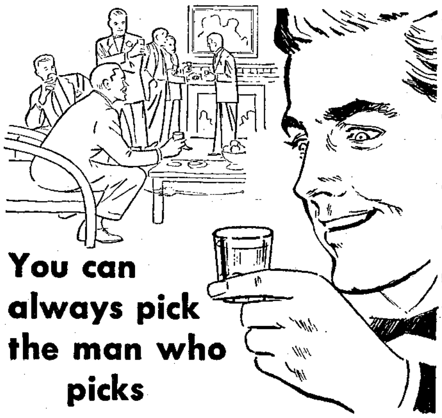

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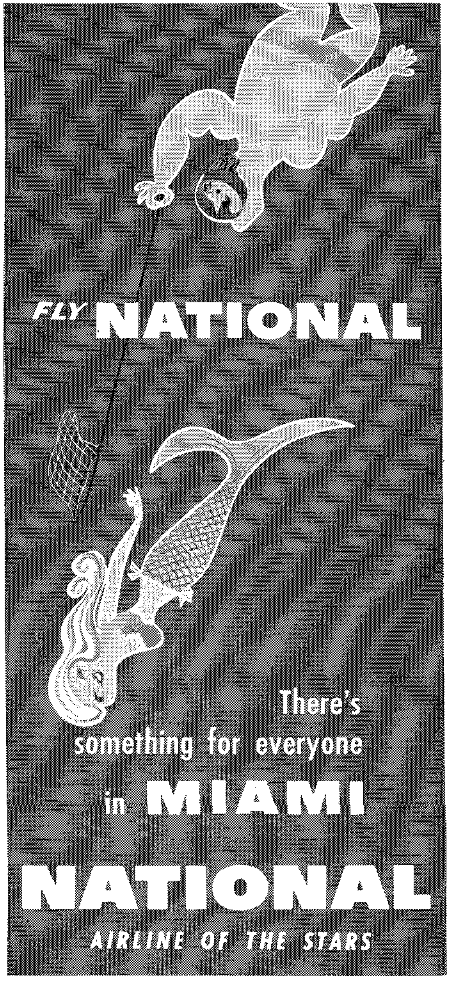

rived. When he asked for ten more artillery pieces [he had two], he was promised four—sometime in December."

After a fortnight of fighting, Harding's troops, increasingly sick, hungry, and weary, had made no headway toward Buna. There had been countless acts of heroism (Milner's book is studded with instances of gallantry, culled from a meticulous examination of the citations for awards that were handed out during the campaign), but the division was treading water—in some cases literally, where it was trying to advance through neck-deep swamps. MacArthur, at his headquarters in Port Moresby, was distressed. He had not visited the battle area, but quite a few of his staff and his subordinate commanders had, and their reports displeased him. He was particularly vexed, Milner says, by General Blamey's assertion that the men of the 32nd Division were inferior fighters. On November 29th, MacArthur summoned Eichelberger from Australia:

> Striding up and down the veranda, grim and intense [Milner writes], General MacArthur without preliminary plunged into the matter at hand. American troops, he told the officers, had dropped their weapons and run from the enemy. [They had, one day, under circumstances that Milner considers mitigating.] He had never been so humiliated in his life, and it was the kind of thing that he would not stand for. Harding, he said, had failed and the blame for what had happened was his. What was needed at Buna, he told Eichelberger, was aggressive leadership. He knew, he continued, that the troops were not trained for operations in the jungle, that they were sick, and that the climate was wearing them down, but he was convinced that "a real leader could take these same men and capture Buna."
>
> General MacArthur told Eichelberger that he was to relieve Harding and his subordinate commanders, "or," he flung out, "I will relieve them myself and you too." "Time is of the essence," he said, for the Japanese might land reinforcements "any night." Continuing his restless pacing up and down the veranda, he told Eichelberger, "Go out there, Bob, and take Buna or don't come back alive."

The following morning, MacArthur enjoined Eichelberger to take care of himself, since he would be of no use dead, and Eichelberger flew off to the battle zone. He spent the rest of that day, and the next day, looking over the situation. He was not pleased with his observations, and was especially riled by the performance of some troops whom Harding had organized into a task force under the command of his chief of staff, Colonel John W. Mott:

> The upshot was an angry scene in Colonel Mott's command post. General Eichelberger (who told the troops later on that

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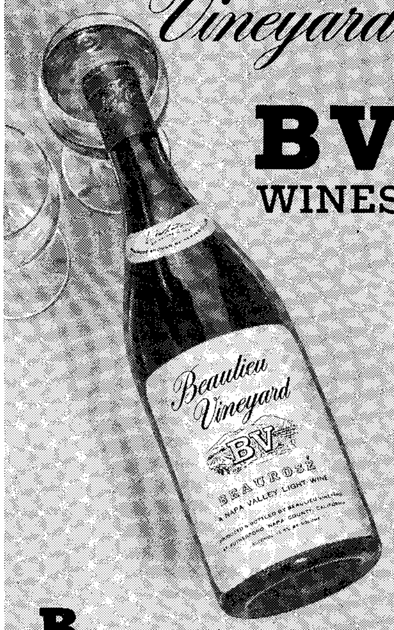

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he had not realized at the time "what they were up against") had some "caustic comments" to make on what he had seen at the front. . . . At one point, he went so far as to say that he was not even sure that the troops had fought. Colonel Mott flared up at this. He spoke of the hardships his men had been through and argued vehemently in their defense—a point of view with which General Harding made it clear he agreed by demonstratively dashing his cigarette to the ground when Mott finished speaking. This is Mott's recollection of what followed:

"His [General Eichelberger's] voice rose and he said, 'You're licked,' and indicated in various ways that the troops had done a very poor job and included a great many cowards."

Three days afterward, Milner says, these same soldiers were characterized by a colonel whom Eichelberger had brought along with him as "courageous, fine men . . . pushed almost beyond the limit of human endurance." By that time, Mott had been relieved, and so had Harding, the latter principally on the ground that he had been insufficiently stern about weeding out his subordinates. Milner does not directly pass judgment on the rightness or wrongness of removing Harding from command; as an Army historian, he knows that it is eminently proper for a commander on any level to remove a subordinate if he thinks this necessary. One senses throughout the book, however, the author's conviction—and perhaps also the Army's, when one bears in mind the official nature of this work—that Harding's supersession was precipitate. Eichelberger took charge of Buna himself, and Milner emphasizes that before the village fell, four weeks later, the new commander had much better luck than Harding in wangling additional support—tanks, artillery, and the extra regiment Harding had requested—from the various headquarters above him.

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because of inexact accounts that are circulated at the time they occur. Milner, in his recapitulation, refers to the summary communiqué on the Papuan campaign that was issued by General MacArthur's headquarters toward the end of January, 1943, three weeks after Buna fell. It said that the Allied casualties at Buna—including killed, wounded, and sick—had been low, for the reason that "the time element was in this case of little importance." Milner asked Eichelberger to comment on this communiqué, and he obliged, startlingly, with "The statement to the correspondents in Brisbane after Buna that 'losses were small because there was no hurry' was one of the great surprises of my life. As you know, our Allied losses were heavy and as commander in the field, I had been told many times of the necessity for speed."

For his own part, Milner refutes the communiqué simply by citing casualty statistics. Of the almost eleven thousand members of the 32nd Division who served in the Buna campaign, 707 died, 1,680 were wounded, and 5,358 were reported sick with malaria alone. This figure, naturally, does not take into account many other sicknesses. (He mentions a medical survey made shortly after Buna; more than half the men in the division were running a temperature.) As late as September of 1943, more than two thousand veterans of Buna had to be dropped from the division's rolls because they were still too sick to be effective combat soldiers.

When the 32nd Division Veteran Association was formed, after the First World War, its founders selected as its motto "We are bound together by the greatest tie that can unite a group of men—mainly we marched with the 32nd into combat." Milner has never been a member of the division, but he reveals in his book a kinship with its men who fought at Buna that in some ways is deeper and more perceptive than the avuncular attitude displayed toward them by the lofty headquarters that assigned them their painful task.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NIGHT OF THE FLOOD, by George Woodman (Dutton). Mr. Woodman tells about a night when the sea sweeps through the seaside community of Hunstable, on the northeast coast of England. A very able writer who has knowledge of people as well as respect for them, he describes the

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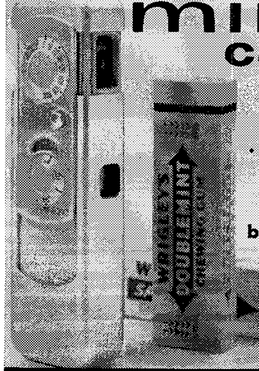

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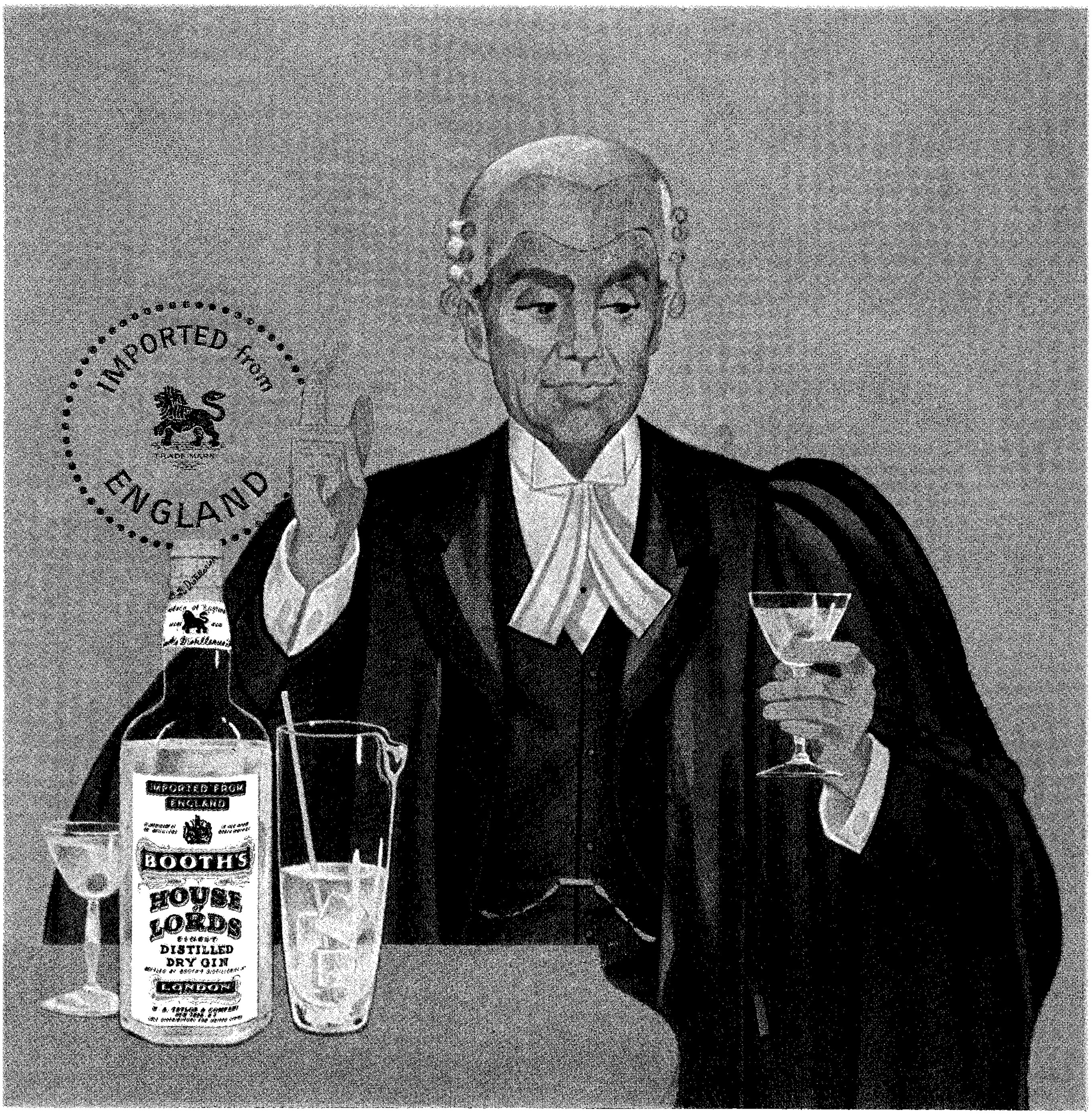
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behavior of different men and women in the face of the crisis, and convinces us that the changes that he says occurred in their lives really did occur. It is an absorbing book, fast-moving and very compassionate.

IN THE TIME OF GREENBLOOM, by Gabriel Fielding (Morrow). At the age of eleven, John Blaydon falls in love with Victoria Blount, a tall, pale girl whom he has saved from drowning in a lake. Not long afterward, Victoria is brutally murdered. For the next six years or so, Blaydon falters repeatedly—at school, where he steals, and at home, where he lies—until a wild, prophetic Jew, Horab Greenbloom, who pokes ruthlessly at his self-pity, makes him realize that, far from being simply askew, he has been gradually moving toward a premature and frightening grasp of reality. Mr. Fielding expends considerable effort on the normal madness of adolescence (which the murder, after all, seems to complicate almost unnecessarily), but he is such a pottering, breathy writer that his book eventually dissolves into a kind of muzzy, high-toned dream, full of growing pains that barely ache. The scene is mostly England.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER, by Vaino Linna (Putnam). This Finnish novel is a flat, merciless chronicle of the experiences in the Russo-Finnish War of a Finnish machine-gun platoon. It has all the unblinking clarity of an excellent documentary and none of the essentials of a work of fiction.

GENERAL

THE LUNATIC FRINGE, by Gerald W. Johnson (Lippincott). "The man who not only sees what is the necessary next step but is willing to take it is almost always regarded as a lunatic by his contemporaries." With this tart introduction, the author presents thirteen Americans (Thomas Paine, Henry George, Theodore Roosevelt, the Grimké sisters, Victoria Claflin Woodhull, and John Peter Altgeld, among others) whose ideas (the abolition of slavery, universal suffrage, social security, regulation of railroad and utility rates, and a humane work week, among others) were once considered laughable. Mr. Johnson's purpose in parading this gallery of prophets is not to entertain us with the obtusities of our forebears but to save us from our own, for the essence of his book is that the vital dynamic

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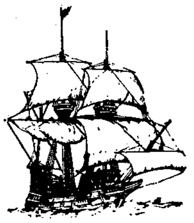

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of a nation is people with ideas, and "in the twentieth century we have developed the weird delusion that all new ideas originate in Moscow, and the man who propounds one is to be regarded as an agent of the Communists until proved innocent." An admirably discomfiting piece of timely good sense.

THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF DUVEEN, by James Henry Duveen (Knopf). A curious and engrossing book, this is at once an autobiography and a biographical memoir of the author's Dutch uncle—Sir Joseph Joel Duveen, a one-time commission agent in the produce line, who founded the Duveen dynasty and was the father of the famous Sir Joseph Duveen, later Lord Duveen of Millbank. Now in his eighty-fifth year and retired, the author used to be in the antiques-and-Old Masters business himself—first with his uncle and afterward on his own—and he has many fascinating tales about how he helped add lustre to the names of some of the richest men of England and America by selling them expensive this-and-thats, like Chinese porcelain vases at thirty-five thousand pounds, and Rembrandts at what used to be known as a king's ransom. Throughout the book, the author refers to his cousin Joseph, with genial contempt, as Joe, and it is clear that as long as Joe lived he was James Henry's bête noire, luring away James Henry's richest clients, suggesting that James Henry dealt in questionable goods, and boasting about all this publicly. James Henry, however, seems to bear his cousin no malice, and he recounts with what amounts to a connoisseur's relish some of Joe's sharpest deals—all of them designed to ruin James Henry and most of them trickery pure but not so simple. The book is an evocation of an era that is gone forever, and probably just as well. Illustrations.

RASCALS IN PARADISE, by James A. Michener and A. Grove Day (Random House). Ten romantic tales of mutiny, piracy, chicanery, and other lurid carryings on in the South Pacific preserve to which Mr. Michener has laid literary claim. His partner in this entertainment is a professor of English at the University of Hawaii and something of an authority on Oceania. Except for an obligatory piece on Captain Bligh, the stories are largely unfamiliar and potentially quite diverting, but the authors

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seem so determined to make each more astounding than the last that they end by driving us into indifference and disbelief. The book contains, however, a nice end-paper map.

CRAFT AND CHARACTER IN MODERN FICTION, by Morton Dauwen Zabel (Viking). A score of essays written during the past quarter of a century and reworked for this volume. Professor Zabel, who tends to survey everything ever written about a novelist before advancing on him, sometimes leans rather heavily on synopsis and biography, but when he has a genuine admiration for his subject (Conrad, for instance), or a special antipathy (Graham Greene and his fashionable religion of damnation, for instance), he can be very fine indeed. At all times, his prose is a joy to read.

RAVENNA MOSAICS, by Giuseppe Bovini, translated by Gustina Scaglia (New York Graphic Society). The flowering of mosaic art in Ravenna in the fifth and sixth centuries A.D., when that city was the western capital of the Roman Empire, was one of the more remarkable phenomena of medieval history, and resulted in some of the most beautiful examples of this ancient art to be seen anywhere. Byzantine in derivation, astonishingly vivid in color and execution, and housed in several Ravenna churches and chapels, these are still in an excellent state of preservation, but since Ravenna is a little off the usual touristic track, they are not as well known as they might be. This book, the fourth in the New York Graphic Society's series called Great Masters of the Past and an extremely handsome production, performs a useful service. The text is competent, though a bit pedestrian, and the plates—there are forty-five of them, all full-page, large-quarto size—are marvels of color reproduction, particularly in their rendering of the color and texture of the gold-leaf appliqué that does so much to enliven the mosaics. There are also a dozen or so photographs of the interiors and exteriors of the churches and chapels. Twenty dollars.

ATHENS, by Martin Hürlimann (Studio-Crowell). Another arresting volume by the Swiss photographer whose recent studies of the very different public art and architecture of Paris, Rome, and London have established him as an artist of flawless taste and technique. Mr. Hürlimann's particular gift is precision in depth, and here, with such subjects

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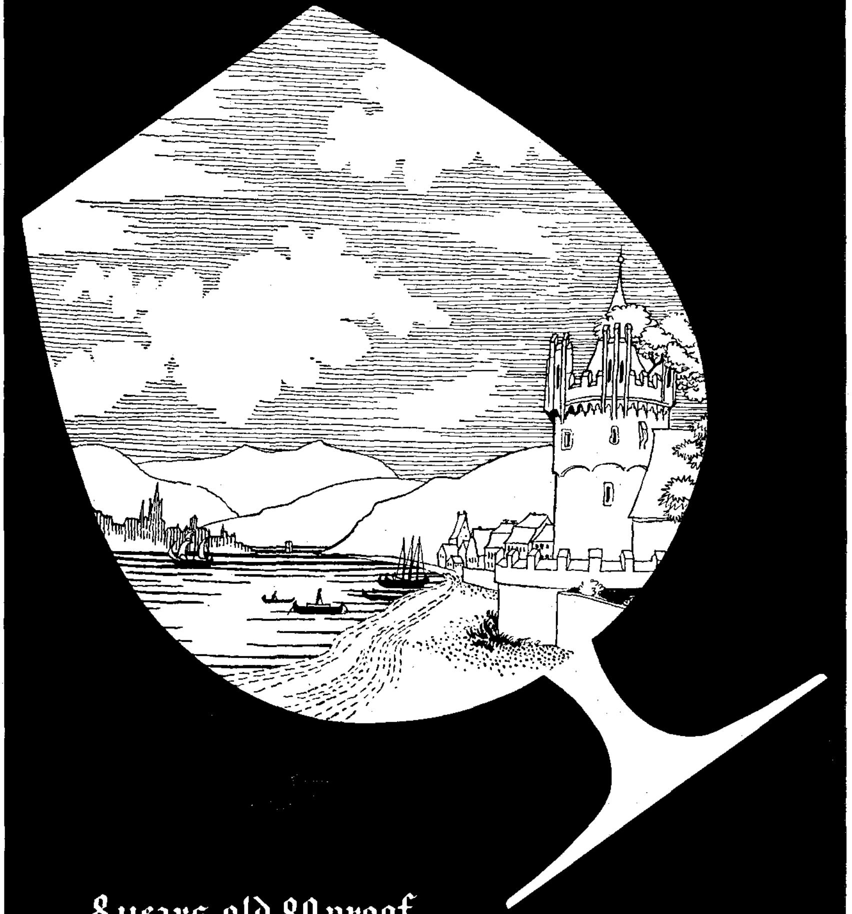

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•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE HISTORICAL SCENE

[*Letter in the Boston Herald*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

In reply to Col. Rich's letter which appeared in your paper on May 13, I wish to reiterate what I said on the floor of the House, that the Pilgrims were a band of pirates, political rejects and undesirables. They stole New York City, then New Amsterdam, from the Indians for two barrels of whiskey, then got the Indians so drunk and stole all their women and land. Later on in years when our country became united, the poor Indians could not get any whiskey in bar-rooms because of what your ancestors, the Pilgrims did to them.

Your ancestors were only too happy to get the help of the Europeans in ridding themselves of the Redcoats, they could not do it on their own, not being real men or soldiers. Your civilization was founded by Italians, French and Germans, who were not among the Pilgrims but who were badly needed to build this country. Later on you needed the Irish to build your homes and educate your children.

Your own people tried to discipline you while in the Old Country, but when failing to do so, the prisons and institutions being full, they sent you to sea, to make your fortune, hoping that you would drown.

Thank God, Michael Angelo, Leonardo di Vinci, Dante, Formi (who enabled the atomic bomb to operate), Caruso, and Perry Como, and many others did not come over on the Mayflower, but were essential to the civilization of the entire world, and respected for their accomplishments, and not for their escapades.

I was very much surprised when the Governor of Massachusetts decided to appropriate $125,000 to entertain the ghosts of the renegades that invaded our shores in 1620. I think they have one specific reason in mind to make this trip to the United States—they were trying to put the touch on Uncle Sam.

I am filing a bill next year, for one half million dollars for the building of three replicas, the Nina, Pinta, and the Santa Maria, and also to build a bronze statue of a great man, Christopher Columbus, which if it were not for him, you would not be collecting a pension today.

I hope, Mr. Rich, that I have made myself clear. If there is anything in this letter you don't understand, don't hesitate to call me. If I have time, I will be glad to discuss this matter with you.

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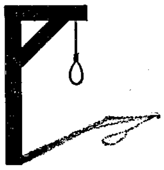

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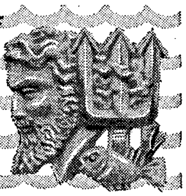

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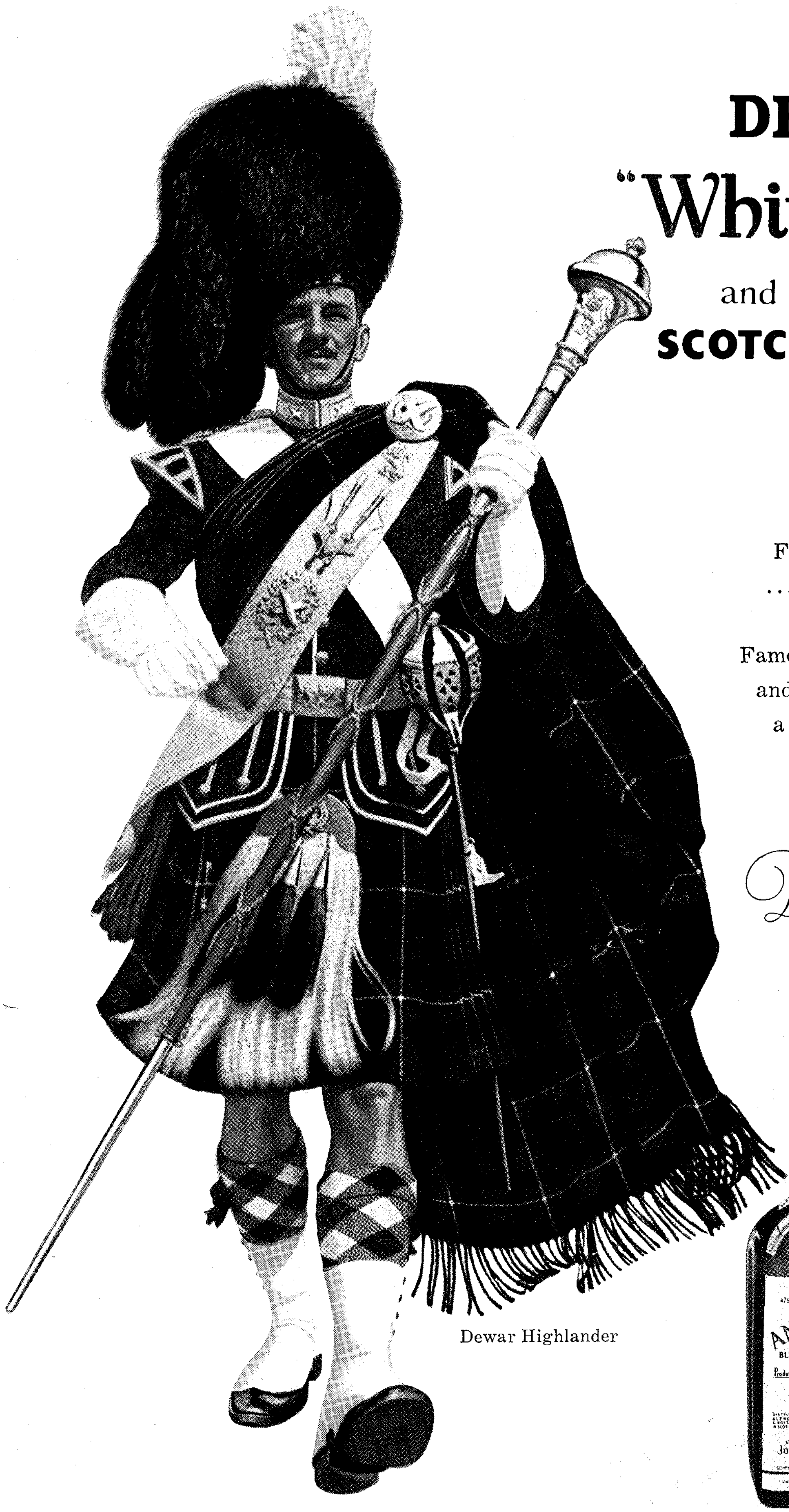

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